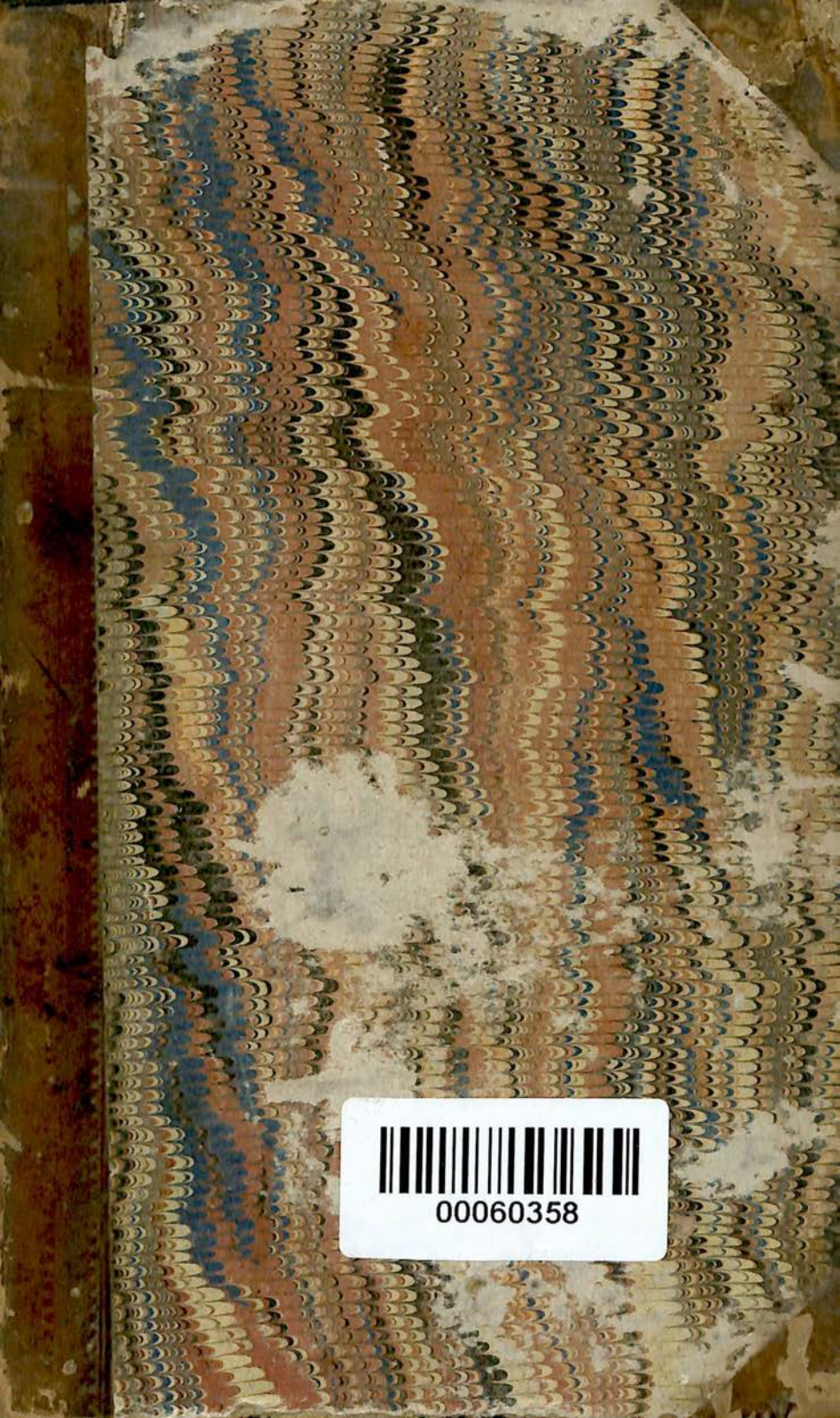
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BRIGAND LIFE IN ITALY.

VOLUME I.

BRIGAND LIFE IN ITALY:

A HISTORY OF BOURBONIST REACTION.

EDITED FROM ORIGINAL AND AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS.

BY

COUNT MAFFEI.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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A VOI

MIA BUONA MADRE

DEDICO QUESTO LAVORO

IN ATTESTATO

DI RIVERENTE E CALDISSIMO AFFETTO.

PREFACE.

THE enemies of Italian unity have done so much at all times to mislead public opinion on the reactionist movements which have agitated the Southern provinces of Italy—happily now so far subdued as to permit of the facts connected with them being spoken of with perfect frankness and impartiality—that I thought a work containing a truthful history of brigandage in the ex-kingdom of Naples would be at the same time useful and interesting.

My object in undertaking this task not being that of winning a literary success, for which, unfortunately, I have no title whatever, but only to enlighten public opinion, I thought I could not do better than begin my work by acquainting English readers with the narrative of M. Monnier, who, an eye-witness for the most part of the time, related the history of the first period of the Neapolitan troubles with an accuracy and conscientiousness which are not to be found elsewhere; and notwithstanding the alterations and notes I have been obliged to add, I contrived, as much as

I could, to leave it in its genuine character—happy to have thus an opportunity to pay a due homage to M. Monnier, as a token of the gratitude that every Italian owes him for his sympathies to our cause.

I have then continued the history of these sad annals from the point left by M. Monnier up to the present day, availing myself of every investigation that has been made on this subject—of every official document that has been published, and chiefly of the admirable report made by my learned friend Commendatore Massari, presented to our House of Deputies, on the investigations accomplished by the special Commission charged by the Italian Government to report on the causes of brigandage, and to express their opinion as to the best practical means of assuring its destruction. In this part of my work I have laid bare the state of misery and degradation in which the kingdom of Naples was left by five generations of Bourbons, and have exhibited, in its minutest details, the complicity with the intrigues of Francis II. of that single Government which still remains in Italy as the representative of its long servitude—a complicity to which that harassing agitation, from which our country has so much suffered, was chiefly due.

In the second volume I have also been able to introduce a report kindly sent to me by General Pallavicini, on his last brilliant expeditions into the most infested parts of the Southern provinces, and have concluded by some remarks on recent political events, and the progress that has been made

by the young kingdom of Italy. Deprived of any other merit, my desire has been solely to offer a conscientious work, in which I have not only followed the best authorities on this subject, but have also been guided by the experience acquired during a long residence at Naples, at a period when its real condition was as little known to the civilized world as if it had been cut off from the rest of Europe by a new Chinese wall.

To the public of England I hope this work will not prove totally unprofitable. It will furnish them with *data* by which they will be enabled to form an opinion upon a question regarding which the most contradictory judgments have been expressed, not only by the enemies of Italy, but also by persons not unfavourably disposed towards the cause of national unity. It will show them that the disorders of the South of Italy do not contain in themselves the germs of serious disagreements with the rest of the Peninsula, for the loss of its former autonomy. It will perhaps destroy that strange confusion of ideas so charitably kept up by the legitimist party, in order to give to the movement in the old kingdom of Naples the character of a civil war, and point out by whose hand the reaction was kindled. Whatever may have been written on this subject, in order to exhibit prominently, by an accurate description, not only the evils arising from many years of a corrupt and immoral rule, but also the connivance of the Pontifical Government with the intrigues

of a prince deposed by popular indignation—thus showing the evident contradiction in which the abuse of temporal power places the Holy See with the sacred mission of peace it has to perform on earth —an unprejudiced exposition of Neapolitan brigandage will not, I trust, be found inopportune at the present moment. In fact, on the eve of the departure of the French from the Eternal City, and when clerical intolerance is so audaciously throwing the challenge to the civilized world, it will perhaps be of great use to know the real state of things in Italy. In correcting the erroneous ideas that have prevailed on this subject, the public will be enabled to form an impartial judgment upon the motives which have inspired the present policy of France, and on the spirit which will dictate the future attitude of the Italian Government, in the new phase that the fulfilment of the convention of September is about to create. Should I succeed in attaining this purpose, I shall certainly render a great service to the cause of my country, and this will be my excuse for making the attempt.

A. MAFFEI.

49, Grosvenor Street.

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CHAPTER I.

SCENE ON THE MÔLE OF NAPLES—THE IMPROVISATORE—ROMANTIC NARRATIVES OF BRIGAND LIFE—THE ADVENTURES OF AGOSTINO AVOSSA—MONKS AND BANDITS—DESERTIONS FROM THE ARMY—SOUTHERN ITALY AND THE NEAPOLITANS—THE EDUCATED CLASS AND THE PEOPLE—FEAR—THE RIGHT OF THE STRONGEST—THE CAMORRISTI—THE REAL BRIGANDS—FERDINAND II. AND TALARICO—AMATO AND VANDARILLI—A WORD ON 1799.

CHAPTER I.

THE ancient Môle of Naples, before the fall of the Bourbon Government, was the rendezvous of the *lazzaroni*, who, after their day's work, were in the habit of assembling there for the enjoyment of repose, to perform their devotions, and to amuse themselves. When they were not sleeping in the sun, in their large osier baskets, they would collect around some wandering priest or some itinerant Pulcinella. But when the Improvisatore came upon the scene, brandishing his staff as an emblem of command, the Pulcinella and the priest immediately lost their audience. Children quitted their play; the fisherman stood up with his basket on his shoulder; the girl hastened from the water's edge; the *marinarella* came running up with her chair and distaff; and all this noisy crowd, as if calmed down by enchantment, pressed around the wonderful story-teller, hanging with eager attention on his words; whilst behind them, and beyond the forest

of masts rising out of the harbour, was seen the double summit of Vesuvius, immoveable, and, as it were, attentive to the scene, the smoke continuing unceasingly to ascend from it.

What, then, did this singer of stories relate? Frequently the narratives recorded in the poems of Ariosto, but oftener the adventures of renowned brigands, the valorous deeds of Titta Grieco, of the Spicciarelli, of Angelo del Duca, Bartolomeo Romano, or Pietro Mancini. The crowd listened with open ears, their eyes fixed upon him with almost painful interest, uttering shouts of admiration as they heard of each new murder committed by one of the heroes I have named. The people of Naples, in common with many others much more civilised, have this characteristic—they like stories where there is a good deal of blood and murder. The nation, however, is showing signs of improvement; it is becoming enlightened, and the day is approaching when the Improvisatore will hardly be able to collect the credulous audiences that once assembled round him. As to the brigands who supplied him with the subjects of his tragic stories, they also will soon have disappeared in their turn. The three years just elapsed have seen brigandage, in its ambition to assume a political rôle, attempt a task which has led it on to its destruction. Repressed at first by the

energetic employment of military force, it now sees its total ruin accomplished by the happy concurrence of moral and material progress.

In order to know what brigandage was under the ancient régime, it is not necessary to go to the Môle of Naples. Many of those strange stories which the inexhaustible genius of the Improvisatore enriched with a thousand attractive details, have been preserved by the printing press. These are in general those poems in lines of eight syllables, which, violating all the laws of syntax and of prosody, are written in a double language, half Italian, and half *patois*, which certainly no foreign readers could understand. I take one of these poems, the first that comes to hand; the adventures of Agostino Avossa. It will be sufficient to give an idea of ancient brigandage, and also of those open-air epopees which have long delighted the idlers on the Môle.

The poet commences, in the manner of the classic authors, by *proclaiming* that which he is about to sing. Never, he says, will there be anything worthy of comparison with the adventures of his hero. Then comes the habitual invocation, addressed not to the deities of Olympus, but to our Lord Jesus Christ. He next tells us that Agostino was a native of Naples, the son of a rich butcher. He possessed two dogs, which he brought up with great affection. A great

lord, named *L'Erario* (the Fiscal—the authorities are always made to play the odious part in popular poetry), one day meeting Avossa, said to him: "My friend, give me, if you please, one of your dogs for my hunter." Avossa refused. "That dog," he replied, "is the very heart of my life; take my life, if you please, but that creature is mine." Some days after, in obedience to the orders of the great lord, the two dogs were killed. This act of the Erario, in the language of the Neapolitan people, is called a *tradimento*, an act of treachery. The *tradimento* is followed by the *vendetta*, vengeance. In the opinion of the lazzarone, the *tradimento* is infamous, the *vendetta* noble.* Avossa avenges himself by killing L'Erario; after which deed he becomes *fuorgiudicato*—that is to say, bandit, outlaw, and takes to flight. He lives first at Rome, where he continues to follow the occupation of assassin, but having destroyed two of his enemies, is obliged to quit the Eternal City. He returns to Naples well provided with ammu-

* Under the Bourbons the plebeian had no faith either in commissaries or in magistrates; he took justice into his own hands. When he had performed an act of justice, that is to say, committed a murder, his whole caste applauded him as a man of courage. Neither a criminal trial nor the bagnio was any stain to him. A convict who, after he had been at liberty for more than eight months, still wore his red jacket, being asked why he did not get quit of it, replied that it was still good for wear.

nition; and, necessarily halting at some monastery on his way, is well treated by all the monks, who, we know not why, have, under every régime, invariably protected the bandit.

Agostino Avossa shortly after becomes enamoured of a young girl of Borgo di Loreto. The two are so devoted to each other, that they appear like husband and wife, which in that country, where everything assumes a singular aspect, is regarded as the very extreme of passion. Avossa often leaves the holy place in order to visit his beloved. Warned of this fact, the *corte* (for so the Government is named in the poems of the Môle) sends four captains and forty soldiers to seize the bandit. From that moment the entire life of this remarkable man is a succession of astonishing acts of prowess. He kills one of the soldiers of the detachment, and leaps out of a window; he pursues three sbirri, brandishing his musket as they fly, and forces his way into a convent by breaking in the door. To the trembling monks he says—"Fear nothing; you surely know me—I am Agostino!" The monks, re-assured by the name, give him shelter; but the *corte*, that is, the armed force, appearing on the scene, the fugitive is taken prisoner. Conducted to the prisons of the Archbishopric, the people collect in numbers to see him, exclaiming that this man alone filled the world with his fame. Scarcely have

the doors of the prison closed upon him, ere Agostino discovers that two other prisoners desire to accomplish his death (by a *tradimento*); he kills them (that is a *vendetta*). "As Judas betrayed Jesus for a little money, so did these two traitors desire my death," said Agostino, to the priest of the prison, who was waiting for him to sit down at table. "Now let us dine." But the *corte*, on learning these new deeds of prowess, is so barbarous as to confine the hero's feet in fetters. He breaks them, bursts through the walls, and is on the point of escaping once more, when he is unfortunately re-taken, and cast into a dungeon of the Castle of St. Elmo. Avossa, not discouraged by so slight a *contretemps*; suborns a Swiss sentinel who was on duty at the fortress, and one morning makes his escape with him.

We see that these desertions, so frequent at the present day, date from a distant period. The people find them perfectly natural. The moment he is free, what does the brigand do? He goes to Bosco, to the house of one of his friends, another priest, who presses him in his arms, covering him with kisses and tears. "My dear, blessed son *(caro figlio benedetto)*," says the priest to him, with pure love (*con puro amore*), "think on thy life." After this first visit, Agostino sets off to see his kindred and friends, receives arms, money, and munition, and is again roaming in the

mountains. Attacked by the Royal troops, he performs prodigies of valour. He precipitates himself at last from the summit of a rock, and, after several successive falls, lies prostrate at the bottom of the abyss, covered with bruises, but still living. Betrayed by a peasant, he is taken, bound, and conducted by coach to Naples. The corporals, the soldiers, discharge their muskets in testimony of their joy; while the people show their regret by tears. The court of justice assembles, and the sentence of death, which is pronounced, is almost immediately executed in the presence of a mourning crowd.

This popular narrative, selected from among a thousand, shows the remarkable prestige by which, some years ago, the bandit was surrounded. He was regarded, not as a malefactor, but, like the corsairs of Byron, as a romantic being in a false position. Loved by the women, blessed by the priests, he was received with acclamations by the people. Even at the present day, in many parts of the country, coarse lithographs display, on the white-washed walls of the peasants' cottages, the valorous deeds of Mammone or of Fra Diavolo. The bandit, who was merciful to the poor, and attacked only the rich, found everywhere accomplices and adherents. Sometimes, when dying of hunger, he was succoured by the indigent, his brethren. It occasionally happened even that the

country people practised brigandage as a trade, and made no secret of it in presence of the military authorities. A Neapolitan prefect (Stendhal relates the fact) found fault with a peasant for not paying his taxes. "What can I do?" replied the peasant; "there is nothing doing on the high road—I am out on it every day with my gun, but no one passes. I promise, however, to go every evening, until I have picked up the fifteen ducats you want." Not unfrequently, after several years passed in such an irregular life, the bandit returns to his village, where he lives with impunity on his *rentes*. In the evening, when he takes his seat in the village street, to enjoy the fresh air, all the young girls and children of the place gather round him when he is disposed to relate the adventures in which he has been eugaged on his various expeditions, which he calls his campaigns.

Such is a general picture of what brigandage is in the eyes of the people; but in order that we may more perfectly understand its history, which it is my intention to record, it is necessary, in the first place, to have some idea of the race by whom Southern Italy is inhabited.

The Neapolitan character has been the subject of various judgments, almost all of which have been conceived in a hostile point of view. It has been too much the tendency of writers to form their opinions of

the mass from certain unfavourable examples; and therefore the Neapolitans have been badly or imperfectly appreciated.

There are in that country two classes, distinguished by strongly-marked peculiarities—educated persons and the *vulgus*, or the low, ignorant, and uninstructed. I do not speak of the aristocracy, for at the time when the Revolution took place it was not to be found in Naples. The individuals of whom that body was composed were nearly all at Rome, and in Paris. Nor do I say anything of the illiterate *bourgeoisie*, for such a class has no existence in the country.

No part of Italy is more full of promise than the territory that constituted the late Kingdom of Naples. The learned show, by their number and importance, what the future of that country will be, when, having once passed out of its present transition state, it shall have been for some time under the government of moral and just laws, that offer no impediment to the progress of the people. Naples has already—even in the most unfavourable circumstances—given to Italy the greatest number of men distinguished in every department of learning. Even before the Revolution its political exiles held a leading position among the men of worth and mark in Italy. It was among the ranks of the Neapolitan proscripts that the most eminent doctors and lawyers were found. They

crowded the Government offices; they filled every important place in the universities; and in private life they were the men most universally esteemed. The generally high standard of character by which they were distinguished must, in particular, not be forgotten.

In Naples, as in other places where great revolutions have occurred, it may be that some who stood high in the opinion of the people, or who had risen to influential posts in the Government, afterwards fell in the estimation of those by whom they were once so highly regarded; but at the same time it must not be forgotten that for twelve years, in the land of exile as well as in the gaols of their own country, or in a state of so-called liberty in which they were constantly under the eye of the police, and, even in the midst of society, more isolated than those confined to their solitary cells, the intelligent class of Naples have mostly given to the world an example of dignity, perseverance, and self-sacrifice that may be paralleled, but certainly cannot be surpassed. Under a succession of bad kings, without the benefit of public schools, deprived of the stimulus of emulation, with no means whatever of association, they bravely fought and conquered their way to intellectual and moral eminence. Separated from the rest of Europe, they did not lag behind while in other countries the

cause of justice and freedom, to which they had devoted themselves, was advancing to new triumphs. The contingent of soldiers and captains which they gave to the cause of civilisation did their fair share of work, for most of them, I may say almost all, were heroes or martyrs—men who not only laboured, but who also suffered, in the cause of their country and of humanity.

In thus speaking, I am only rendering justice to a class whose merits have not been always fairly appreciated; and, having done so, I shall now speak more freely of the people. As it was not from the intelligent and educated class that the brigands sprung, as the bandits who ravished the fairest provinces of Italy were neither followed nor applauded by them, I shall no more have occasion to speak of them in the present work, unless it may be in the way of casual allusion.

As it was in the lower class that the system of brigandage mainly had its origin, I must confine my attention to it almost exclusively. My object, therefore, will be to describe the position of that class, to point out the state of degradation in which it has long been sunk, and to explain the causes by which it has been brought down to a condition so debased.

By the classes whom, in this work, I designate as

low, I mean particularly the small landed proprietors and the petty tradesmen of Naples—in a word, such as are commonly called, in Italy, *i mezzi galantuomini*, a class which includes all those who, though they can scarcely read, wear, as a common saying has it, tails to their coats. This vicious, or, more properly, vitiated class, for, doubtless, the individuals composing it originally possessed certain good qualities, the traces of which were occasionally exhibited in their character and conduct, have, since the fall of the Bourbons, as I will show later, considerably improved. But at the moment I am speaking of they were dominated by a fatal feeling, imperious, overwhelming, absorbing every other, and that was fear, or superstition—on the one hand, what we may term religious fear, the terror with which they were filled by those representations of a future state in which an avenging demon—the devil—played the principal part, with which their priests had rendered them only too familiar; and, on the other, political fear—that mysterious awe which is inspired by the divinity that doth hedge a king.

The abject terror with which the masses regarded all forms of authority—a disposition which, during long years of oppression, had almost become natural—neither the government nor the clergy did anything to remove. The unreasoning submission with which

their dictates were received by a slavish population, was preferred by them to the conscientious submission rendered by patriotic men to laws which they knew to be just and necessary. Eager only for their own aggrandizement, their object was to check every generous and patriotic feeling. The misery which prevailed among the people, the ignorance by which they were debased, being favourable to their selfish views, they made no exertions to promote national industry, or to establish schools for the instruction of youth. Force, violence, terror, were the means by which they insured their dominion. The agents of authority maintained their power by the menace of a scaffold—the representatives of religion by the threat of hell. A nation enslaved by fear, not inspired by the consciousness of right and wrong, was what they desired to see at their feet. Laws enforced by fear of the means of punishment which they possessed, and not obeyed merely because they were conducive to the general welfare, formed their ideal of legislation. Order was maintained by degrading every man's character to the same low level—the same abject uniformity. No attempt was made to improve a people naturally of quick and lively talents, of ready apprehension, capable of being ardently inspired by all that is good, beautiful, and generous. In a country which, from the open and trustful character

of its population, seems naturally made for equality, there were, so to speak, two camps: those of the rulers and the ruled—the privileged and those to whom all privileges were denied. And even in the hierarchy of authority, the various grades were kept rigidly distinct by the same influence, that of fear. The soldier was frightened by the uniform of his corporal, as a Neapolitan cabman may occasionally be awed by the superfine quality of your coat. Hence, the same man who would have fought a duel to death with his equal for a farthing, cowered before him who, by the exhibition of some higher badge, by the possession of some superior title, showed that he not only had a tyrant's power, but could use it as a tyrant.*

Such a system could only be destructive of all that

* I desire to insist upon this distinction, very important in my opinion, because many a misinterpretation regarding the Neapolitans arises from its not being properly understood. The people were not cowards, far from it, but made so by the Government, who had endeavoured to destroy in them every feeling of morality. Those who think them cowards are greatly mistaken. For the defence of their homes and their families they have often displayed the most wonderful bravery; the French under Championnet knew it well enough. All the Neapolitan revolutions, at least those which were successful, have been plebeian, from Masaniello to Garibaldi. Antonio Ranieri, the Neapolitan patriot *par excellence*, is of opinion that if the Inquisition never could be established in his country, it was only owing to the *lazzaroni*, who had always opposed it.

was just. Law was sacrificed to violence—might everywhere prevailed over right; and if the people of those unhappy provinces had dared to give utterance to their complaints, they could have proclaimed, far more eloquently and efficiently than M. Proudhon, how law and justice had been trampled on in their persons by rulers who, triumphing in their strength, had been deaf to every dictate of humanity, in their determination, *per fas et nefas*, to gain their own ambitious and selfish aims.

There is one point, however, upon which misinterpretation sometimes arises, and regarding which I particularly desire not to be misunderstood, namely, the conduct of the authorities, which produced in time its natural effect on the people. Brigandage had its origin in misgovernment. It was founded on that system of fear which the authorities so freely employed. In a country suffering from the worst effects of misrule, men, reckless and unprincipled, but bold and energetic, associated in bands to carry out in town and country a system of terrorism similar to that which the Government exercised over them. The strong united to strike terror into the weaker and more timorous part of the population. Such really was the origin of the Camorra. We are not acquainted with the mysterious freemasonry of that infamous association, but we know that it had its ramifications in the

remotest parts of the country, and that it inspired with terror a Government which was never able to crush it. It was the pride of every man who could draw a knife to become an adept of this frightful association. But before anyone could be admitted to the full rights and privileges of the order, he had to pass through a noviciate of two stages, after which, if considered worthy, he was received into the terrible brotherhood They had chiefs in the twelve districts of Naples, in every town of the kingdom, and in every battalion of the army. They reigned unopposed wherever they considered it worth while to exercise their secret and irresponsible authority. They levied a tax on the fare of your cab-driver, they watched the markets and had their part of the profits, and in every gambling-house they gathered a contribution from the winner.

Even in the prisons their power was acknowledged, and, what is scarcely credible, the police not only never dared to oppose this illegal organisation in the exercise of the authority it had assumed, but they sometimes found it convenient to employ it in the accomplishment of their own work. These ruffians, either to gratify private vengeance, or for the sake of a reward, were occasionally employed to track and arrest criminals in the name of the king. In the performance of this task they were by no means scrupu-

lous. Not very long ago a murder was committed, the perpetrator of which they were incited to discover. It was not long before they laid their hands on the criminal, for he was one of their own guilty brotherhood. The maxim that there is honour even among thieves had no force with them. They tracked and pursued him, and when, wounded and covered with blood, he fell into their hands, they delivered him up to the police, by whom he was thrown into prison.

Sometimes the police, in order to make an example, would arrest and send some of them to the galleys. But even in the hands of their jailers they could exercise their illegal power. The threats that issued from the depths of a dungeon were still formidable enough to alarm their trembling victims. So great, indeed, was the awe they inspired, that, while loaded with chains, they would be visited by some poor wretch, who, to assure his safety, would humbly pay the monthly contribution his persecutor had been in the habit of levying.*

The association was in the habit of holding regular meetings. They had an exchequer, a strong organisa-

* This is no exaggeration, for miserable indeed would have been the condition of the man who attempted to rebel against so unjust an imposition. The dread of assassination would have accompanied him wherever he went, and the dagger of a mysterious and pitiless hand would soon have reached him.

tion, and inflexible laws. The authority of the chief was absolute. The adepts owed him unquestioning obedience, however repulsive might be the duty he ordered them to execute. And frightful was the test that sometimes, in obedience to their oath, they were obliged to submit to. If he commanded them to commit a murder, their life would have been the price of disobedience, or even of hesitation. There were many willing hands to punish him who was slow in the execution of their chief's orders. Every *camorrista* wore two clasp-knives, and when he used them he always struck *nella cassa*—more plainly, deep into the heart.

In such a state of society, and with such habits, is it to be wondered at that brigandage has so long been the reproach of Italy? Consult history, and you will find the same evil under every reign, every dynasty, from the time of the Lorraines and Normans up to the present day.

Communication has never been very safe between Rome and Naples; and the more interior and less frequented parts of the country have been so overrun by brigands, that they could be compared only to an immense *coupe-gorge*. In some provinces it has never been safe to travel even in uniform. The letters that Paul Courrier has written on this subject will never be forgotten.

Italy is naturally a country favourable to the development of brigandage. The very configuration of its surface, intersected as it is everywhere with mountains, affords safe hiding-places for those fearless spirits that defy the law. The Government, slow to initiate improvements of any sort, has taken little interest in the development of the mountainous districts.

In consequence of the want of roads, travelling, even if it were safe, is in most places impracticable; and the various princes among whom Italy was so recently divided, did little to remove this disgraceful state of things. There are entire districts across which it is impossible to go in a carriage; and there are roads where it is even dangerous to adventure with mules. The Apulian system of agriculture, moreover, is scarcely calculated to develope the resources of the country; and the nomad habits of the shepherds, who spend their lives in a wild solitude, is not one likely to foster the social virtues.

Travellers without an escort never ventured with safety into those passes. Such as were compelled to undertake a journey, strange to say, used, as the best guarantee of safety, to obtain an escort from the brigands themselves. A few years ago, before the Revolution, a traveller, wishing to ascend the mountains of Matese, took with him a guide, in whom he

necessarily placed unlimited trust. The route they pursued over a very difficult country was one which could not be accomplished under several hours. When they had advanced about two-thirds of the way, they stopped to admire the sublime scenery displayed before them. At the bottom of a wild valley, a lake extended far into the woods, whilst groups of ancient firs covered the majestic surrounding rocks, and from the top of the mountain the eye could discover the two seas. As the traveller and his guide were making their way alone in that imposingly grand and somewhat awful solitude, they were suddenly stopped by a cross. After they had contemplated it for a few moments, the silence they had hitherto maintained was broken by the guide, who said musingly—

"This was placed here by me."

"By you!—and for what reason?"

"It's a vow, Eccellenza."

"A vow! May I ask its cause?"

"Why, it was for a certain misfortune which befell me on this very spot."

"What do you mean?"

"I killed a man!"

"You?"

"Yes, your honour, there!" and the man pointed out the place with his hand.

The information thus coolly communicated was by

no means calculated to reassure the mind of the traveller; but when, before they left the mountain, his worthy guide had shown him no fewer than nine-and-twenty crosses which he candidly confessed had all been planted by himself for similar vows, we must leave it to our reader to imagine what must have been the state of his mind. I need not say how freely the tourist breathed when he reached the end of his journey.

All the European tribunals sitting together would contrive in vain to judge the dark mysteries of those solitary mountains. Within their remote fastnesses has been committed many a deed of blood which has been expiated by the only atonement that human justice can demand; but how many unknown crimes have been perpetrated there in silence is a mystery which only the great Last Day will reveal.

The Bourbon Government never offered any serious opposition to these relentless brigands. Such was the inertness of the authorities, that they had almost practical impunity for their crimes. They were allowed to assemble in small bands. They found safe refuge in some impregnable wood, whence they issued on their adventurous expeditions at every favourable opportunity. Read again the novel of Lesage, change the names of the places, and you will find in Gil Blas a faithful narrative of their romantic campaigns.

Although solitary travellers were always more exposed than any other class to their depredations and violence, yet gentlemen of property who lived in those dangerous neighbourhoods were perpetually kept on the alert by the presence of a peril to which they were every moment exposed. If their servants had not been always on the watch, armed to the teeth, they would have run the risk of being carried away far into the mountains, to those almost inaccessible dens where the banditti felt secure from all pursuit. Then a ransom, proportioned to the rank and wealth of their prisoner, would have been fixed upon. He would have been obliged to write to his family, praying them to forward the sum demanded for his freedom and safety. One of the brigands would have been the bearer of the message. The family would have had no alternative but to pay, for, had they hesitated, the prisoner's life would have been forfeited. Such captures were of common occurrence—stories, we may say, of every day.

Not many years ago, a man was thus carried away by the brigands. His family, who resided at Naples, received the usual message from them. A ransom of a thousand ducats was demanded for the release of the captive. His relations, unable instantly to raise such an amount of money, offered a third of that sum. The same messenger came back with one

of the ears of the unfortunate man, threatening to bring the other in the same way if a third demand was necessary; after which, if the whole ransom was not paid, his life would, without further delay, be taken. The family paid the sum demanded, but were utterly ruined. This fact was, at the time, related by all the papers, which published the name of the unfortunate victim, and all the particulars of the sad story.

Such things would have been impossible in any other country. In Italy they were encouraged by the inertness of the Government, and by the fear with which the brigands were regarded by the peaceable inhabitants of the land. Nobody ever dared to denounce the bearers of such messages; on the contrary, they were well received, and people shook hands with them in a familiar and friendly manner. A single man sometimes frightened a whole population.

The system of crime was so widely diffused among the people, that a man feared to excite the vengeance of his neighbour by any overt act of hostility. Even in the neighbourhood of the largest cities, one man suspected another. Strange as this statement may appear, it is corroborated by a circumstance which took place at an hour's distance from Naples, and of which I myself was a witness.

A workman, who had just stabbed his employer,

was seen, after the commission of this deed, which anywhere else would have set not only the ministers of justice but every honest man on his track, walking quietly about the village as if nothing had occurred. No man was bold enough to accuse one who might be allied with some formidable band of assassins. Even the syndic, whose duty it was to repress crime of every sort, was so much of a coward, that, from fear of vengeance, he did not dare to issue a warrant against the criminal. Power trembled before the man who so daringly defied it.

Some time ago a sort of rural guard was ordered for the protection of the country districts; but this armed peasantry, in many instances, were but the accomplices of the brigands. Government has thus often put arms into the hands of the very men whom it wished to destroy. That secret organization which was the source of the brigands' strength, baffled such attempts as the authorities made—not very energetic—to repress them; and Government, being unable to exercise its power to any effective purpose, generally remained supine. It was not till the bands of the brigands had grown too strong, and they threatened to hoist a regular flag as a belligerent power, that the Government shook off its lethargy, and the officers of justice made up their minds to prosecute these enemies of the public peace and safety.

A campaign into the mountains was then undertaken, but with little prospect of success. The task before them was one of almost insuperable difficulties. The brigands in a country every step of which was known to them, and where the peasantry generally were friendly to their cause, could easily baffle the regular troops sent against them, who found it no easy task to track an enemy always disappearing like a dissolving view. When they were searching the mountains for them, the brigands would be concealed in the woods. When, as they imagined, they were hard upon their track in the broad plain, the robbers would be securely entrenched among inaccessible rocks. Wherever they might be, hidden in the bushes, or creeping away along the waving corn-fields, they were always impregnable, invisible—everywhere, and yet nowhere. This went on until the king, tired out by a pursuit which seemed interminable, granted an amnesty to all who would surrender; and the monarch, in such cases, frequently found it politic to keep his royal word.*

*Not always, though. "The Bourbons, at the period of their restoration, when they found themselves powerless against that brigandage they had *themselves* fomented for their own political views, used other means of repression. When the band of Vandarelli, who was the terror of Puglia, capitulated to General Amato, he pledged his word that not only pardon and forgiveness of the past should be granted to them, but also

One day, for instance, even Ferdinand II. had to treat with Talarico, who for a long time, among the mountains of La Sila in Calabria—those wild passes which have at all times been haunted by bandits—had braved his lieutenants. It was agreed that Talarico and his followers should not only have their safety assured, but also that a subvention should be granted them by the king. The only restraint imposed upon them was that they should be sent in perpetual exile to Ischia, the loveliest and richest among the fairy islands of the bay—a place where anyone might be happy to live, and where, in the enjoyment of peace and liberty, they long received their pension from the king.

Such was brigandage in the time of peace, and such it has never ceased to be. The system never lost anything of its perfect organization during the last days of Ferdinand II. A regular service for the transport of stolen horses had been established at the frontiers of the kingdom. Stages were appointed from place to place, as far as the Roman States, where the horses were sold. A well-known Bourbonist, now famous

that the band should be transformed into an armed privileged legion, for the service of the king, to whom they were ready to take oath of fealty. These stipulations once settled, the bandits gave up their arms, and were taken to Foggia, where, by order of the general, they were all shot."—*Circular of Baron Ricasoli.*

for his attachment to Francis II., was the soul of that profitable commercial operation; and it must be added, for the edification of my readers, that his name was not Chiavone.

In periods of political trouble, brigandage invariably increased, for then outcasts of every kind, crowds of vagabonds, the dregs of the infuriated mob, and the scum of the galleys, which at such times are generally thrown open, and their miserable captives released, fatally swelled its ranks—facts well worth noticing, inasmuch as they throw a great light upon the iniquitous system pursued by the Bourbons.

In times of revolution, when the populace, roused by indignation, endeavoured to shake off an iniquitous yoke, the king and Government looked for support not to the intelligent and honourable of their subjects, but to the brigands, men stained with every crime. Need I here call to mind the sanguinary expeditions of Cardinal Ruffo, in 1799? There were then chiefs who acquired a sad celebrity in the annals of crime—Fra Diavolo, Mammone, Proni, Sciarpa, De Cesari—"of whom I would not say anything," writes Carlo Botta, "except that I pity the cause which had them for supporters!"

CHAPTER II.

BRIGANDAGE UNDER JOSEPH BONAPARTE AND MURAT—ORIGIN OF POLITICAL BRIGANDAGE—ANTONELLI—HIS TWO INVASIONS OF CHIETA—TACCONI—BIZZARRO AND HIS WIFE—PARAFANTI—OFFICERS SHOT BY THEIR OWN SOLDIERS—MASSACRES OF PARENTI—THE EXPEDITION OF GENERAL MANHÈS—A TOWN UNDER INTERDICT—SANTO MANHÈS.

CHAPTER II.

I AM not going to harrow the feelings of my readers by again reminding them of the atrocities of that infamous army which the Bourbons retained in their service—they are well enough known to all who have watched the progress of events in Italy; but I shall stop to examine the brigandage of the times of Joseph Bonaparte and Murat. Here I am guided by recent publications, which will enable us to consider facts under their proper point of view; and I shall have to refer to many a singular coincidence between the events of that time and those of the present day.

The following is a curious and almost unknown passage from a MS. of Pietro Colletta,* written about

* The generals Mariano d'Ayala and Errico Cosenza, the Duke of Cirella, the Baron G. Marsico, and Messrs. Del Giudice, Filippo Agresti, and Giuseppe del Re, have collected the unpublished works of this popular historian, which will be published under the following title:—"Opere inedite e rare di Pietro Colletta." It is from them that I have extracted the above passage.

thirty years ago, on a subject already half a century old:

"What was brigandage?" asks Pietro Colletta. "Let us examine it under the aspect of fact and right—or, in other words, let us consider by whom it was carried out, and what was their purpose. During 1806 and 1807, it was chiefly kept up by the heroes of 1799—Fra Diavolo, the Pizzas, the Gueriglias, the Furias, the Stodutis, and others equally ill-famed. But during those two years they were all either killed or taken prisoners, and such as escaped death or captivity were so terrified that their daring spirit was subdued, for the easy plots of 1799 were no longer practicable in 1806. Other means as well as other men were required. It was a hard and fatal work, into which many were thrown by despair. Such was the reason why, in Sicily, prisons and gaols were emptied, and Neapolitan convicts, who had escaped from their country, were recruited.

"Swarms of them were vomited into the kingdom during the two first years, in order to protract the siege of Gaëta (exactly as it happened in more recent days), as well as to help the expeditions of Maida and Mileto. But after this period the feats of the brigands grew more limited. A few men were disembarked on an uninhabited shore, and almost always in the depth and mystery of night. They then

advanced into the interior of the country. If their expedition was successful, they murdered, robbed, burned down houses, devastated farms, destroyed the crops, and killed the cattle. If, on the contrary, laden with spoils and stained with blood, they were discovered and pursued, they re-embarked, and seeking a refuge in Sicily, or at Pouza (then occupied by the Prince of Canosa), they found there the reward they most coveted—gold in return for the lives they had taken. Isolated French soldiers treacherously surprised and killed, a small detachment pursued and butchered, the murder of a courier, the plunder of a mail-coach—such were the only exploits of which they had to boast, for with them crime was heroism.

"The whole kingdom could not, as a matter of course, escape from the evil. Criminals of every description, vagabonds, thieves, and assassins, flocked around the brigands, increasing the Sicilian bands, or creating new ones. They all had but one aim and one trophy, plunder and murder."

And now, who were the chiefs of these brigands?—the leaders of these assassins? I speak of days which are gone by, and of interests which are now of the past. We can, therefore, without partiality, examine and criticise the reigns of Joseph Bonaparte and of Murat. I shall not thus, I trust, incur the blame of

altering facts, or of misrepresenting men, in the interest of any party whatever. The undisputed truth of the past will explain the mystery of the present.

During the reigns of Joseph Bonaparte and Murat, brigandage flourished nearly throughout the whole kingdom.* In Basilicata, Taccone and Quagliarella; in the two principalities, Lorenziello; in the district of Castrovillari, Campotanese; on the heights of Polino, Carmine, Antonio, and Mascia; and in the mountains of Calabria, Parafante, Benincasa, Nierello, Il Giurato, and Il Boja. Brigands also occupied the forest of Sant' Eufemia, the woods and mountains of Mongiana, in the neighbourhood of Aspromonte, and the thickets along the Rosarno; Paonese, Maggiotti, and Il Bizzarro. In the Abruzzi we find Antonelli, Fulvio, Quici, Basso Tomeo, who had assumed the name of the King of the Forest.

And who were those chieftains whose names were

* On the brigandage of those days, besides the books of Botta and Colletta, we have two very interesting works concerning the campaigns of General Manhès, one of them very curious and rare: "Notizia Storica del Generale Manhès, &c. Scritto da un antico ufficiale dello stato maggiore del suddetto Generale Manhès nelle Calabrie. Napoli pei torchi di Giovanni Ranucci," 1846. The other, a very cleverly written work, was published only two or three years ago under this title: "Memorie autografe del Generale Manhès intorno ai briganti, compilate da Francesco Montefredine. Napoli, stamperia dei fratelli Morano, 1861."

household words in Southern Italy? Antonelli (an illustrious name), a native of Fossaceca, not very far from Lanciano, occupied the whole territory of Chieti. Joseph Bonaparte was compelled to treat him with all the honours due to a belligerent power, sending him two plenipotentiaries, the French general Merlin, and the Baron Nolli, a Neapolitan, who became later Minister of Finance. Antonelli insisted upon being acknowledged as a colonel, and they had to comply with his demand, providing him also with the uniform and insignia of that rank. The two plenipotentiaries, on going to meet him a few miles from Chieti, were actually compelled to enter the town with him in a sort of triumphal procession, the astonished population looking on bewildered at so extraordinary a sight. At the accession of Murat, our colonel once more took the field, perhaps in the hope of being appointed general. Far, however, from arriving at such an honour, he was taken and sent a second time to Chieti, where, a melancholy example of the instability of human things, he made an entrance thoroughly different from the first—mounted on a donkey, with his back to the ears of the animal, and its tail in his hands instead of a bridle. A placard attached to the back of the gallant colonel bore the inscription: "This is Antonelli the assassin!"

Taccone, who was the terror of the Basilicata, appeared one day within the gates of Potenza, the

capital of that province. The authorities, at the head of a procession, receiving him with the honours due to the king himself, our hero was graciously pleased to step with them into the cathedral, where he ordered a *Te Deum* to be sung in thanksgiving for the success of his arms. After this pious ceremony, it was the misfortune of a young lady, belonging to one of the first families of the place, to excite his brutal lust by her unrivalled beauty. That he might possess her, he broke into the house where she lived with her family, and, turning a deaf ear to her prayers and entreaties, carried her off with him to his retreat in the mountains.

On leaving Potenza he hastened to besiege the castle of Baron Labriola Federici. After a blockade of several days, he compelled the Baron to surrender with his family, pledging his word that no harm should be done to any of them. No sooner, however, had the brigands been admitted than they perpetrated the last of outrages on his wife and daughters. After having thus gratified the brutal impulses of their nature, they set the castle on fire. So dead, indeed, were these barbarians to all the gentler feelings of human nature, that they even threw a helpless infant into the burning ruins. By an extraordinary miracle the innocent creature was saved, and about twenty years ago was still alive. The merciless brutality of these men is almost beyond

credibility. A chief, surnamed Il Bizzarro, is said to have trained large mastiffs to hunt men. When he was attacked by the troops sent against him, he would unloose these savage animals, making them the instruments of his vengeance against his enemies. Many an unfortunate wretch has died in their fangs.

It was in this horrid way that an unfortunate officer belonging to the staff of General Partouneaux met with his death. After the arrival of Manhès, Bizzaro, deserted by his followers, having only two or three men of his band left, was reduced to so savage a despair, that, in order that his retreat might not be betrayed by the cries of his own newly-born child, a son, he killed him by dashing his head against a tree. The woman who had followed him, the mother of the child, swore to revenge the cruel fate of her offspring, and take the task of justice into her own hands. Waiting, therefore, for the moment when the brigand was asleep, she drew out his dagger and cut his throat; and then, with the consciousness of having done a meritorious deed, presented herself to the authorities of Mileto, claiming the money which had been promised for the death of Bizzarro. The sum was duly paid to her, and with this handsome dowry she married and became a respectable woman.

I will not say anything of Basso Tomeo, the "King of the Forests," who burnt a barrack belonging to the gen-

darmes, throwing into the fire the wives and children of the absent soldiers. It is not desirable to have a surfeit of such horrors. But I am anxious to say a few words regarding Parafante, a man of great power and audacity. This brigand seized one day, in the wood of Sant' Eufemia, a Frenchman named Astruc, belonging to the Administration of the Royal Domains. Knowing who he was, Parafante concluded that a handsome sum might be obtained in return for his liberty. Among the conditions which he imposed upon him was one to the following effect:—All the families of the brigands still held in prison not only to be released, but provided with clothes and goods. And yet when this brigand made such a demand the Government had an army of sixty thousand soldiers at its disposal, and more than five and twenty thousand troops in the entrenchments of Piale and Aspromonte; the whole of which force, concentrated on that point against an expedition that was being organized in Sicily, was personally commanded by the King. Nevertheless, so formidable was Parafante, that the Government found it convenient to agree to the conditions imposed by him.

Another episode in the life of Parafante is no less remarkable. A battalion on the point of leaving Cosenza was commanded by a superior officer particularly hated by the brigands, to whom their chief had the

insolence to send a challenge, informing him that he would attack him on the highway between Cosenza and Rogliano, at a place called Lago. The officer, despising the warning, departed with his battalion from Cosenza. Precisely at the point indicated by Parafante, the brigands fell upon the troops, and, with the exception of two lieutenants, Filangieri and Guarasci, who were taken alive with five and twenty soldiers, the whole battalion was cut to pieces. After their victory, the brigands held a court-martial upon the two officers and the soldiers who had escaped death, their proceedings being conducted with all the formidable display of those terrible tribunals. After what we must consider the mockery of a trial had been gone through, it was decided that the two officers should be shot by their own men—upon compliance with which condition the lives of the latter were to be spared. Animated with the true spirit of soldiers, the latter unanimously refused to sacrifice their officers, whatever might be the consequence to themselves, The officers, however, anxious to save the lives of these five-and-twenty brave men, generously ordered them to obey the command of the banditti. After a long and painful hesitation, and with feelings which it would be vain to attempt to describe, the soldiers determined to obey the order of their officers. A firing party was selected. Filangieri and Guarasci placed themselves

in position, gave the word, and fell by the fire of their own men. But were the lives of these poor soldiers spared? No! As soon as their officers had suffered death at their hands, they were every one massacred in cold blood.

The next exploit, selected from a multitude before me, is one with which Parafante has nothing to do. A company of light infantry had left Cosenza to join its regiment (the 29th), which was quartered at Monteleone. When they arrived at a short distance from Rogliano, they halted under the beautiful chestnut trees which adorn both sides of the road. Looking around them, they perceived a number of persons advancing towards them, with every appearance of the most friendly anxiety. It was the mayor, with the "notabili" of Parenti, a little village not very far on the mountains of La Sila. The whole party wore tri-coloured favours in their hats, and the Mayor had put on his official belt, the insignia of his dignity. When in the presence of the commander, the deputation, as they professed to be, said that they had come to invite the troops to visit their village, in order to repose themselves after the fatigues of their march under a scorching sun. The soldiers, harassed and weary, gladly accepted a hospitality so heartily offered, and without hesitation followed the deputation.

Arrived at Parenti, they found that all the little population was out of doors to welcome them with cries of "Long live the French!" The soldiers, then, to use the term now generally adopted, hastened to fraternize with the villagers, every man of whom professed himself anxious to make one at least of the gallant Frenchmen the recipient of his hospitality. The officers were received at the municipal hall, and comfortably lodged by the authorities of the village, while their company was dispersed among the inhabitants. Long ere midnight all were drowned in the deep sleep of fatigue, little dreaming of danger from so kind and hospitable a people. Alas! their trust could not have been more entirely misplaced, for in the middle of the night the inhabitants of Parenti rose suddenly and murdered the defenceless troops, thus perpetrating an act of treason which they had long prepared, and by which they hoped to gratify the malevolent feeling with which they regarded the French.

Their merciless task, however, had not been fully accomplished, for one of the French soldiers, escaping from the daggers raised to dispatch him, carried the horrid tidings of the massacre to General Manhès. That officer, without loss of time, resolved to revenge the slaughterof his men. Collecting a number of troops, he advanced against the village, set it on fire, and, with

all its inhabitants, burnt it to the ground. Manhès knew by experience the nature of savage war, and that it was not to be carried on *à l'eau de rose*. The instrument of an inexorable justice, he did not shrink before any severity that he considered necessary. The measures which, with the unflinching determination of a French officer, he carried out, resulted in a short time in the pacification not only of a small district, but of the entire kingdom. By the execution of one man he saved ten lives; by the destruction of a village he gave security to numerous small communities; he took, in a word, the terrible responsibility of the severe measures which saved the country.

"I should not have liked to be General Manhès," says Colletta, one of his most bitter enemies, "but I should not have liked either that he had been absent from the kingdom in the years 1809 and 1810. It was by him only that the evil was destroyed."

I shall have occasion afterwards, at greater length, to speak of the repressive measures of General Manhès. I will, however, mention here a single fact illustrative of his character, an incident lighted up by a flash of his peculiar genius.

In the wild passes of Aspromonte are the two parishes of Serra and Mongiana, which are surrounded by immense impracticable woods. In their depths, as was well known to the inhabitants of the surrounding

country, the most dangerous brigands were concealed, fierce Calabrians, who used to defy the choice battalions which formed the escort of the generals on their way to inspect the iron-works of Mongiana. One day these brigands announced to the authorities of Serra that they were ready to make their submission, the subordinates immediately, but their chiefs not till night, when at a certain hour they would surrender, in a house they had designated for the purpose. At the appointed hour the mayor, the commander of the National Guard, and the French Lieutenant Gérard, of the Royal Gendarmerie, repaired to the place named by the brigands. The four or five chiefs kept their appointment with punctuality, and, when they were all assembled, began at once to discuss the conditions on which they might be allowed to surrender. All of a sudden, while the attention of the mayor and the officers was engaged in the consideration of this question, the house was surrounded by the brigands, who broke in upon them with the utmost violence. Totally unprepared for such an encounter, the mayor, the commander of the National Guard, and the French officer were at once seized and brutally murdered on the spot.

No act of atrocity, indeed, was too cowardly or bloody for these ruffians. A few months before, the wife of Lieutenant Gérard had been shot on the mountains of Galdo, between Lauria and Castelluccio,

after an engagement in which the brigands had taken by surprise and overcome the guard of a number of waggons carrying uniforms for the 20th French regiment. The victorious brigands, after having dispersed the little escort, invested themselves with the uniforms they had taken, covered with all the insignia that distinguish the French *militaire*, and retired again to their caverns.

But let us return to the affair at Serra. This treacherous and savage deed was left unpunished by the authorities of the place. The consternation that prevailed had paralyzed not only all the private inhabitants of the town, but also the officials whose duty it was to see justice administered.

As soon as he was informed of what had occurred, Manhès ordered the destruction of the house which had been the scene of a crime so remorseless; but his order not having been executed, he demanded an audience of the king, and asked him what punishment he thought ought to be inflicted on the town for its blameable remissness. Murat, in reply, said—

"Do what you like; but whatever it be, see it done yourself. Go to Serra—proceed there immediately—judge, and strike!"

Manhès obeyed, and arrived at Serra without a moment's delay, having proceeded straight across

country, in order to reach it with greater celerity. When his unexpected presence was announced by the bugles of his escort on their appearance at the gates of the town, the population was struck with terror. Manhès entered Serra at the head of his troops, and, on arriving in the principal square, beheld an appalling sight, namely, some human heads, still red with coagulated blood, hanging from the trees under which the inhabitants promenaded. On asking the meaning of such a horrid spectacle, he was informed that it was the revenge accomplished by the mourning families upon the proprietors of the house where the foul crime had been committed. The brave general, who had never trembled at the sight of blood on the field of battle, turned his head away from these bloody objects, and, without any further remark at the moment, retired alone to a room, where he spent the night in meditating on the course he ought to adopt, for it was impossible that deeds marked by such atrocity could be passed unpunished.

The case was a difficult one. He could not think of putting to the sword all that industrious population occupied at the iron-works which supplied nearly all the fire-arms of the country; an act of severity which was unnecessary, as the main body of the army was encamped at no great distance

to protect the threatened shore. At the same time, while it was impossible to reach all who were guilty, it was important to make a terrible example.

The people of Serra, expecting that the whole town would be destroyed, spent the night in transporting to the woods their most precious property. The following morning, Manhès ordered the whole population to assemble in the principal square. The order was so promptly and thoroughly obeyed, that at the appointed time not one was absent. Manhès forced his way into the midst of the crowd, and addressed them with incredible vehemence. While they all trembled at his words, he told them that they had behaved like men without courage or honour, that not one among them was innocent, and that not one of their lives was to be spared. The terror excited by this address among the population of the village was excessive. They saw that Manhès was meditating some measure of unusual severity, as indeed they found, when, as it were by a flash of genius, he determined to subject the place to a punishment which the Pope himself no longer dared to inflict He laid Serra and its inhabitants under an interdict.

"I order," he cried, "all the churches of Terra to be shut, and all the priests, not one excepted, to be transported to Maïda. Your children shall be

born without christening, and you shall die without sacraments. Like reprobates, you shall be shut in your deserted town, and you shall not be able to escape my punishment by emigrating to another place. You are now for ever separated from the rest of the country. A severe watch shall be kept upon you, and if anyone dares to go out, he shall be hunted up like a wolf!"

None but those who are intimately acquainted with the country, who understand the character and faith of the people, can imagine the terror and the desolation which struck the wretched population as they listened to words of such fearful omen. When Manhès left Serra the same day with the sixty lancers who formed his usual escort, the town was like a desert. Before, however, he had proceeded far on his return, he was overtaken by a long procession of spectral appearance, consisting of the whole population, everyone covered with a sort of white garment, the heads of all bound with hair-cloth, and their feet bare. The moment they beheld the general they all fell on their knees before him, beating their breasts with stones, and imploring for mercy.

"Let us sooner be executed!" they cried, "for this is worse than death!"

Manhès, determined to pay no heed to the entreaties of this wretched and guilty race, with

incredible energy dashed through their midst at the full speed of his horse, and, leaving their prayer unanswered, disappeared from their sight. He had resolved that his words should be more than a mere threat, and, strange to say, notwithstanding the strong opposition of the high clergy, the sentence was carried into execution. The inhabitants were for the time deprived of the consolations of religion, all the priests, without exception, even an old crippled octogenarian, being transported to Maïda.

The effect of the interdict was wonderful. "Where human laws have no power," says Vico," religion only can be efficient."

The inhabitants of Serra now rose unanimously against the brigands. A pitiless, savage, incessant chase began, which did not end till the last of the assassins had died of hunger in the woods. Not one escaped. When, after the lapse of only a few days, the brigands had been thoroughly rooted out, General Manhès ordered the interdict to be withdrawn.

In honour of this joyous event, the whole population went in a triumphal procession to fetch their priests at Maïda; and from that moment, so deep and lasting was the impression produced, that district no longer required the presence of troops, either for its defence or for the maintenance of order. The National Guard continued to occupy a little stronghold, half

hidden in one of the wildest passes of the mountains, and bravely kept it against all who attempted to drive them out.

One of the most curious examples of the lasting effect of the interdict was the fact that for their common exclamation of "Santo Diavolo!" the mountaineers of that province substituted that of "Santo Manhès!"

From October to December twelve hundred brigands were taken, and those who could not be reached died of hunger and want in the woods; and from the first days of 1811 order was established in that part of Calabria.

CHAPTER III.

MODERN BRIGANDAGE—ITS FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE ABRUZZI, OCTOBER, 1860—THE BANDS OF LAGRANGE—GIORGI AND HIS LAME HORSE—AFFAIR OF LA SCURGOLA—EPISODES—MR. DE CHRISTEN—HOW THE NEW BANDS WERE FORMED—CONVICTS LET LOOSE—THE DISBANDED SOLDIERS—A PARALLEL: THE DISBANDED ARMIES OF FRANCIS II. AND THOSE OF CROMWELL—THE ENGLISH BRIGANDS.

CHAPTER III.

It is now known what brigandage was in the reigns of Joseph Bonaparte and of Murat; and it is still the same, only on a greater scale, and with more terrible proportions, in the history of the present days. The old system of Government had been abolished, and the new one had not been firmly established. The royal family had fled to Sicily, as now Francis II. has gone to Rome; and the brigands, supported, as they are now, by the partisans of the fallen dynasty, were ready for any act of violence.

There is a wonderful resemblance between the revolutionary movements of 1799 and those of 1848. The false reports spread in those days, just as they are now, encouraged the fatal belief that the banished Bourbons would ere long come back.

The agitation repressed at the end of last century by General Manhès may thus be said to be repeated in the present. The only difference is, that the theatre of events is changed. It was in Calabria

when Ferdinand I. was conspiring in Sicily. Now that Francis II. is scheming at Rome, the most disturbed places are the bordering districts of the Abruzzi and of Terra di Lavoro.

In the Abruzzi the counter-revolution began after the arrival of Garibaldi. Those provinces on the frontiers of the Papal States and of Terra di Lavoro, then still occupied by the Bourbons, situated as they are beyond that strong line of the Volturno which stopped Garibaldi in his triumphant march, had, under the command of the Prefect of Teramo, M. Pasquale de Virgilii,* risen on behalf of Victor Emmanuel. Elected pro-dictator, M. de Virgilii put himself at the head of the national movement, and soon after the Italian flag was hoisted over all the surrounding country. But the mountains were still under the heel of the Bourbons.

The fortress of Civitella del Tronto, boldly built upon a pile of almost inaccessible rocks, being in the

* Pasquale de Virgilii, first a poet, had been one of the leaders of the romantic school at Naples. Like everybody in 1848, he took an interest in politics; and after twelve years of persecution, gave himself entirely up to them in 1806. Prefect of Teramo, then pro-dictator and afterwards governor, of his province, M. P. de Virgilii had the honour of receiving Victor Emmanuel when the chivalrous king trod for the first time the Neapolitan soil. It is from his authority, which is on every point reliable, that I have drawn all these particulars regarding the insurrection in the Abruzzi.

hands of the Royalists, it was in their power to offer a long resistance; for that celebrated stronghold had the reputation of being nearly impregnable, as it was found to be more than two hundred years ago when attacked by the Duc de Guise, who, with all his exertions, was unable to make himself master of it; and more recently, in 1805, when a very small number of artillerymen defended it for many months against a regular siege of the Franco-Italian army, and only surrendered the fortress when they could muster no more than seven men for its defence.

If Civitella, in a strategic point of view, was perfectly useless for the defence of the kingdom, which it was easy to invade from every side, its position was highly advantageous as a centre from which a number of active and daring men could keep the whole province of Teramo in a state of continual agitation. At that time several hundred gendarmes were garrisoned in the fortress; and although the only relation between them and the surrounding population was that of undisguised hostility, yet within its solid walls they found themselves in a state of perfect safety from the fury of all who were opposed to them. From that secure fortress, when the revolution which gave liberty to the people had triumphed, they were able to prepare those counterplots by which the progress of Southern Italy was so long arrested.

Civitella was a centre from which the adherents of the Bourbons could spread on all sides the seeds of reaction, a task to which they applied themselves with all the energy in their power. Their efforts, it is true, were momentarily interrupted when Victor Emmanuel entered the kingdom, and by his presence baffled the efforts of those who were opposed to Italian unity and independence. But the work of reaction began again when the king proceeded with his victorious army to besiege Capua.

The reactionary movement burst out on the 19th of October, two days before the Plebiscite, when universal suffrage was to consecrate the annexation of the Two Sicilies to the future kingdom of Italy. The gendarmes who had been garrisoned in Civitella then issued from the fortress with the Bourbonist flag, and, at a given signal, all the mountaineers of the chain of the Apennines, which separates the province of Teramo from that of Aquila, made an irruption into the plain, where, for a time, they committed great havoc. The authorities in many places were overpowered, several villages were plundered, the private houses of peaceable citizens were broken into, and many patriots were murdered in cold blood. Although it might perhaps be considered unfair to assimilate this movement of the adherents of the house of Bourbon to such invasions of brigands as we have

recently seen, yet such were the cruelties committed by them, that even the most ferocious bandits could not have exceeded them in ferocity.

In the Abruzzi at least, in October, 1860, insurrection had a political reason. The royal dynasty, only partially fallen, was still struggling at Capua for the maintenance of its throne and dominion; while the king, not having yet left the country, was actually reigning at Gaëta. The outbreak in this part of the country took place before the will of the people had been declared by universal suffrage. The object of the reactionist party was to oppose this important act, which had not yet sanctioned either the revolution or the annexation; and, so far as they acted by legal means to maintain what they considered the cause of justice endangered by the revolution, the mountaineers of the Abruzzi did no more than they had a perfect right to do.

Their measures had been concerted with so much foresight, that, for a moment, they were successful. They nearly reached Teramo, driving before them the National Guard sent by the governor to check them in their victorious advance; and it was only through the bravery of the legion of volunteers, under the command of Curci, and the steadiness of a detachment of regular troops, that they were arrested in their progress, and the cause of order was re-established.

When the reactionist band was at last cut off from the gendarmes of Civitella del Tronto, they were driven from valley to valley as far as Valle Castellano, upon a culminating point of the Apennines. From this natural stronghold, the key of three provinces, they resisted still for a long time the forces engaged in hunting them down. Every now and then they would make a descent to renew their provisions, for which they paid with discharges of musketry. Their numbers, however, gradually dwindled down. Many of the honest mountaineers, who were disposed to recognize the new order of things, made their submission to the authorities. Several of the peasantry, fearing that their ignorance had been taken advantage of to mislead them, forsook their ranks, and, in a short time, the band was reduced to a mere troop of brigands—a host of assassins, men polluted with atrocious crimes, who, knowing they were beyond the pale of mercy, fought only to escape the scaffold and the galleys.

These malefactors resisted to the last, and, when brought face to face with their enemies, fought with the courage of despair. So resolute, indeed, was the opposition which they persevered in offering, that Government was at last compelled to send against them General Pinelli, a stern and energetic Piedmontese soldier. The General commenced his operations by

endeavouring to make himself master of the fortress of Civitella; but finding his efforts against its ramparts unsuccessful, he, with the practical experience of an old soldier, ordered the brigands—for such were now the defenders of Valle Castellana—dispersed in their hiding-places over the country, to be pitilessly hunted up.

It was while engaged in this expedition that he struck terror into the souls of even the boldest and most hardened among them, by that terrible proclamation which made so great an impression all over Europe, in which he publicly announced his determination, considering that leniency was always misinterpreted by the brigands, instantly to shoot every one of them taken with arms in his hands.

Owing to the cries of indignation raised by the philanthropists of London and Paris, who, comfortably seated in their houses, fortunately for themselves, did not know what it was to live with their families at the mercy of men dead to every sentiment of pity, and obeying only the impulse of the worst passions of our nature, General Pinelli was recalled, and deprived of his commandment. Before he left it, he had already destroyed all traces of brigandage in that district, to which, by the vigour of his measures, he brought security. Only such a man was fitted, by his determined nature, to deal

with the inhabitants of Valle Castellana, who, not satisfied with plunder, wantonly slaughtered all who had the misfortune to fall into their hands. The instant execution of a number of these reckless brigands was necessary, in order to strike terror into their companions.

Civitella del Tronto may at any rate justly lay claim to the merit of having fought bravely for the cause which it supported. Even after Gaëta and Messina had fallen, it refused to the last to surrender. Let honour be paid to whom honour is due; and let us make a distinction between the gallant resistance of that little garrison and the unyielding obstinacy of the felons, who were brave only because there was no other means by which they could save their necks from the hands of the public executioner.

With these events ended the Bourbonist movement in that part of the Abruzzi which is on the borders of those Roman provinces now annexed to Italy. But that portion of the Abruzzi and of Terra di Lavoro, touching on the Papal States, still continued to be infested by strong bands of partisans, to whose movements, however, little attention was paid; the eyes of everybody being at that period turned towards Gaëta. The proceedings of the Bourbonists, nevertheless, in these districts were really far more important than those events which have since been much

more generally talked about, for they involved more than the partial uprisings of a discontented peasantry —they were real strategical movements.

A German of the name of Kleischt, who had assumed the name of De Lagrange, had, with General Scotti, concerted a plan of invasion, according to which the former marching by Isernia, and the latter by Aquila, they were to have gone through the entire length of the Abruzzi, subduing the whole territory, and afterwards effecting their junction at Popoli. Kleischt had even spread among the populations the report that an Austrian army had just entered the kingdom by Teramo. It is impossible to say whether he really believed his own assertion. People belonging to that political creed are very credulous, and often the victims of strange illusions. Unluckily for the Reactionists, it so happened that those supposed Austrians turned out in the end to be a strong body of Piedmontese, into whose hands Scotti, with eight thousand Neapolitans, fell, two days before Kleischt had resolved to leave Avezzano, in order to carry out his wonderful strategical movement upon Aquila.

When the sad event of the capture of Scotti was announced to Kleischt, the German general went back again as fast as he could, riding, without the interruption of a single halt, sixty miles on horseback. Kleischt had under his orders a very curious diminu-

tive being called Giorgi, who, strange as it may appear, became afterwards known as the chief of a gang of brigands. He was, however, in reality, the most inoffensive creature that one could meet with, as honest as Gil Blas, and, like him, fond of adventures.

This wonderful little man was, I believe, a native of Civitella, and, if my memory does not betray me, by profession a lawyer. He possessed the most versatile genius, and was ready to attempt, even to execute, anything. Arrested for his sad misdoings in the month of September, 1860, he was brought before the prefect of Avezzana by two officers of the National Guard, whom, with that strange humour which was peculiar to him, before they were able to state their charge against him, he gravely introduced to the minister of justice as his most intimate bosom friends; a joke, however, which did not save him from finding, for some time, a home in prison. The amnesty granted by Garibaldi restored Giorgi once more to liberty. He immediately hastened, as a matter of course, to Gaëta, to offer his services to Francis II. As it was one of the many faults of this youthful monarch to accept the services of everybody who tendered them, Giorgi's offers were favourably received, and he was placed under the orders of Kleischt.

He distinguished himself, I believe, in that cele-

brated engagement of La Marsica where the National Volunteers of Pateras, and the Bourbonist Crusaders, commanded by Lagrange, turned their backs on each other, and fled with such speed that it was doubtful to which of the two little armies the honour of defeat was most justly due. Both sides, it is certain, claimed the victory; each pretending, hurried as was the flight of both, to have carried away all the enemies' artillery. A strange assertion, seeing that, for the sake of historical exactitude, we are compelled to add that neither Bourbonist nor Nationalist was provided with a single piece of artillery of the smallest calibre. After this doubtful affair, Giorgi, tired of military life, performed the functions of under-prefect of Avezzano, an appointment in which, by the exercise of his native wit and shrewdness, he managed to earn a very decent livelihood.

On the arrival of the Piedmontese in the south, an event occurred which added greatly to the fame of this remarkable character. When it was announced to him that these northern barbarians were approaching, he got on the back of a horse (the best and the fastest of the district), which, by the way, did not belong to him, and, making the greatest possible speed, did not stop till he had reached Rome. The owner of the horse, doubtful of ever seeing it again, and sorry for the loss of an animal which he greatly valued, offered a

handsome reward to any one who should succeed in restoring it to him. An enterprising speculator in a small way, thinking he might honestly make a trifle by the recovery of the horse, started without delay for Rome, where he arrived in time to find Giorgi offering it for sale to the highest bidder.

"It's a pity," said the new comer, after a careful examination, "that the brute walks lame."

"What!" cried Giorgi, "lame! Why, he is the best horse of both the Abruzzi!"

"I tell you again that he is lame!"

"I flatly deny it!"

Assertion and denial thus followed each other in rapid succession; the discussion grew very hot; and although the ostler made the horse walk, trot, and canter, the obstinate fellow persisted in his assertion that he was lame.

"And would be lamer still," said he, "with a man on his back."

"Try it, then," cried Giorgi, fairly losing his temper, "and you'll see!"

This was all that the man wanted. Mounting in a moment, he started off at full gallop, to the great delight of Giorgi, who, clapping his hands with satisfaction, shouted after the rider:

"Is he lame?—is he lame?"

The rider, paying no heed to him, continued his

onward course, and Giorgi, we need hardly add, never had the satisfaction of beholding either him or the horse again.

In the second fortnight of the same year, whilst Gaëta was still in the hands of the Bourbons, and Pinelli was endeavouring in vain, by a bold attack, to take Civitella del Tronto, Lagrange and his faithful Giorgi attempted a new expedition, the particulars of which were collected expressly for me at the time and on the very spot.*

Giorgi, who, with his acolytes, was at that time under the command of General Luvara, a very old man, had collected as many adherents of the Pope and disbanded Bourbonist soldiers as could be got, adding to the little army some regular Papal Zouaves, graciously granted by His Holiness for the occasion, a few peasants of Cecolano, and a small band of monks —the whole numbering, perhaps, about fifteen thousand men. Their equipment was, of course, rather fantastical, and so far from uniform that probably no two wore similar costumes; while their arms ranged from the double-barrelled gun and the classical blunderbuss down to the daggers and clasp-knives of the brigand.

* These particulars I give here without altering a word, in order that their original character may be preserved. The same may be said of many other documents, never published before, and therefore thoroughly unknown, which will appear in this work.

Some of them, and they were, perhaps, the most dangerous, carried, like the Polish insurgents, long poles with scythes fastened to them.

This band, with Giorgi at their head, decorated with the order of San Gennaro,* fell upon the Abruzzi. Having occupied and plundered Togliacozzo, Petrella, Curcomello, and other places, they levied everywhere impositions and taxes upon the defenceless inhabitants. But when they attempted to raise the country in behalf of the dethroned prince, they totally failed. Even before they were crushed and swept away by the Piedmontese under General de Sonnaz, their enterprise was checked by the indifference with which it was everywhere regarded by the people, notwithstanding the fact that the band of royalists included in their number some staunch and enthusiastic supporters. Among these was a Neapolitan corporal named Biaz, who, although he had formerly been a Garibaldian at Avezzano, was now a devoted Bourbonist, taking long journeys in the mountains, in order to obtain recruits, which he did by preaching to the ignorant peasantry the holy cause of legitimacy, and especially by promising them money, plunder, freedom to indulge their vilest passions, and plenary indulgences from the Pope. As in all wars of partisans, the

* The order of San Gennaro was the highest order of the Neapolitan Bourbons, like the Garter in England.

device of this band seems to have been "Kill or die!"

On the 19th of January, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the heights of La Scurgola were suddenly attacked by the men of Giorgi. A single company of the 6th Piedmontese regiment of Foot, commanded by Captain Foldi, was then occupying that position. The attack was so unexpected, that the troops, greatly inferior in numbers, were compelled to retire. In the meantime, however, the alarm had been given to two other companies stationed at Magliano with a detachment of cavalry. This reinforcement at once set out for La Scurgola, where they arrived with the least possible delay. The place was immediately invested on all sides, and everyone of the insurgents who had entered it was taken prisoner. The remainder were attacked without delay, and, after a short contest, entirely routed, most, if not all, being killed.

Captain Foldi displayed the greatest bravery that day. By the most providential chance, Colonel Quintini, of the 40th Foot, arrived at Sora the same night. Ascending the Salviano, he heard in the distance the first discharges of musketry. At once divining what was taking place, he hastened back to Avezzano, sending onwards without delay such reinforcements as he thought necessary. Quintini was alone as useful as two battalions. The fire lasted interruptedly for two hours, and the insurgents lost about three hundred

men, including in that number those taken prisoners and those who lost their lives in the battle. The Italian troops had only two killed and four wounded. A victory so complete, and with so little loss on the part of the conquerors, one might almost imagine exaggerated; but, as I have already stated, the particulars are taken from the official report.

Luvara, the commander-in-chief, who signed the proclamation, and the staff, had prudently kept aloof from the engagement, remaining concealed at the convent of Sant' Antonio, a mile distant from La Scurgola, on the side of Tagliacozzo. It is needless to say, they took to their heels on beholding the rout of their band. One of their colours, or standards, was taken in the engagement. It was a shabby wooden crucifix, to which was tied with a string a dirty old red cloth stolen from some church; the staff of this strange oriflamme being no less than the stick of one of the tents left by the Piedmontese at Tagliacozzo. This ludicrous rag, however, which showed by the manner in which it was torn by the bullets that it had been borne as bravely in the fight as the most orthodox standard, was not the principal banner of the royalists, which, that it might not be exposed to the dangers and vicissitudes of war, had been left at Tagliacozzo. "It was a magnificent piece of white silk," says an eye-witness—"quite adapted to be carried at a

procession. On one side was the portrait of Maria Cristina (the mother of Francis II., who, it will be remembered, was a princess of the house of Savoy), kneeling before the Virgin, and treading under her feet the white cross of Savoy. On the other side was represented the Immaculate Conception."

This flag, so venerated by the royalists, had been blessed by His Holiness, and great were the expectations entertained by them of the victories to which it was to wave them onward. Their first unlucky expedition, however, by no means presaged success in any future campaigns on which it might still be their destiny to enter.

Together with Giorgi and Luvara (I am still quoting the letter of an eye-witness), also marched at the head of the army, dressed like Giorgi as a colonel, that celebrated Venetian who, although mistaken at the beginning for a cardinal, was simply a Monsignore di Corte.

Among the prisoners were found a great many old soldiers, to whom pardon was granted. No mercy, however, was shown to those who were known to be the active partisans of the cause of reaction. One of their chiefs, Doctor Mauti of Luco, was shot, and died bravely. His life, however, would not have been taken, had he consented to make some revelations which there was no doubt he could have made. But

he would not say a word; to everyone who pressed him on the subject he gave the same reply, that it was only by chance he had become involved in the reactionary movement, and had taken an active part in it. Although they continued to urge him with questions, he resolutely persevered in his determination to make no avowal that might endanger the cause to which he had devoted himself, or place in peril the lives of any of its adherents. Such a brave man would have been worthy of mercy, but unfortunately too many aggravating evidences of the active part he had taken against the revolution were found upon him. He was accordingly shot, on the esplanade of the castle.

Three other prisoners, the men who had taken to the Piedmontese commander a somewhat insolent summons from the Bourbonists, were then directed to Sora. Two of them were Neapolitans, one a major and the other a corporal of the old Neapolitan Rifles, and the third was a Papal Zouave, a Spaniard, who had once served among the Carlists. These wretches told a long story, which they had evidently concocted, for it consisted of a series of falsehoods. At Rome, according to their account, they had been assured there really was a royalist army, which was expected with the greatest anxiety by the enthusiastic populations, who were ready to welcome its arrival in their midst as the

signal for a general insurrection. They had been made to believe that they were strong enough to bear down all opposition, and that in a fortnight they would be at Naples, sweeping before them the miserable supporters of Victor Emmanuel. How great, they added, was their discouragement when, instead of a numerous, well-equipped, and enthusiastic army, they found only some five or six hundred disbanded soldiers, about two thousand peasants badly armed, and a stupid mob, either indifferent to the cause or afraid to adventure boldly in it. They expected, also, to have found arms and ammunition for their adherents at Carsoli, but the French had stopped them.

Among the prisoners who were shot were two priests, a Monsignore, and the curate of Monte Sabinese. At Poggio Filippo, a neighbouring village, one of the wounded died, and, on burying him, it was found that he wore purple stockings; from which it was assumed that he was a Cardinal.

I have discovered since some very curious details among the depositions made at the time by the peasants themselves. Some of them, impelled by a sort of rage, had sided with the Bourbonists. It was reported that a woman had killed a Garibaldian with a monstrous refinement of cruelty, the mere description of which would be sufficient to make the strongest man shudder with horror. I therefore hesitate to inflict on my

readers the pain of reading an account of sufferings so harrowing.

An incident, illustrating how little confidence could be placed in the word, or even in the oath, of the adherents of the Bourbon cause, may be here related. After Giorgi's defeat—who, by-the-bye, never returned to the South—there were left at Avezzano about fifty prisoners, whom the conquerors were rather at a loss how to dispose of. It would have been useless cruelty to shoot them, and dangerous to allow them to go free. After some consideration, it was determined, with the co-operation of the curé, who was in the confidence of this humanitarian plot, to assemble them in the church, where they were informed that they were all condemned to be shot. In the anticipation of the speedy execution of this sentence, they were exhorted to prepare themselves for eternity. The minister of religion, in a most eloquent and faithful address, reminded them of the guilt of their past lives, and conjured them to make all the atonement in their power, now that the fatal moment was arrived.

Easily impressed as the Italians generally are, the unhappy men were almost frightened out of their wits, and, throwing themselves on their knees, began to beat their breasts and beg for mercy. The curé, as if yielding to a sudden movement of generosity, told them that perhaps human justice might be clement

towards them, but only on the condition that every-one of them should take an oath on the holy cross that he would never again enter any band of insurgents. They all agreed to take the oath proposed, and were accordingly restored to liberty. Incredible as it may appear, a week had scarcely elapsed when they were all taken again at Carsoli, in a new band formed by Giorgi.

It was about the same time that the somewhat cosmopolitan band of M. de Christen, after it had been beaten on the field of battle, was pursued into the Papal States by General de Sonnaz. M. de Christen was a legitimist adventurer, fighting for Francis II., as well as for the Popish cause. Surrounded at Bauco by the Piedmontese, whose first attack he had repelled, he was defeated and taken prisoner. After some negotiations, it was determined to spare his life; in acknowledgment of which boon, he gave his word of honour no longer to bear arms against Italy. He was no more faithful to his word, however, than Giorgi's brigands, for he once more organised a band of followers, with whom he engaged in many expeditions, showing himself a determined opponent to the cause of Victor Emmanuel. After some time he came to Naples, under a false name, with a British passport, to scheme and plot against those to whom he owed his life. In the midst of his conspiracies

against the cause of Italian liberty, he was again apprehended, and placed in the hands of justice, before whose tribunal he answered for his deeds.*

The purely legitimist expeditions being finally brought to an end by the fall of Gaëta (Feb. 13th, 1861), Francis II. dismissed his supporters, particularly M. de Christen; any outbreak in his behalf, as it was said in the Bourbonist memorandum at that time published in the papers, being henceforth purposeless. The country, after the victory of the Italian cause had been crowned by this conquest, breathed more freely. The people everywhere rejoiced, and looked forward with hope to the entire regeneration of the Italian kingdom. The towns, brilliantly illuminated in spite of the high clergy, resounded with the echoes of thanksgivings sung to the Almighty.

It is not to be imagined, however, that brigandage had disappeared from the country. There were numerous bands of ruffians at that time infesting various parts of Italy, who were in no way identified with the partisans of the fallen king. They were generally convicts, who had escaped from the galleys when the prisons were thrown open on the arrival of Garibaldi. The dictator, in his victorious march from

* M. de Christen has been condemned to several years' imprisonment, but has since been comprised in one of the King's amnesties.

Reggio to Naples, had had but little time to reorganize the army and police in the provinces he had so rapidly crossed in his triumphant career. Prisons and bagnios had been thrown open on his passage. Felons had assumed the red shirt, and proclaimed the popular hero, from whom all expected the great Italian redemption.

According to the cruel Bourbonist system, political prisoners and criminals had been thrown indiscriminately into the bagnios; and as the latter had been condemned to the same captivity, they hoped to be included in the same amnesty as that accorded to their fellow-sufferers. Many of them had followed Garibaldi till under the fire of the guns of Capua, where they had fought with great bravery. But when the regular authorities were once more re-established, and an organized administration was substituted for the somewhat fantastic government of the dictator, the hopes with which these criminals had so long deluded themselves received a decisive blow. For reasons that will be easily understood, and above all, in faithful subservience to the cause of morality and justice, the Italian Government declined any offer of service from men to whom the name of felon could be applied. One of them, Cipriano la Gala, who has since acquired so sad a celebrity, offered to aid the Government in putting down brigandage;

but his services were declined, and he was given up to the magistrate.

Those bands of criminals, whose destiny it was to fight for a time in behalf of the cause of liberty, then took the alarm. Discovering that they had been deluding themselves with hopes which the authorities were determined should not be realized, they, as a measure of prudence, placed themselves beyond the reach of government, and began to form those bands of banditti who assaulted helpless travellers on the highways. Such was the real origin of brigandage in the aspect which, in recent times, it has worn. These bands, at first, not being strong, only made their appearance now and then in some of the less densely populated districts. The number assembled under each chief not exceeding, on the average, twenty men, they used to keep to the woods, or those wild passes of the mountains—such as La Sila, for instance, in Calabria, the traditional resorts of brigands.

Their measures at first were rather timid, for success had not inspired them with courage. They levied a few taxes in some distant districts, and were satisfied with moderate results. Without any political object, their sole desire was plunder. They had no ambition to come in contact with the regular troops, for they well knew that a few battalions of bersaglieri would have soon put an end to their career.

But at that early period the Piedmontese Government had committed many errors, and particularly in the department of its military affairs, a circumstance so excusable in that time of transition, that it need not excite any wonder, considering that, at the period we speak of, they had three armies to organize, provide for, and direct—their own, Garibaldi's, and the Neapolitan, the last of which particularly embarrassed the Government.

All the Bourbonist soldiers, according to the capitulation of Gaëta, had been prisoners of war as long as Messina and Civitella del Tronto refused to surrender. But when these two places fell, the last on March 20th, it became a serious and embarrassing question, what was to be done with the army? After some deliberation, it was determined that two months' leave should be granted to all who had surrendered at Gaëta; after which time those belonging to the conscriptions of the last three years were to be called immediately to resume their military service. The others were allowed to make a new engagement if they chose.

These concessions, prompted by the liberal spirit of the new Government, turned out to be the greatest mistake they could have committed. The two months' leave, in particular, granted to the Bourbonist soldiers (a condition which, indeed, had been stipulated

at Gaëta), seriously endangered the cause of Italian unity in the Southern provinces. These men, having soon spent the indemnity which, also according to the stipulations of Gaëta, they had received, began to feel embarrassed as to the means by which they might obtain a livelihood for the future. Unfortunately the Neapolitan kingdom was, at that time, in a totally different position from that in which England was when, as Macaulay tells us, at the restoration of the Royal dynasty, the army that had served Cromwell was disbanded. "Fifty thousand men," according to that historian, "accustomed to the profession of arms, were at once thrown on the world; and experience seemed to warrant the belief that this event would produce much misery and crime—that the discharged veterans would be seen begging in every street, or that they would be driven by hunger to pillage. But no such result followed. In a few months there remained not a trace indicating that the most formidable army in the world had just been absorbed into the mass of the community. The Royalists themselves confessed that in every department of honest industry, the discarded warriors prospered beyond other men—that none were charged with any theft or robbery—that none were heard to ask an alms—and that if a baker, a mason, or a waggoner attracted notice by his diligence and

sobriety, he was, in all probablity, one of Oliver's old soldiers."

We must not assume, however, from this description of the eloquent historian who has so vividly depicted the state of England, that, at the period of which he speaks, there were no brigands in it. Macaulay himself informs us that it had its highwaymen as dashing and as bold as any of those brigands that threw a certain lurid halo over crime in Italy. There was, for example, at that time, as he tells us a little further on, the celebrated William Nevison, that free-handed and generous Yorkshire thief, who, though he levied a regular trimestrial tax upon all the cattle-dealers of the North, and freely appropriated the purses of those whom he attacked on the public road, liberally shared with the poor the money thus forcibly extorted from the rich; and also that other renowned chief, an old page of the Duke of Richmond, Claude Duval, so distinguished for his gallantry to the fair sex, of whom he was a devoted admirer, that one day, on stopping the coach of a very handsome lady of rank who carried with her four hundred pounds, the gallant Frenchman was pleased to take only one hundred, upon condition of her dancing a "courante" with him.

We thus see that though England, as well as other countries, had its dangerous class, the veterans of Cromwell, who were kept in the path of rectitude and honour by their own conscience of right, combined with the sentiment of their personal dignity, were not to be found among them. Such feelings, alas! had no existence among the Neapolitan soldiers. In that country the privileges of a corrupt aristocracy, and the state of abject subjection in which the army was held, had demoralised the soldiers of Francis II. They had none of that spirit which constitutes the citizen, and they were incapable of that continued labour which makes the humblest independent. They could not, therefore, amalgamate with the peaceful working-classes.

Accustomed to the idle existence of the Neapolitan barracks, the disbanded soldiers had no inclination either for an agricultural life, or for any other kind of daily labour that would have secured to them an honest livelihood. Still less did they care to enlist under the cross of Savoy, partly on account of their natural aversion for the brave, straightforward Piedmontese, an antipathy the cause of which I shall afterwards explain. The Piedmontese service also was harder, and the soldiers under the White Cross were not paid so liberally as those under the Lilies of the Bourbons. In fine, it was no recommendation to the degraded

and indisciplined Neapolitans that Victor Emmanuel was a fighting monarch, for they had no desire to be brought face to face with the tried legions of Austria.*

The above are the only causes that can account for the defection of the Bourbon troops. Some poetical minds would now hint that fidelity to a holy but ill-fated cause, devoted attachment to an unfortunate prince, and pious veneration for the heroine of Gaëta, were the chief reasons by which they were influenced. If there are many people credulous enough to believe that there is any foundation for these amiable excuses for the conduct of the old Neapolitan troops, I do not consider it necessary to argue against a delusion so pleasing. It is only to be deplored that, under the influence of such reasons, an army which we are invited to credit with bravery, should have betaken itself to the highway, to rob and murder the defenceless. Those Neapolitan soldiers, who might have honourably devoted themselves to a good and worthy service, chose rather to live by crime and violence on the highway; for on this point I must insist that in the beginning they were nothing else but common burglars and assassins. Hidden at dusk in the depths of a thicket, or by a lonely roadside, like the debased

* I may state that this severe judgment is applicable only to the old Bourbonist soldiers; for, from all accounts, the young Neapolitan recruits proved to be excellent troops.

Burgraves of Victor Hugo, knife in hand, they watched the steps of the imprudent traveller or the distant bell of a mule. Sometimes a hundred of them would seize a poor man, and when they had murdered and despoiled their victim, fly back to their dark caves and thickets, to await, like heartless cravens, a new victim.*

It was at a later period, when the disbanded soldiers had joined the regular bandits spread all over the mountains, that the Bourbonist committees existing at Rome and Naples, and in almost every part of the country, desiring to concoct a plot of unusual magnitude, for which they required conspirators who would hesitate at no crime, cast their eyes upon these lawless ruffians. Then, but only then, brigandage began to assume a political character. Let us see now what that conspiracy was.

* "Le pas d'un voyageur, le grelot d'un mulet;
Ils étaient cent pour prendre un pauvre homme au collet.
Le coup fait, ils fuyaient en hâte à leurs repaires."
VICTOR HUGO—*Les Burgraves.*

CHAPTER IV.

THE INFLUENCE OF GARIBALDI—THE CONSPIRACY—NAPLES WITH GARIBALDI—POLITICAL PARTIES AFTER THE DEPARTURE OF THE DICTATOR—OPPOSITION OF THE INTELLIGENT CLASS—THE "CONSORTERIA" AND MUNICIPALISM—OPPOSITION OF THE PEOPLE—OPINION OF THE ALARMED—VIVA GARIBALDI!—OPPOSITION OF THE CLERGY—LAWS AGAINST THE CONVENTS—ADULTERATED COINS, THE RINGS OF ZINC—BRIGANDAGE BECOMES THOROUGHLY POLITICAL.

CHAPTER IV.

THE heroic adventures of Garibaldi, during his victorious progress in Sicily and Naples, took everyone by surprise. His victories had been so rapid, that they were hardly believed, even when they were known to many as accomplished facts. In every part of the country one heard but a single question, Has he really landed? when, in fact, he had made himself master of town after town, no one daring to oppose his unparalleled advance. Regarded almost as a mythical hero, fascinating the vivid imaginations of those southern populations, he was in their eyes the realisation of the heroes of the most cherished legends of Ariosto. His wonderful adventures, both on land and sea, in the four parts of the world—the wrecks, the combats, the victories, in which he had been engaged—all tended to awake that delight with which, in all Italy, but more particularly in the south, everything which is strange, romantic, supernatural, and out of the ordinary way,

is regarded. The *mise en scène*, the scarlet tunic, the recollection of Velletri, spread and exaggerated eleven years before by the routed soldiers of Ferdinand II. (Bomba), the terror of his name, and, to crown all, the superstition which so magnified his exploits, as to make him, in the bewildered eyes of the Neapolitans, appear like a demigod, completed his success. They believed that, when in the thick of battle he was struck by the enemies' bullets, he had but to shake the folds of his tunic to make them fall harmless at his feet.* All these things had rendered Garibaldi almost the equal of San Gennaro.

A race of bold and independent freemen cannot understand the influence which, in such a country as Southern Italy, was exercised by the sentiment of fear, of terror, of superstition. "Fear rules the world!" is one of the favourite mottoes of Garibaldi. Fear made the Italian cause triumph; and that mysterious awe inspired by the plebeian hero, who, within the short period of ten years, drove from Rome and Naples, into the stronghold of Gaëta, the army of the father and of the son, kept the unsettled population of the Southern capital entirely submissive under his sway.

In such a country as England it is almost impossible to realise how a population like that of Naples

* I can positively testify to the truth of this absurd belief.

could be kept in subjection by terror. Before Garibaldi drove them away, even the infamous mercenaries of the Bourbons inspired it. Their recent iniquities in Sicily, the destruction of Carini, the bombardment of Palermo, the enormities committed in the very streets of Naples, the recollections of the 15th of May, 1848, and the brutal aggressions of the 15th of July, 1860, all tended to keep the peaceful citizens in a state of trembling subjection.

The details of the last-named event afford a striking example of the manner in which that disorderly soldiery tyrannized over the city. The grenadiers of the king's own household brigade fell, one Sunday evening, not upon a riotous assemblage, but upon peaceful citizens, on noblemen and officials driving in their carriages, and even on the British consul, to all of whom they acted with great violence, seizing them by the throat, menacing them with their daggers, and even killing many, amid shouts of "Long live the king!"

From that day the whole town continued in a constant state of alarm, the eyes of all turned with awe towards the batteries of the fortifications, ready to transform, in the twinkling of an eye, the opulent city into a heap of ruins. The wealthiest merchants had already hired steamers and other vessels to save their goods and valuables. The greater part of the aristocracy

attached to the Bourbons had already fled from the country. The foreign squadrons anchored in the bay were crowded with people who, loaded with articles of value, prayed for refuge and protection. All the foreigners in the city had deposited their money at their respective consulates. Panic was the order of the day in Naples. At every moment the town was alarmed by some new rumour, causing the shopkeepers hastily to put up their shutters, the streets to be suddenly deserted, and carriages, horses, pedestrians, and street-venders, &c., to fly in a confused, stormy mass before an imaginary danger. Of such scenes I was myself almost daily a witness.

Under these circumstances, Garibaldi's entrance was regarded as the supreme delivery. Every one experienced a certain relief as soon as he appeared. The town from one end to another, calm and reassured once more, breathed freely. But, in fact, the real danger had just begun; for when Garibaldi, followed only by his staff, consisting of twenty persons at the utmost, made his entrance into Naples, there were still in the barracks six thousand troops. A thoughtlessly-fired shot might have been enough to kindle the flame of civil war, and to lead to the effusion of much precious blood. If the army had been disposed to fight, the leaders of the national movement could have done little at this time to resist it.

Of the main body of the army, which was only two hours distant, the rifles, a brigade composed entirely of Bavarian mercenaries, were anxious to fight the Garibaldians, whom at many points they vigorously resisted. In some places Garibaldi met with serious opposition. He was detained almost for two months before Capua, without taking it.

On the 1st of October the royalists, who had approached Naples, were almost on the point of re-entering it again. On the following day there were still many thousand of the king's troops at Caserta, which they had taken, and might, perhaps, have retained, had they not lost much precious time in plundering private houses.

Notwithstanding these real dangers, however, so universal was the faith in Garibaldi, that the inhabitants, with their southern hopefulness, instead of being harassed into fears and doubts, never for a moment lost their confidence in the leader of the national cause, but gave themselves up entirely to the happiness of the moment. The citizens were everywhere to be seen walking arm-in-arm with their brethren in red shirts, the streets being gloriously illuminated and decorated with the bright colours of that Italian flag which was as the star of hope to a country looking forward with exultation to the future. With all the warmth of their meridional nature, the crowds

of southern Italians laughed, wept, and sang in the intoxication of joy with which they greeted the prospect of recovered liberty.

During all that explosion of enthusiasm the representatives of many of the parties into which Italian politicians were divided, had been attracted to the city, but not a single partisan of the Bourbons was to be seen, not a trace of the party was anywhere to be found.

At the approach of the great popular leader, Mazzini, Cattaneo, Saffi, and many others appeared in Naples, drawn thither by the revolution; men representing all varieties of opinion into which the great liberal majority is divided—Mazzinians, independent republicans, monarchical democrats, pure Garibaldians, temperate Garibaldians, anti-Garibaldians, moderate unitarians and confederates, partisans of a united Italy and partisans of a confederate Italy, annexionists with and without conditions, Piedmontese swearing only by Turin, and Neapolitans swearing only by Naples. But in this infinite variety of opinion not a single voice was raised for the fugitive king. Not a club, not a private or public circle, dared to speak one word in favour of Francis II.

In the general excitement caused by a revolution so remarkable, it is not wonderful that some difficulty should have been experienced at first in re-establishing

a settled form of government. Garibaldi himself was no politician, and he was perplexed by opposing counsels. It was not till the arrival of Victor Emmanuel, and the appointment of a regular administration, that the Neapolitan enthusiasm, as if by enchantment, cooled down. In endeavouring to restore a system of order in the administration of affairs, the Government found itself face to face with two strong parties of opponents, who raised their heads almost simultaneously at that moment; one among the intelligent class, and the other among the people, both of them growing more and more prominent, and acquiring additional influence from day to day. I am aware that it must be a very delicate task, and one both difficult and full of danger, to analyse, as it were, the elements of which these two parties were composed, and to explain the principles by which they were guided. The opposition of that very intelligent class which I have tried to describe in the first chapter (I do not use the word *bourgeoisie*, for at Naples it has a meaning different from that usually affixed to it), derived its origin from a thousand different causes, but chiefly from municipal passions, and, alas! I must add, in many cases, from deceived or disappointed ambition. A powerful coterie had taken the reins of government into their own hands. Political refugees were the principal members of this party, consisting in

general of those glorious victims of the reaction of 1848, who, with reason considered as the best and most enlightened patriots of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, were disseminated all over Europe, but in greater numbers in the hospitable land of Piedmont, where they had met everywhere with the warmest and most generous reception, for Piedmont was the Holland of our Neapolitan Whigs.

Considering the state of things in which these men had been driven from their native land, it is not wonderful that they should occasionally have conspired against the tyrants by whom the fairest parts of Italy were kept in darkness, poverty, and chains. Our refugees therefore did conspire, but with moderation. Led in the beginning by Manin, who directed them from Paris, they protested against the tyranny of their monarch by a sort of legal or justifiable resistance. They wrote pamphlets and memorandums, in which they addressed the question to civilized Europe, whether it was possible to make Ferdinard II. follow a liberal policy. Manin died, and Ferdinand did not change. Then the refugees turned their hopes to the youthful Francis II., some of them, very few, looking forward to Prince Murat as a leader whom they might fashion according to their principles. This pretender, however, was narrowly watched by the representatives of England in the Two Sicilies. Francis II., on taking

possession of that throne so long polluted by his ancestors, announced to his anxious subjects that he could not hope to be able even to approach the sublime virtues of the beloved Ferdinand, a declaration from which little hope of improvement was to be gathered. In the meanwhile, the emigration had acquired additional strength. Before his tragic death, the father of the last king of Naples had partially opened his gaols. Baron Poerio, with his unfortunate fellow-sufferers, managed with difficulty to effect his escape. The fact must be fresh in the remembrance of my readers. On his way to America, whither he was to be transported, he managed to land in Ireland, whence he made his way to Turin.

It is to be remarked that, though in prison, Poerio had always been corresponding with the leading members of the Italian emigration, and with the most influentian liberals in Europe. Under his rough convict jacket he had never lost the consciousness of his personal dignity, or ceased to entertain the hope that he might be of service to his country. It was he who led the patriots of Naples—who, from the depth of his dungeon, inspired them with the hope that animated himself, directed them by his counsel, and ruled them by the power of his mind.

With Poerio and his companions at Turin, the emigration found themselves complete, united in a strong and

compact body, already known and admired all over the world for their intelligence and boldness, and, above all, formidable on account of their misfortunes. After having despaired in turn of Ferdinand, of Francis, and of Murat, they had found protection under the constitutional flag of Piedmont. So strongly did they feel the beneficial influence exercised by a free Government, that they had become in spirit Piedmontese. The campaign of 1859, the annexation of the Duchies, the Papal Legations, and Tuscany, gave, for the first time, something like consistency to the long caressed dream of a united Italy, which, by many men not unfriendly to the country, had been so long regarded as a fatal illusion. Now, however, the aspect of things was so thoroughly changed, that the realization of this dream appeared the only solution for the difficulties of Italy. A principle had at length been discovered, to rally around it all Italians, not only the calm thinker, but the warm, heedless, audacious child of the people, in one united band.

When Francis II. proclaimed the constitution and granted an amnesty, the whole body of emigrants returned to their native land. About this time certain forced reforms, dictated to the young monarch by a supreme necessity, were proposed, with the hope of inducing the people to ask for no more. The returned

emigrants, however, aware of the insidious nature of these half measures, incited the Neapolitans to treat them with contempt. Going still further, they tried, without the aid of Garibaldi, who was still in Sicily, to rouse the country against the young monarch, from whom they saw that no amelioration in the state of the country could be expected. But the guns of Sant' Elmo were too menacing, and they had not yet the courage to act. The secret committee, however, the influence of which was so great that it might have been called an occult Government, still continued to watch the progress of events. It was owing to them that, on the 7th of September, 1860, Garibaldi found not only the population ready to receive him, but a provisional Government completely prepared.

As a matter of justice, I have insisted upon the measures of the "consorti," as they were called in Italy. It has been my desire to show the eminent services they rendered to the national cause, before attacking the errors into which they subsequently fell. I may go still further, and assert that it was through them that the country was saved during the dictatorship. They had not only the ability, but also the power, to face the revolution; and I may even venture to say that, without them, the party of action would have offered no opposition to the French in

the Pontifical States. Moreover, they did all they could to hasten the arrival of Victor Emmanuel; but, on the appearance of that monarch, my belief is that they exceeded their power. In making this statement, I am not merely echoing all the calumnies of the petty press, for I repudiate the idea maliguantly insinuated regarding the venality of these men. I only think they submitted too blindly to the Cabinet of Turin, which was not the best judge as to the manner in which Neapolitan affairs should have been conducted.

In a few words, this was the situation. The Neapolitans had declared, by popular suffrage, their desire to be associated with the rest of Italy under the constitutional sceptre of Victor Emmanuel. Turin understood that they wished to be annexed and assimilated as soon as possible. Thence the mistake and the discontent that followed. The "consorti" scrupled at no scheme by which, at any cost, they might bring about the absorption of Naples by the new Italian kingdom. The excise rates were increased at once; a proceeding from which the local industry received a severe blow. Laws were modified in a Piedmontese point of view—a sad disappointment for the lawyers of the country, who, under the Bourbons, having had good reasons for being satisfied with them, had no other complaint to

make except that they were not always carried into execution. In almost every branch of the administration, the consorti changed the names without altering the existing state of things; whilst, on the contrary, the secret of governing a new country, in such a manner as to obtain the confidence of all classes, is to change the old system without altering the names. In effecting these changes, too, instead of making them gradually, and in such a manner as not to rouse the jealousy of the people, they were determined on and executed at once; without the slightest deference to the feelings of the Neapolitans, the central jurisdiction of Turin was increased, while Naples was deprived of much of that official authority which it once exercised. In a word, instead of skilfully concealing the governamental action of the new capital, they showed it with ostentation; and this was an enormous blunder, for such a capital, distant, unknown, and comparatively poor among the glorious old Italian cities, was, in its way, almost an intruder, and had nothing to boast of but its king, who happened to be an honest man.

These were really and truly the grievances complained of by the intelligent class. An immense mass of men, indifferent to all political principles, but who were yet strongly attached to their own local interests, sided with these malcontents, making

the Government responsible for the stagnation of affairs that was the inevitable result under such circumstances.

Then there was that large class of impatient waiters on Providence who were disappointed because they did not immediately reap all the benefits they had anticipated from the revolution—a result for which they blamed those who were at the head of affairs, not considering that the recovery and future progress of a state so ill-governed as Naples had been, must have necessarily been a matter of time. Naples required schools, asylums, prisons worthy of a Christian government, streets, roads, railways, harbours, light-houses—in short, everything; and with the exception of some ill-timed and unpopular theoretical changes, nothing was given to the Neapolitans. Discontent being thus excited, opposition spread beyond the city, and became general throughout the kingdom. Through the representations of zealous optimists, who could not be pacified, because nothing less than the impossible would satisfy them, the partisans of the Government grew rarer and rarer every day. Yet this opposition—the fact is to be noticed—preserved its conservative character. They had no desire for reaction, nor did they wish to hasten the revolution. They called neither for Francis II. nor Mazzini. They complained of Piedmont, indeed, but none of them dreamed of separation from the great Italian body.

It is thus explained how the country in its discontent almost unanimously returned to Parliament ministerial members. In spite of ill-feeling and calumny, those men, enlightened and moderate, whose names were known from one end of the Italian Peninsula to the other, were still those who most faithfully represented public opinion. People feared Radicals of advanced opinions, and almost instinctively shrank from contact with a party most of whom—men whose names were utterly unknown to them—were violent and passionate Utopists, often wild and unpolished to excess. In the absence of any marked and distinctive principles, the opposition had one peculiarity, that it was purely a Neapolitan one, nothing more.

We have ample evidence of this in the debates that took place in the Italian Parliament. Neapolitans who moved interpellations to the ministry about the state of their native country, belonged to all sides of the house, rising from the left and the right, and even from the ministerial benches of the centre. All their speeches were essentially municipalist in character, municipalism being the chief cause of the opposition of Naples.*

* It ought not to be forgotten that this was written two years ago, since which time a wonderful transformation has already taken place among the Neapolitans. It would be doing them injustice still to attribute to them the same prejudices.

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The member who most distinguished himself by his zeal in the cause of municipalism was Mr. Ricciardi. He, more than anyone else, occupied the time of the house with complaints as to the mismanagement of the affairs and institutions of his country. Mr. Ricciardi, who is a perfect gentleman, is firmly convinced that he is a pure republican, in entertaining which conviction he is certainly labouring under an error, seeing that he is but a Neapolitan.

Having thus sketched the nature of the opposition by which, in the early period of the revolution, the intelligent class in Naples hampered the action of Government, we must now describe the opposition of a lower order—that of the people, which, naturally, was stronger, more decided, and more unequivocally expressed.

The people of Naples plainly declared that they liked neither the Piedmontese nor Victor Emmanuel. Against the Piedmontese the plebeians of Naples had the natural aversion of the Southerners for the inhabitants of the North. The contrast between the red shirts of the Garibaldians and the grey uniform of the Piedmontese soldiers, and the characteristic peculiarities of the two bodies, also excited in them an impression unfavourable to the latter. When, after those glorious, buoyant volunteers, gay, noisy, and ro-

mantic, who recklessly threw away their money, and endeavoured to live merrily before going to meet death with a patriotic song on their lips, arrived, without transition, the stern, disciplined, quiet, sober, poor, cold soldiers of the north, the veterans of twenty battles, who neither drank nor smoked, who lavished no money, their arms being all they possessed, the difference in their appearance made a greater impression on the Neapolitans than it would have made on any other people. The Piedmontese troops had neither glittering helmets nor waving plumes to strike those Southern imaginations with the idea of power and glory; and even on the Sunday, that universal holiday, they appeared dressed in the same garb as on any other day of the week, their simple, modest uniform, the well-known rough grey tunic of the days of battle. Their voices were rarely heard in animated debate; they had little of that life and action peculiar to the Southern Italian; and they spoke a strange, uncouth dialect, singularly contrasting with the expressive idioms of the Lazzaroni. The people, therefore, kept aloof from those severe-looking, taciturn grey-coats, and looked upon them as, in former days, they used to look upon the Swiss. Nor was the feeling with which they regarded Victor Emmanuel more favourable. Indeed, the popular opposition was still more unjust to him. When he came to Naples he made a great mistake,

one in perfect conformity with his own character, but which showed that he had given little consideration to that of the people whose good-will it was important for him to gain. He entered the city on foot, with no glowing plumes waving over his hat, with no golden epaulettes on his shoulders, and with no glittering sword in his hand. The masses of the people everywhere like show; but in that country even more than anywhere else. The Neapoitans, then, were deeply disappointed when they beheld the "Re Galantuomo" entering the city without that brilliant retinue by which King Murat had delighted and dazzled them. Victor Emmanuel, indeed, was doubtless as brave as Murat. Yet here, and perhaps elsewhere too, bravery, without display, does not strike the mass, who, however, had some stronger motives for opposition. The Lazzaroni never thoroughly understood for what reason Victor Emmanuel had then come to Naples. The Italian question seemed to them too far off to excite their interest, and they never understood it thoroughly.

At this time, in the early period of the great Italian movement, the population were particularly struck by one thing which did not make a favourable impression upon them; and that was, that the arrival of the King was followed by the departure of Garibaldi, their favourite hero, who, after he had been the

master of Naples, and had given to his sovereign a kingdom of nine million inhabitants, departed, solitary and mournful, from the kingdom and city his valour had won. The people saw in this an act of notorious injustice, of cruel ingratitude; an opinion which was fostered in them by the complaints of the discontented Garibaldians. In their sorrow and indignation they forgot what was the end of the great Italian revolution; they forgot the universal suffrage by which Victor Emmanuel had been elected, and they imagined that he was a third potentate, who had come to Naples to turn out Garibaldi, in the same way as that popular hero had turned out Francis II.

Foolish and absurd as these ideas were, they were soon spread widely among all classes of the population, and, especially among the ignorant lower classes, produced a great amount of indignation. Such, indeed, was the main cause of the plebeian discontent; and those who seek to explain it by any other reason are greatly mistaken. To believe that a Lazzarone was more for King Francis than for Mazzini, or *vice versa*, is to betray the fact that he who makes such an assertion has never been in that country, or, at any rate, knows very little of its institutions and inhabitants. This is not a question of principles or convictions, but simply a matter of sympathy or of antipathy. I may now also add that in this case fear

(I shall always come back to it) was by no means the ally of power; and neither the learned nor the illiterate classes were compelled to allegiance by that sentiment.

The extreme mildness of the new Government allowed the press to discuss every political topic whatever, not restraining it even when the most violent language was used. Public demonstrations also were tolerated. The Piedmontese army, too, displayed the most admirable forbearance. No more the plunderers of the 15th of May, nor the ferocious mercenaries of the 15th of July, the new soldiers were of proved bravery, well-disciplined and honest. I remember, one day, a vile mob, in the hope of getting up a serious riot, made a demonstration against one of the public functionaries, with cries of "Death to Spaventa!" * They threatened to invade the building occupied as Government offices. A detachment of soldiers was sent to defend the entrance of the palace, with strict orders, however, to do all they could to avoid an encounter with the people, which might lead to the useless effusion of blood. These soldiers I saw shamefully insulted and disgracefully outraged. Although earth and rubbish were thrown at them, these brave fellows, who had been in the Crimea, at Solferino, and at Gaëta,

* This able statesman was then director of the police department.

stood calmly erect, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, not moving a muscle, nor making the slightest attempt to punish the insolent rioters. Knowing perfectly well that, had they made a movement, the mob would have been dispersed in a second, one could see by the contracted muscles of their manly features how fearful was the struggle that was raging within them. Anywhere else than at Naples, conduct so noble would have disarmed the hostility of the malcontents, but there it only incited them to acts of insult more provoking and unbearable.

These riots, after all, were very harmless affairs. The one I have just mentioned was the most important, but, as it led to no result, it might have been characterised as a new version of "Much Ado About Nothing." Spaventa remained at the head of the police; and barricades were not set up in the streets. The opposition of the people, it should be specially remarked, never assumed a political character. They contented themselves by giving vent to their regret for the departure of Garibaldi, whom they esteemed for his fame and valour rather than for his principles, which probably few of them understood; and, of course, the ex-dictator was everywhere greeted with enthusiastic ovations on all occasions. Wherever he appeared he was received with hearty cheering; the enthusiasm on each successive occasion rather in-

creasing than diminishing. Each time the town was illuminated. Crowds of people, with torches and banners, walked in procession along the streets, carrying the statue of Garibaldi, with a red shirt, framed into the golden shrine of a saint, borrowed from some church, and shouting with frantic cries, "Viva Garibaldi!" This was the cry of every day; when Cialdini took Gaëta; when Cavour proclaimed the Kingdom of Italy; when Naples celebrated the birthday of Victor Emmanuel—on all these occasions "Viva Garibaldi!" was the cry of the people. If Francis II. ever makes his re-appearance at Naples—which God forbid!—nothing is more probable than that the crowd, with that animation which is habitual to them, will again raise their favourite old cry, "Viva Garibaldi!" *

I have thus shown how general was the prevalence of discontent among the enlightened class, owing chiefly to the spirit of contradiction and municipalism,

* I speak of the populations as they were in March, 1861. They now understand the great national idea of Italy under Victor Emmanuel. On the second entrance of the king (April, 1862) not a single cry of "Viva Garibaldi!" was heard in the crowded streets of the town during the passage of the royal procession. This cry would not have had in itself any seditious character, but it might have been mistaken for an allusion to the past disagreements, then so happily buried. The population felt this by instinct, a circumstance which shows how much they had improved.

and, among the people, on account of the compassion felt for a leader—the hero of Caprera—and his followers, whom they regarded as having been shamefully wronged. The Bourbonist party, when they saw how widely prevalent was this hostile disposition, raised their heads once more, and resolved to turn it to their own purposes. Reaction began among the clergy. Priests were naturally opposed to a power so greatly disapproved of by the Pope, though this hostility was not nearly so universal as it is generally believed to have been.

At Palermo, on the 4th of April, 1860, the signal for the national revolution was given by the monks of La Gancia, in Basilicata, a province strongly in favour of the Italian cause, and which had not waited for the arrival of Garibaldi to rise. A legion of priests, who had been spontaneously formed, marched at the head of the people. Even at Naples many sacred orators—among others the eminent Father Guiseppe da Foria—had raised from the pulpit their voices on behalf of the national cause; and, what is more significant, revolution numbered in its ranks many a dignitary of the Church, especially the Bishop of Ariano, a very useful monsignore, for the performance of *Te Deums* in particular. The Government ought to have encouraged these favourable dispositions among a class who by their influence might have

rendered the cause to which they adhered more generally popular.

Garibaldi, with his exceptional good common sense, used to respect not only the priests, whom the people revered, but even popular superstitions. The day after his entrance into Naples he accomplished the Pilgrimage of Piedigrotta, of Bourbonist recollection. At his desire the miracle of San Gennaro was performed, and, if anything, the wonderful result followed more quickly than usual. Garibaldi, a very religious man himself, was always followed by a chaplain; and this reverend gentleman used to preach with great devotion, although on the field of battle he occasionally transformed himself into a soldier.

The new Government followed at first the same example, and even went still further, recalling the Cardinal of Naples, Riario Sforza, who had left his seat. All of a sudden, however, no doubt badly advised by impatient minds, or by some stern bureaucrats, always demanding logical deductions (forgetting all the while that logic is the worst adviser in politics), the ministry, doubtless with the idea that they were giving proof of strength in taking a step that even Garibaldi had never dared to attempt, issued three decrees against the clergy, one of them, the most severe, abolishing the majority of the convents.

Had things been in a settled state, and the Govern-

ment firmly established, this would have been but justice; but at that time, for the reasons I have already mentioned, it would have been a wiser policy to have held on good terms with the clergy. Although they exhibited a certain amount of courage in issuing such a decree and carrying it into execution, yet it was undoubtedly a great fault, for they irritated the priests to the utmost, without diminishing their power. The Government, in taking such a step, not only displayed their hostility, but also, as many could not fail to discover, betrayed their weakness. The measure was a badly advised one, and, as a priest never forgives, even to this day the fatal consequences of these premature decrees are still felt.

The clergy openly declared war against the newly-established kingdom; but, however hostile might be their feeling to the power that had dared so openly to resist them, they acted with caution at first, organizing measures of resistance not only at Naples but all over the country. After timidly surrounding themselves with mystery and plotting in the dark, they at last ventured boldly and insolently out into the broad daylight, hurling, in violent discourses from the pulpit, outrageous insults at the king. Victor Emmanuel, whom they excommunicated, was designated by the name of Herod, and King Francis was sacrilegiously alluded to as the Holy Lamb.

In the country curates and monks carried out the impious crusade against the excommunicated Italian king, pointing him out to the superstitious and stupid populations as the Antichrist. Convents put themselves in communication with Rome. Those of Naples, in order that they might be able to disguise the low mercenaries in their service, whom they intended to send, knife in hand, all over the town, wherever they thought it possible to make a disturbance, concealed in their recesses the uniforms of the national guards. Wherever they could possibly manage it they had depots of arms and ammunition, and in every town they disseminated their reactionary proclamations.

At Aquila, in the house of a certain Cocco, a very suspicious individual, a list was found containing the names of a great many notorious liberals. When he was asked by an official whose names were those written on the paper, he had the impudence to say it was the list of his debtors.

"I owe you, then, some money," said the official, who had come to arrest him, "as I see my name is here."

At these words Master Cocco, struck with alarm, remained silent.

The focus of the conspiracy was naturally at Rome, the last refuge of the fallen king, who, in the opinion

of many was already the soul of these intrigues. Although I do not see any reason to induce me to think so, I know that pathetic and fatidical words were attributed to him when he departed from Gaëta. Before he got on board the ship that was to carry him away for ever, he bade his soldiers farewell, and, kissing the last of them, said to him,

"Go and give this embrace to all who love me, and tell them that before a year is elapsed we shall meet again."

But, on the other hand, it is well known that Francis II., in a proclamation read throughout Europe, entered into a solemn engagement not to make the slightest attempt to disturb the country; and if one cannot but hope that, perhaps, in the beginning, he kept his royal word, there is no doubt that at Rome, among the persons around him, and among his own family, they were already conspiring.

I am not aware whether the committees, of which I shall have to speak by-and-by, were already in existence. But I know that arms were actively collected, and that coins were struck in the name of Francis II. This money was thrown into his ex-dominions; and, in order not to excite any suspicion, those coins which bore for their date the year 1859, had been artistically blackened with some skilful preparation that made them look genuine. Some of them, which I had in

my possession, were so adulterated, that their intrinsic value was no more than ten centimes, when it ought to have been twenty. That money was used to enlist soldiers, the enlistments taking place at Naples, either in convents or in priests' houses.

A domiciliary visit held at "San Giovanni a Carbonara," led to the discovery of a young woman hidden under a bed. What could have been the object of her concealment? In order to avoid being thrown into prison, this wretch was obliged to confess the truth. The police then took possession of the room, and held themselves the enlisting board. I need scarcely say that those who came for such a purpose were immediately handcuffed and sent to the isles. At the same time, the Duke of Cajaniello, who was suspected to be corresponding with Rome, was arrested, and kept for many months in prison. It must be remembered he had been ambassador of Francis II. in Paris. I will not repeat here all that has been said against him, and it is possible he may have been calumniated. The truth is that, as sufficient proofs of his guilt could not be obtained, he was acquitted; and it is therefore impossible to say what part he had taken in the conspiracy. But that such a conspiracy had existed, is a fact beyond contestation. Not only were all its particulars discovered, but it was known that the movement was to burst forth at Naples in the month of April,

1861; that all the prisoners detected at the "Vicaria" were to have been let loose and provided with arms; that the gaolers were in the plot; that rebellion was to have been instigated both in town and in the country; and that bands of brigands were being raised and paid by the Bourbonist committees. Thus, for the first time, brigandage assumed a political character. Reaction found these men in a state of military organisation, compelled for their own sake to fight against authority, and thus ready for its service. As may be easily conceived, it made use of them without hesitation. On the other hand, all those gaol-birds were but too glad to receive six carlini (about two shillings) a day, and to have a sort of legitimate excuse for robbing and plundering. Thus taken into the service of the State, they were no longer highway assassins. In the eyes of reactionist Europe they appeared as political partisans.

Rosaries, blessed by the Holy Father, were distributed to them, together with no end of sentimental talismans. They received, moreover, symbolic rings and metal buttons, on which a royal crown, and a hand armed with the traditional poniard of the banditti, were engraved with the motto: "*Fac et spera.*" The Bourbonist agents also gave their military banditti full permission to continue their usual occupation, regardless of any consideration human or divine

—substantially giving them to understand that they might commit as many depredations, rapes, and murders as they chose, provided they did so for the sake of Francis II. As a matter of course, they were strictly cautioned to be very careful in directing their assaults only against the persons and properties of the liberals. They were at liberty to disarm as many of the National Guards as they could. No restriction was put on the number of patriots they might slay. They were directed to substitute everywhere for the cross of Savoy the Bourbon lilies, and when they laid waste peaceful districts, or sacked hamlets and villages, they were to do so to the cry of "Viva Francesco II.!"

And such, as everyone knows, was the conduct of these men, who exhibited to the world on the one hand the strange spectacle of a king allied with assassins; and on the other that of assassins, who, without changing their character, suddenly became royalists, the professed adherents of a legitimate monarch blessed by the Church! Shameful connection!

The state of Italy now became alarming. Disorders were simultaneously fomented all over the country. Disbanded soldiers, wearing the mystic ring, flocked in from the different points of the kingdom. The band of Somma (a mountain behind Vesuvius) was formed at that time; and likewise those of Nola, Gargano, and Calabria.

At Castiglione, on Easter day, serious disorders, followed by many atrocious murders, took place, and at last the movements of Basilicata broke out. This was the only district where, during that long year of civil strife, counter-revolution held out for a few days. The events of which that unlucky province was the theatre, brought it so prominently before the public eye, that I consider it desirable to give a detailed account of proceedings which were regarded with so much interest and anxiety by the whole country. We shall thus be enabled to form the best criterion by which to judge of what happened in the other parts of the kingdom; and there will be nothing afterwards to prevent us proceeding more rapidly in our further examination.

My task will be so much the easier, and I hope, at the same time, that the picture of events I shall be able to draw will be so much the more vivid, from the circumstance that I shall follow the excellent indications I have collected from the lips of an eye-witness, M. Camillo Battista, who wrote a genuine narrative of those events in Basilicata* of which he had personally been an eye-witness.

* Reazione e Brigantaggio in Basilicata nella Primavera del 1861, per Camillo Battista (Potenza, Stabilimento tipografico di V. Santanello, 1861). With the following motto from Botta: "La moltitudine commette il male volontieri e si ficca anche spesso il coltello nel petto da sé, tanto i moti suoi sono incom-

In thus collecting the evidence of facts from all available quarters, an example is set which ought to be imitated by all writers when they are about to relate the history of stormy revolutionary periods. Instead of allowing their preconceived ideas to lead them astray in useless discussions or premature decisions, they can only gain by cousulting such modest and conscientious chroniclers as M. Battista, whose record of his own personal experience must necessarily be a more useful and more durable guide than the thousands of pamphlets hastily issued from the press by many a rash and passionate politician.

History, above all, demands witnesses. Afterwards, when events have been faithfully related, when facts in their proper sequence have been established on the groundwork of truth, criticism may appear and pronounce its judgments.

posti, i voleri discordi, le fantasie accendibili, e tanto ancora sopra di lei possono più sempre gli ambiziosi che i modesti cittadini."

CHAPTER V.

BRIGANDAGE IN BASILICATA, 1861—ITS CHIEFS—CAPTURE OF VENOSA—BOCCHICCHIO—CROCCO'S WRITINGS—TAKING OF LAVELLO—INSURRECTION OF MELFI—CROCCO AND THE HOLY VIRGIN—THE ITALIAN'S REVENGE—GALLANT BEHAVIOUR OF THE NATIONAL GUARD—LETTER OF A FEMALE BRIGAND—A SINCERE BOURBONIST—AGGRESSIONS AT THE FRONTIERS—THE TRUE CHIAVONE—MULES BEFORE A COURT-MARTIAL—COUNT PONZA DI SAN MARTINO—GOOD RESULTS OF CONCILIATION—THE COMMITTEE OF ROME, ITS INTRIGUES AND RAMIFICATIONS—OATH OF THE ADEPTS—COMPLICITY OF THE HOLY SEE—CONSPIRACY AT NAPLES—THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP—ADMIRABLE BEARING OF THE NEAPOLITANS AND THE NATIONAL GUARDS—FEARFUL PROGRESS OF BRIGANDAGE—ATTACK ON THE PRISONS OF CASERTA—AN OFFICIAL DOCUMENT—AFFAIRS OF AVELLINO—MASSACRES OF MONTEMILETTO—THE GOVERNOR DE LUCA AND THE HUNGARIANS—ARRIVAL OF CIALDINI.

CHAPTER V.

LET us now, therefore, make our entrance into Basilicata, and instead of a "Murray's Hand-Book," take with us as our guide the interesting volume of M. Camillo Battista.

Roads and thoroughfares in that province had, at all periods, been proverbially unsafe. As thieves were almost acclimatised in every part of the country, the new Government paid little attention to them. It is true they ordered now and then search to be made by the National Guard; but no important discovery having been made, they did not consider it necessary to make any further investigation. The consequence was that the bands of robbers, availing themselves of the impunity which was offered to them, grew in audacity and number; increasing to such an extent that they used to tax the proprietors, steal horses, and capture men and children, whom they only released on payment of heavy ransoms. Soon masters of the surrounding

country, which they had struck with terror, they occupied the heights and woods of Melfi, where they established themselves in positions of great strength. The Government at Naples having no spare troops to send to the rescue of that province, the brigands became more powerful every day, and at last put themselves in communication with the chiefs of the re-actionist movement. Marching under the colours of King Francis II, they entered, on the 7th of April, into the vast properties of Prince Doria, at Lagopesole, the peasantry settled on which they forced to unite in the cry, "Viva Francesco II.!" promising to all, if they would join them in the service of the king, six carlini per day, besides all that they might realise by their ransacking and plundering expeditions. In the meanwhile they announced to them that the legitimate monarch had just landed on the shore of Italy, at the head of forty thousand Austrians; a report which had been spread elsewhere, and which were strengthened by the solemn affirmation of the priests. At their instigation, a few hundreds of these frightened boors assembled under the Bourbon colours, and, armed anyhow, ran riot all over the neighbouring country, shouting whatever they were commanded by the ringleaders to shout.

One of their adventures was the following. Dur-

ing the night of the 7th of April they invested the post of the National Guard at Ripacandida. The captain, Michele Anastasia, who tried to give the alarm, was killed, his death being an act of private vengeance committed by a man of Melfi, called Ciccio. The next day they were reinforced by the arrival of about four hundred men, partly peasants and partly disbanded soldiers, with their chiefs. Carmine Donatelli of Rionero, surnamed Crocco, assumed the position of general and chief of this formidable band. This man had made his escape from the galleys, where he was confined after having already been convicted of thirty crimes, including fifteen cases of robbery, four captures of individuals whom he had afterwards set at liberty on payment of a ransom, three manslaughters, two attempted murders, many cases of public blasphemy, armed resistance to the authorities, and other minor offences. Vincenzo Nardi of Ferrandina, another formidable member of the band, had already been accused of fifteen cases of burglary, and had committed four assassinations. I do not say anything of other offences, the list would be too long. He took the surname of Amati, and the rank of colonel. It was he who said ironically, when he entered the little town of Rapolla, "They say Francis II. is a thief. Well, I, a professed thief, come to replace the royal thief on his throne." Michele La Rotonda of Ripacandida, accused

of four thefts, two attempted murders, &c., was appointed lieutenant-colonel. Finally, Giuseppe Nicola Summa, who could only boast of three robberies and two attempts to murder, had to content himself with the grade of major.

This band, under leaders so notable for their unrelenting character, and for the blackness of the crimes with which they were stained, when they took possession of Ripacandida, gave orders that the bells should ring a peal of triumph, and commanded a thanksgiving to be sung in the church. Having hoisted the white flag of the Bourbons, they appointed a provisional government.

In the meanwhile, they had already forced and ransacked the house of a rich farmer named Giuseppe Lorusso, whom, by a diabolical refinement of cruelty, they fastened to his own door, in order that the poor man might witness the spectacle of his ruin. The house of the unfortunate Captain Anastasia, whom they had treacherously murdered, was also destroyed. His family, being naturally anxious to recover his body, with the pious intention of giving it Christian burial, obtained possession of it only by paying a very heavy ransom. For two days Ripacandida was the prey of a maudlin joy. Crackers, bonfires, and illuminations, evinced the supreme satisfaction of a brutal popu-

lace. Taxes were levied *ad libitum*, and every ruffian amassed plunder to his heart's content. Lawlessness was enjoying its triumph without restraint.

At the same time signs of reaction made their appearance at Ginestra, and the next day at Venosa. Venosa is regarded as an important town, not so much for its population, which does not exceed a few thousands, as on account of its recollections. It possesses a cathedral and a bishop. It was the ancient Venusia, the birth-place of Horace. It was one of the only two towns—for, notwithstanding its small population, as such it was regarded—which during these times of trouble were occupied by the brigands.

The intendant of the province, M. Raccioppi, had done his best to oppose the reactionary movement. Having sent to Naples for help, he had in the meanwhile gathered around him the National Guards of the neighbouring villages. Many of them had answered the appeal—those of Venosa, in particular, being prepared to resist the invasion of such a band of malefactors. Barricades were got up for the defence of the town, and many suspicious individuals were arrested—among others, Crocco's brother.

On the morning of the 10th, a detachment of about

sixty National Guards, going out of Venosa to reconnoitre, were met by flying crowds of peasants, who, pale with terror, exclaimed, when they saw the small party of National Guards, "Thousands and thousands of brigands are behind us!—go back, if you care for your lives!" The detachment, on hearing this, thought it prudent to retire. When they returned to the town the inhabitants were struck with a dreadful panic. Another reinforcement of National Guards, however, having been obtained from the villages in the neighbourhood, they came to the resolution of resisting the bandits to the last extremity. More barricades were accordingly erected in the streets, while the steeple of the cathedral and the old castle were hurriedly put in a state of defence.

The brigands soon made their appearance, six hundred in number, of whom a few were armed with muskets, the rest being provided only with axes and scythes. Kept at a respectful distance from the side of the town occupied by the National Guard, they directed their attack on a weaker point, where they had noticed the friendly waving of a white flag, displayed, as it afterwards appeared, by the mob, with whom they had secret intelligence, and who held out ladders to facilitate their entrance. The National Guards were desirous of availing themselves of the castle and the steeple, in order to oppose the assail-

ants; but the timid burghers, whose momentary valour had already evaporated, prayed them to make no further resistance, hoping to obtain more favourable terms by a ready submission. Recoiling at the very idea of a scene of carnage, they earnestly entreated the civic troops not to fire, fearing that such an act might lead to the destruction of their town and the massacre of its inhabitants. In the presence of the whole population of women and children kneeling imploringly before them, and entreating them to consider the sufferings to which they would be exposed from the bandits, what could these National Guards do? Their services, therefore, being rejected they ceased to offer any resistance, and the brigands were allowed to enter. The commander-in-chief, Crocco Donatelli, at once ordered the town to be plundered, a command which, as we may suppose, was willingly obeyed. The bandits, after they had seized the treasury of the community, impelled by the spirit of destruction, burnt and reduced to ashes all the property they could not carry away. In that scene of devastation not even the glass of the windows and the doors was spared!

These heartless ruffians disgraced themselves further by acts of the most sanguinary cruelty. When the houses of the two canons, Abano and La Conca,

were attacked, they laid hold of the niece, a young lady of prepossessing appearance, whose handsome face they entirely disfigured with their knives. Another young lady, assaulted by one of the bandits, discharged a loaded pistol at him; but unfortunately missing the villain, the brave girl threw herself out of the window, and perished in the street. Alas! they had not all the same courage, and the weakest as well as the strongest obtained no mercy from men who were strangers to every touch of pity.

The Abbot of the Monastery of San Benedetto was compelled to pay a very heavy ransom. The doors of the prisons having been thrown open, the convicts, rushing wildly into the streets, broke into the house of a watchmaker, M. Montrone, in the hope of finding a rich prey, but discovering they had been deceived, they killed, before the eyes of the distracted father, his only son, a boy twelve years old. . . . They then invested the house of a doctor, M. Francesco Nitti, a venerable old man, respected by all his fellow-citizens. As he was stepping forth to address these ruffians, they laid him dead on the pavement with the blow of an axe; and, more merciless than tigers, trampled upon his dead body with a savage fury.

Such were some—only some—of the deeds of this cruel band. Shame, eternal shame, be upon the

Government which, in the nineteenth century, and in the presence of civilized Europe, could employ and let loose upon peaceful country places men whose cold-blooded atrocities would have made even savages shudder.

When the National Guard, yielding to the importunities of the citizens, ceased to offer any resistance to the entrance of the brigands, they retired to the castle, where they resolved to defend themselves. As they were still resisting, a parliamentary was sent to them, containing an assurance that the plunder of the town should immediately cease on their surrender. They did surrender; but the work of plunder, instead of being discontinued, was carried on with increasing activity and fury, this scene of lawless violence being further disgraced by many acts of wanton cruelty.

After the awful tragedy had been completed, it was succeeded by a ludicrous comedy The day after the invasion of the brigands, some two hundred disbanded soldiers, drawn up in line before the house inhabited by the commander-in-chief of the former, with drums beating and colours flying, marched out of the town, to meet, as they said, General Bosco,* who was expected to arrive at the head of his army. The people of Venosa

* General Bosco was the only one who had, deservedly or not, some reputation in the Neapolitan army. He was, however, in Sicily at the time of Garibaldi's invasion, and followed the king to Gaëta. He has been since one of the staunchest supporters of the Bourbonist party.

believed this assertion, for in that country they are so credulous that they believe anything, even the many absurd reports that were spread regarding the restoration of Francis II. to the throne of his fathers having been received with implicit credit.

The plunder of Venosa lasted for three days. All the *galantuomini* were taxed, fined, and ransomed, except those who had favoured the invasion. Those who refused to pay were shot. A man called Giuseppe Antonio Ghiura, who seemed to hesitate a few moments before he would consent to cry "Viva Francesco II.!" was slain on the spot. After this triumphant exploit, General Crocco reviewed his gallant soldiers. One of them, named Romaniello, having asked leave to go home, the chief, in reply, sent a bullet through his heart, fired from the man's own pistol.

On the 14th, early in the morning, the brigands left Venosa, having previously sent to Ripacandida nine mules loaded with no less than twenty thousand ducats. But even when the town was thus delivered from its chief enemy, there was still danger from the mob, who were eager to carry on and complete the work of plunder, for while the place was in its present defenceless state they would never be satisfied until all that they coveted was in their hands. The poor plundered inhabitants, in these circumstances, did not feel themselves in perfect safety till the 16th, when a

column of the National Guard, numbering more than four hundred men, of whom one hundred and thirty took up their quarters in the town, commanded by Major d'Errico, arrived for their protection. They had been assembled in two days, and were received with acclamations of joy; the bells of the churches ringing, and even those who had cried "Viva Francesco II.!" raising their voices still louder with shouts of "Viva Vittorio Emanuele!"

Among the leaders of the national party was the celebrated Gabriele Bocchicchio, of Forenza, who, with only ten men, had prevented the invasion of Maschito. Waiting in ambush near the road for the brigands, he had attacked and dispersed their vanguard, consisting of about twenty men, who had preceded the main body in order to explore the ground. Bocchicchio, to judge from the following letter, must have been one of Crocco's old acquaintances:—

"Melfi, April 16th, 1861.

"My Dear Gabriele,

"To-day the Provisional Government of Melfi has been re-established by a court-martial. Things are going on satisfactorily. I have acted in consequence of superior orders, and the decree of authorisation was signed the 28th of February, at Rome, by our beloved King, his Majesty, Francis II.—may God aid and protect him! If you want

to enter the service of the Holy cause, the authorities here will give you arms and instructions, and you will be raised to the same dignified position which I hold in His Majesty's army. Collect, then, as many volunteers as you possibly can, and contrive to do what I did; that is, disarm the country, and destroy the usurper's standards; and be sure that you will see the populations rise in enthusiasm at the cry of 'Viva Francesco II., King of the Two Sicilies!'

"If you accept, announce it to me by some splendid deed; but if your sentiments be different, then come out into the open field, with your followers, and give me an appointment anywhere you like, for I am ready to meet you rifle in hand, and make you pay dearly for your imprudence. I am sure you will listen to my voice, and not force me to be your enemy.

"CARMINE DONATELLI, *Commander-in-Chief.*"

* This letter, if it had been written by Crocco, would have been his masterpiece; but he only signed it. Hence there is only one fault in its orthography, and that is in the signature—Donatella instead of Donatelli. There are many autograph letters of this general of King Francis, one of which, the shortest of them, I cannot resist the temptation of giving here—it will be amusing to number its faults. It is only a receipt, delivered by Crocco to M. Luigi del Bene, Prince Doria's agent, from whom he had just extorted a sum of 360 ducats.

"*Il generalo si ha preso dalla gento D. Luigi del Beno, del prigipi dorio Docati trecento tessanta, perchè servono per i miei soldati.*

(Signed) "IL GENERALO CARMINÈ CROCCO DONATELLA."

Bocchicchio, who fought bravely for the Italian cause, of course did not answer such a letter. A brigand (as he has sometimes been accused of having been) would not have resisted so great a temptation.

The letter I have quoted was dated from Melfi, where Crocco had taken up his quarters after the exploits of Venosa. He had passed by Lavello, which was likewise in insurrection, and many other neighbouring villages—Arigliano, which had been roused by its octogenarian Vicar, Francesco Clapo, of whom I shall have to speak by-and-by; Ruoti, where not a single gentleman nor a single priest (a fact well worth noticing) helped the reactionist party; Caraguso and Calciano, perhaps the two only hamlets where there has been insurrection without the aid of the brigands; Rapolla, whose inhabitants savagely cried, "The mice have eaten the cats!" meaning by the mice the Bourbonists; Atella, Barile, Rionero, Grassano, Santo Chirico, where a touching episode took place, which I must stop to relate.

The National Guard of Tolve, on their way to Grassano, being obliged to spend the night at Santo Chirico, were badly received, the inhabitants refusing to give them shelter. After a few angry words on both sides, they came to blows, the result of which was that several were wounded, and two killed. Among the latter was a man

of Santo Chirico, of the name of Lacava. The captain of the National Guard of Tolve thought it prudent to retire, in order to avoid a greater effusion of blood, leaving behind seven of his men in the hands of the inhabitants, still excited by the recent engagement. One of these poor fellows, flying the fury of his persecutors, found himself by chance under the roof of Lacava's wife, mother of seven children, whose father the people of Tolve had just killed. The poor widow offered the hospitality of her home to the fugitive whose life was so eagerly sought for, and, as a good Christian, gave him a safe shelter for the night. A similar act of humanity would have been but natural in England. In that country, where vengeance is almost imperative, and murder is readily absolved by a false sentiment of religion, it seems almost divine.

At Lavello, since the 10th of April, the inhabitants had taken every precaution to resist the inroad of their enemies. In order to avoid the horrors of Venosa, the patriots did all they could to direct the disposition of the mob, in order to prevent them from associating with the brigands. To that effect, general distributions of bread and money were made among the lowest classes; but, alas! with no avail, for once more fear paralysed everybody, and made the task of the brigands a very easy one.

Having left Venosa, Crocco occupied Lavello without striking a blow. One of his vanguard, on entering the town on horseback, sword in hand, shot, by way of announcing their arrival, the first burgher he met on his passage, a certain Pietro Bagnoli, who fell lifeless at his feet. For a whole day the little town was plunged into all the horrors of a place given up to plunder. The assassins took everything worth stealing, even ear-rings being brutally torn from the ears of the women. When the work of plunder had been completed, the Commander-in-chief ordered a trumpeter to announce that theft would be punished with death; and, in fact, a transgressor who was taken in the act was at once sentenced to be shot; but though a pistol was fired at him, and he fell apparently lifeless, the inhabitants of Lavello have since discovered that this scene was a mere theatrical performance, the pistol having been only loaded with powder! The men of the town having been ordered to give up their arms, three hundred muskets were surrendered to the commander of the bandits. Crocco, however, being informed that there were still in the village seven-and-twenty double-barrelled old muskets, demanded them also, and, though reluctantly, these too were handed over to him.

On the 15th of April, Crocco paid a visit, with a detachment of his bandits, to M. Palmieri, the com-

munal treasurer, requesting him to give him immediately the seven thousand ducats which were still left. On Mr Palmieri's humbly remonstrating that the sum had been grossly exaggerated, Crocco made a sign, and the house was forced. Palmieri then begged the general to allow him to retain something for the poor, and, to the great astonishment of everyone, the bandit took for himself only 500 ducats. More than this, he signed a declaration, still in existence, giving all the particulars of the capture of this money, and under what circumstances it had taken place.

Lavello was fortunately spared the melancholy scene that was to have been enacted in it on the following day. Seven and twenty patriots had been set apart for execution on the 16th of April, when, by good fortune, several messages from Melfi having turned the eyes of the brigand in the direction of that important prey, he suddenly departed with his men, leaving the unhappy place exhausted by his short but terrible apparition. The next day, when Lavello was delivered from the terror inspired by his presence, the white Bourbonist flags were once more folded up, and the Italian colours were everywhere restored.

The insurrection in Melfi is the most important episode among the events attending the reaction in Basilicata, and perhaps among all the other circumstances by which Southern Italy has been agitated. Almost everywhere, in fact, what do we see but partial dis-

orders, occasioned by sudden invasions, for the purpose of disarming posts of National Guards, and plundering whenever there was an opportunity? And invariably it was the lowest class of the population, the hungry mob, who gave assistance to the invaders. As a general rule, these armed bands only directed their attacks upon the smallest and most unimportant hamlets, the name even of which is not often to be found on the maps. Such, however, was not the case as far as Melfi was concerned. The name of this town is an historical one, and the earthquake, which nearly laid all the more ancient part of it a heap of ruins, came quite seasonably to revive its celebrity. It is defended by a citadel, and possesses a cathedral and a bishopric. Statistics make its population amount to seven thousand inhabitants. Melfi is the *only* country town of some little importance which rose on behalf of the fallen dynasty. Insurrection in it had not so exclusively a plebeian and communist character as in other parts of Italy; for the movement, excited at first by persons of rank, assumed, as we know, in its development, quite a different character, and was supported mainly by the masses. The reaction in Melfi was the result of a conspiracy, and excesses were restrained by the chiefs themselves. It was a well-directed movement, the only one that the present reaction ever produced.

Among the old influential families of the town who were still faithful to Francis II. were the Aquilecchia, a very powerful race. They had always dreamt of a restoration, but he who desires an end does not always study the best means of attaining it. In Italy this was almost a law in politics. Since the first appearance of the brigands at Venosa, the Bourbonist party at Melfi had put themselves in communication with them. In the meanwhile, they stirred up the people by publicly announcing the entrance of Francis II. into the Abruzzi at the head of the Austrians. They informed them of the sudden appearance in the Bay of Naples of a French fleet, having on board the Neapolitan army, a part of which had already landed on the coast of Puglia. Finally, the approaching arrival of General Bosco, with twelve thousand men, was bruited about. The Syndic for some time denied these falsehoods, opposing, when necessary, lie to lie. He had announced in his turn the approach of the Italian troops, and had even appointed a committee entrusted with the special care of preparing lodgings for them; but with no avail, for an official dispatch had arrived from Foggia, which, treacherously opened and read before it reached the Syndic, brought the sad news that unfortunately the Government could not spare a single soldier at that moment.

The insurrection broke out on the 12th of April. The people assembled in crowds in the market-place, crying, "Viva Francesco II.!" "Death to the patriots!" As usual, the prisons were thrown open, and many disorders were committed. A soldier of the disbanded army of Francis II., Ambrogio Patino, assumed the title of general, and obliged all who passed before him to salute him with respect. Another, a certain Michele Projetto, took the portraits of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel into the middle of the market-place, and there beheaded them with an axe, after having outrageously insulted in the pictures those whom they represented. The National Guard, involved in the general movement, joined the insurrection, and the people, guided by the priests, went in a mass to the house of Cavaliere Colabella, a notorious Bourbonist, who appeared on the balcony, and, after delivering a speech remarkable for its violence, threw to the assembly an immense white cloth, as the emblem of the Bourbonist colours. This cloth, cut into a hundred little flags, waved over the multitude, and Colabella, with his friend Aquilecchia, was carried about in triumph. From this moment, newspapers being no more admitted into the town, reactionists could spread any absurd report they might think useful to their purpose, without the slightest fear of its being contradicted.

During four days Melfi was literally in the hands

of the mob; and it was really a frightful spectacle to behold that infuriated multitude, armed, at random, with any weapons they might happen to possess or be able to lay hold of—some with muskets and pistols, and others with swords, axes, and large carving knives, which they brandished in a threatening manner as they rushed through the streets, disarming citizens, plundering houses, and appropriating everything on which they could lay their hands. The women were even more savage than the men. A horrid old woman of sixty, ludicrously attired with a soldier's coat, was seen everywhere, fiercely threatening massacre and destruction. A spirit of fury seemed to have seized upon the masses; and yet, strange to say, comparatively few excesses were committed. Beyond the plunder of some houses, there were not many of those deeds of violence and crime by which such scenes are generally disgraced.

Aquilecchia was elected prodictator, and he succeeded in stopping depredations. In the cathedral, after a *Te Deum* had been sung, the priest spoke words of peace, recommending his hearers to respect the life and the property of the peaceful citizens. The humour of the mob having been soothed by a large distribution of money, they began decorating the town with the Bourbonist colours, and with a profusion of images representing King Francis and

his queen, Mary Sophia. All these preparations were got up to welcome the expected arrival of the Bourbonist army. Their worthy general, the gallant Crocco, was to appear in a gorgeous green velvet uniform, which, as a token of their admiration, the people had hastily ordered to be got ready for him.

On the 15th, in the evening, Crocco entered the town which had made such preparations for his reception. Two carriages had gone out to meet him, conveying guards of honour and many priests, carrying, in addition to the Bourbonist emblems, four splendid white Oriflammes embroidered with gold. A great crowd with torches met the hero of the night, and paid homage to him by strewing his path with flowers. In the midst of an ovation so triumphant, the brigand must have asked himself whether he was not a king receiving the submission of his admiring and obedient subjects.

Acquilecchia and Colabella received him at the gates of the town, amidst the frantic acclamations of the enthusiastic people. His entrance within its walls was, so to speak, solemnized by an act which we can regard only as a scandalous parody of religion. The general knelt down before a sort of altar, which had been erected for the occasion at the entrance of the Municipal Hall, and with his sacrilegious lips dared to address a thanksgiving to the Holy

Virgin, acknowledging it was she who had protected his victorious arms, and to whom he owed his present triumphant position. After this ceremony, Crocco, in his progress through the streets, was everywhere greeted with unbounded enthusiasm.

The general's next step must have been of a nature to cool the enthusiasm of his ardent admirers. Crocco, who was not one to remain satisfied with the empty breath of popular applause, imposed heavy taxes on the inhabitants of the town, representing to them that it was necessary to maintain the holy cause by substantial support. He thus replenished his empty pockets. People were somewhat astonished at this sudden change; but what could they do in the presence of the unscrupulous Dictator who had already ordered certain persons to be shot for their apparent hesitation in submitting to his decrees? We may easily imagine that the command of one whose word was so soon followed by a blow, was thenceforth obeyed with unfailing promptitude.

This state of things lasted for three days, till the 18th of April. Learning then that the Piedmontese were really advancing, Crocco packed up bag and baggage, and quickly retired, leaving Melfi to its well-deserved punishment. He carried away with him more than thirty thousand ducats. On the approach of the Piedmontese army, the town which had

manifested so much noisy enthusiasm in favour of the Bourbon prince, considered it prudent, in evidence of its Italian sympathies, to display the national tricoloured flag, and, instead of the portraits, statues, and busts of Francis II., to restore everywhere, on all the public buildings and in all the public places, those of Victor Emmanuel and of Garibaldi. The people even went out to meet the Intendant, who, as a measure of prudence, had left the town a few days before, declaring, in the most solemn way, that in their hearts they had never wavered in their attachment to the national cause, of which they had ever been the zealous supporters. Colabella and Aquilecchia were seized by the same mob who had carried them in triumph, and, accompanied by the insults and hisses of that base multitude, were thrown into a prison among thieves and murderers. Such is the instability of human things!

A few days before the insurrection in behalf of Francis II., the borough of Melfi had returned to Parliament one of the most advanced members of the Radical party, the well-known writer, Guerrazzi. At that time, as I have already stated, the Piedmontese were approaching, though, unfortunately, a little too late. The Government, however, had scarcely any troops to dispose of, and it was with difficulty that they had at last been able to send against the brigands

a few companies of infantry. The Piedmontese were received with outbursts of joy; for, though in an absolute minority, the representatives of Italian order and progress were influential enough, under favourable circumstances, to guide and protect public feeling. The National Guard were up at once, ready to fight; nor had they long to wait for an opportunity of signalising themselves by their zeal. Having come in contact with the insurgents between Barile and Rionero, an engagement ensued, which lasted more than six hours, and resulted in the capture of a hundred and fifty brigands. It would only weary the reader to dwell on all the minor incidents of the campaign, and to detain him by a minute description of every skirmish that took place. Nor, unless he had under his eyes one of those large maps constructed by the labours of the Staff, would it be possible to follow with the slightest interest the chase of the brigands from one unknown village or hamlet to another. An account of one adventure will be sufficient to give an idea of this partisan war.

Captain Davide Mennunni, of Giuzano, was one of those zealous adherents of the revolution, who, eager to distinguish himself in the cause of his regenerated country, was dying to have a good fight with the Bourbons and their brigand adherents. Leaving, therefore, the main body of the volunteers

commanded by Major d'Errico, he was entrusted with the command of about a hundred horsemen, with whom he proceeded to scour the country. In the course of their movements, they drew near Lagopesole, at a place on the verge of a wood near the estates of Prince Doria, where some huts are built for sheltering cattle during the winter season. The place had such a lonely and solitary look, that it appeared in every way adapted for the concealment of brigands. Approaching it therefore with caution, they discovered a sentry walking outside the huts, within which, by taking proper measures, they succeeded in discovering more than twenty brigands. When the sentry perceived Mennunni and his companions, who wore no uniforms, and were dressed like peasants, he imagined that they must be connected with some other Bourbonist band, and shouted, "Hurrah! Welcome to our friends!" One of his comrades, however, within the huts, who had a more experienced eye, saw the error, and lowering his rifle, aimed at the captain of the patriots. Fortunately enough, the charge being damp, his musket did not go off, and the brigand himself almost at the same moment fell dead; for Mennunni, having marked him, had taken aim, and immediately after he discharged his piece, had shot him through the heart.

"Cheer up, my lads! straight forward, and Viva Garibaldi!" cried the captain.

At this cry, which had so often struck terror to their hearts, the brigands fled at full speed for their den, some on foot, and some on horseback, closely, pitilessly, pressed upon by the patriots, into whose hands all who were not slain in fight fell. A pistol was raised by one of the volunteers to shoot down a man clad with a sort of grey cloak, and with a Piedmontese cap on his head, when the latter cried out: "Stop! for heaven's sake do not fire! I am a Piedmontese, one of yours!" And so, on inquiry, he turned out to be.

This man, as the following story will show, had a few days before made a very narrow escape with his life. The troops stationed at Carbonara, having set out on an expedition, had only left behind eleven men to protect their stores. These poor fellows were soon after attacked, and, overwhelmed by superior force, had been obliged to retire, leaving two of their party prisoners in the hands of their assailants, by whom they were literally cut to pieces. A third, who was carried away as a hostage, was the one who had just had so narrow an escape.

On one of the men killed in this affair of Lagopesole was found a letter addressed to "His Excellency Don Carmine Crocco, by a certain Luigi Caputo, of

Rionero. Among other matter it contained the following passage: "You ought to grant me, on my oath of allegiance, to enter the Sacred Legion of our beloved father, Ferdinand II., by the grace of God, of your Excellency, and of all our troops."

Some of the brigands, after their dispersion and flight, effected their retreat, plundering on their way Monteverde, Carbonaro, and Calitri. The Archbishop of Conza, an adherent of the Bourbons, not only gave them a splendid reception, but profaned his sacred office by blessing, in the name of the God of justice and mercy, the sacrilegious host who were stained with so many unpardonable crimes. The bands of Crocco, now decimated and discouraged, roved about in the neighbourhood of the river Ofanto, robbing and assaulting the defenceless passengers on the road and in the diligences. One day some priests belonging to the Italian party, of whom the number was very few, were on their way back to Melfi, which they had left during the period when the scenes consequent on the reaction were transacting in that town. At a few miles from their journey's end they heard behind them cries for help. Supposing naturally that the life of some human being was in danger, they immediately hurried back; but their humanity unfortunately led them into a great peril, the cry being part of a snare prepared by the brigands in

order that they might be able to entrap and seize the poor priests, one of whom fell into the hands of the ruffians. The others, who were well mounted, becoming aware in good time of the danger into which they were about to fall, succeeded in effecting their escape, although they were pursued with musket-shot as far as the gates of the town.

The National Guard of those districts performed their duty faithfully during that terrible campaign. The names of many of these men became almost household words, on account of the bravery with which they had acted in their various campaigns against the brigands. A short time after the suppression of brigandage in the province of Basilicata, on the motion of Terenzio Mamiani,* the National Parliament at Turin, in acknowledgment of the effective manner in which the National Guard had performed its duty, declared in a solemn form that—"The National Guard of the Southern provinces had well deserved of their country during the last eventful months of troubles!"

If any document were required to throw some light upon the feelings by which the reactionist districts were animated, it would be found in the letter of a woman of Ripacandida, addressed to

* Formerly Minister of Public Instruction, and lately Italian representative in Greece.

her husband, who was in one of the Bourbonist bands. The style in the original Italian, which is very peculiar, would be almost unintelligible to those who understand only the pure Tuscan idiom. In giving no punctuation with my translation, which is as literal as possible, I follow the letter itself:

"MY DEAR HUSBAND

"My heart rejoiced when I heard you were well and that God had protected you from misfortunes I am continually addressing prayers for you but they say at Ripacandida you have all fought well for the sake of our country and that Heaven helped you to the last moment and ensuring you an easy victory for one only thing I feel very sorry all the men of Ripacandida have sent no end of valuable things to their families from the last plunders while my poor weeping self said why does my husband forget his wife considering besides how I never had luck at any time poor sorrowful woman that I am and was asking myself why does my husband who was once so kind and generous show now such a heartstone cruelty I earnestly beg you to put an end to my miseries my brothers want to be remembered to you and they ask you also to send a double-barrelled gun to each of them which they will keep as a token of your good feelings and the gun you have sent I have never yet received. I kiss you dearly.

"Written by me Michele Guglielmucci professed letter-writer and to me also do send a little gun.'

"Your very affectionate wife

"TERESA SAIRNA.'

"To the hands of Donata Rega Venosa."

If it were not that we might be accused of exaggeration, we might give such an account of the atrocities committed by the Bourbonists as would almost transcend belief; some of them even carrying their ferocity to such an extent as to wear on their persons portions of the bodies of their murdered victims. In the sentence pronounced on a Calabrian of Feroleto Vecchio, of the name of Ferdinando Pietropaolo, we are informed that he was ascertained always to have carried with him, on his person, a *human chin-bone, with beard "à la Napoleon,"* cut from the face of some poor patriot.

Although perhaps the majority of these bandits engaged in the Bourbon cause only from their innate propensity to crime, and their desire for plunder, there were doubtless among them some sincerely attached to the cause of the exiled family. Such, for instance, was the curate of Avigliano, Don Ferdinando Clapo. This learned octogenarian, a strong supporter of the temporal government of the Pope, and of Francis II., once, when a *Te Deum* was sung in the church of Avigliano, for

the victory of the Italians on the 21st of April, had the daring to announce, after the ceremony was over, in the very face of the Italian National Guard, and of the Piedmontese officers, that Francis II. would certainly soon appear again among his beloved subjects; on which ground he earnestly exhorted them, even in the midst of the most discouraging circumstances, to remain faithful to him. When the curate was reminded that he was in the presence of the officers of the King of Italy, and was invited to change his language, he not only refused to do so, but increased the vehemence of his attacks against the Revolution and its authors. Of course he was arrested, and taken to Potenza, chief town of the district, where, whenever he had an opportunity, he still continued to insult king and country, making it evident that, in the excess of his zeal, his ambition was to be invested with the honours of martyrdom, a triumph, however, which his captors did not consider it necessary to grant him the enjoyment of.

Basilicata, as we have seen, was thus gradually restored to order. The inhabitants of the country, recovering from the state of alarm in which they had so long existed, were beginning to be re-assured. Unfortunately they were again thrown into a state of alarm and anxiety by a report suddenly spread among them that on the third of May, at two o'clock in the

morning, about two hundred brigands had fallen upon Monticelli, a little place in the province of Terra di Lavoro, near the Roman frontier, where, after signalizing themselves by their usual acts of violence and cruelty, they had established themselves in the houses of the villagers. The fact that a company of soldiers, who had been sent from Fondi when the report of the attack reached that place, had been repulsed by them, tended still more to increase the alarm of the people. The banditti, meanwhile, had possessed ample time to load themselves with the property of the poor people, and to secure their retreat; so that when, next day, some new troops, with a few pieces of artillery, arrived on the spot, they found that the aggressors had already made good their retreat, carrying along with them an immense amount of plunder. During their flight they invaded many other districts, carrying with them destruction and desolation wherever they passed, defying the authorities, and issuing decrees and proclamations, as if they had been the conquerors of the country.

The Bourbonist bravo who was thus making such a ludicrous mimicry of Garibaldi, the noble popular chieftain, was the celebrated Chiavone, a man about whom there has been no end of talk, the reports in circulation grossly exaggerating his importance. Chiavone was, in reality, neither a partisan nor a brigand,

but only a commonplace rogue. Formerly a game-keeper at Sora, he had acquired a certain influence over the poachers and vagabonds of the district. During the last revolution, while there was that perpetual movement of patriots and Bourbonists passing through Sora, each in turn remaining for a short time, and then departing from it, he offered his services to maintain public order with a handful of coal-men whom he had under his orders. I use the word in its literal sense, meaning real coal-men, and not the old political "Carbonari," who had so great an influence under the Bourbons as well as under Murat.

Chiavone's proposal was agreed to; and it is possible that, thus employed, he might have been useful, but unfortunately, when the patriots came back, his services being no longer considered necessary, he was discharged. Disgusted by such ungrateful behaviour on the part of his fellow-citizens, he almost immediately disappeared with his coal-men, from whom the band of banditti, which he afterwards commanded, derived its origin. Armed with such weapons as they could at the moment lay hands on, they infested the country with the already mentioned German robber who had assumed the name of Lagrange. The authority exercised by this Teutonic bandit fell, ere long, into the hands of Chiavone, who, with his followers, continued to devastate every province into

which they entered. He occupied the mountains which command the whole district around Sora, and kept the town itself in check. The terror inspired in it by his name was not without reason, for such was his temerity, that he even made a descent into it on the 3rd of December, and remained there the whole day, till the troops who had been sent for were almost on the spot.

Since that time the predatory operations of his band have been almost exclusively confined within the wild passes of the Roman frontiers. Making it a point that he should never be personally seen, he has always remained hidden behind his men until they had loaded themselves with plunder, when, still preserving his position in the rear, he would protect their retreat. Very tenacious of his authority, and of the honour due to a bandit chief, he gave himself the airs of a viceroy, constantly issuing proclamations, which he dated from many different places. One of his decrees, professing to be issued from the general headquarters of Sora, I once had my curiosity gratified by the sight of.

When such proclamations were read, many believed that he was really concealed in the town to which they were addressed, but in all probability he was hidden some ten miles off, in the dominions of the Pope. On the 29th of May he sent from the mountain

where he had his stronghold, a parliamentary to the Piedmontese garrison, summoning them to surrender, with the promise that life should be granted to all, and that they should be allowed to depart with a safe conduct for Turin. The only answer vouchsafed by the Piedmontese was the exhibition of the muzzle of a cannon, at the sight of which Chiavone had the prudence to fall back immediately upon the "Holy Land," for, when he could avoid it, he did not like fighting, and was always fond of consulting his safety by keeping to the extreme edge of the Neapolitan frontier. With such a refuge at hand, as soon as he was attacked he had but to make a rapid march backward, and he was out of reach of the Piedmontese, who were then at a dead lock, for they were forbidden to go beyond these fatal limits. France was there protecting St. Peter's estate. The brigands, emboldened by the protection given to them by the Pontifical authorities, sneered at the French sentinels as they passed over, and the Piedmontese, foaming with rage, stood on the other side of the line, powerless against them.

This prudent conduct of their leader explains how a band of robbers, formed from the very scum of the felon race, continued together so long, formidable in their unity. Watching the departure of the soldiers from any village, they would then fall upon the

defenceless inhabitants of such places as Luco, Monticelli, Castelluccio, Roccaviva; and when they had ravaged, plundered, and destroyed to their hearts' content, they would retire in safety to their dens. Chiavone himself used to go to Rome for the purpose of obtaining money and instructions. On these journeys he adopted a military title, assuming on each occasion, as his ideas of his own importance increased, a higher rank. First calling himself captain, he then took the title of colonel, subsequently that of general, and finally lieutenant-general. Although this ridiculous bravado was no doubt partly the result of mere vanity, yet there is also reason to believe that it formed part of an artful plan. The summons which he sent to the Italian authorities, he vauntingly displayed to the members of the Bourbonist committees, thus inspiring with a certain awe and respect the very people who supplied him with money; for the only exploit in which he distinguished himself was that of amassing plunder by ransoming the small proprietors whom he had made captives. At heart a thorough coward, without that spirit and dash by which many of those brigands who had made their names terrible to the country were distinguished, he was unquestionably the greatest scoundrel of the race, his only object being to speculate on the credulity of his king.

In the following anecdote we have a faithful revelation of Chiavone's character. One day, when two Piedmontese gendarmes were brought before him, instead of ordering them to be hanged, as most of the other bandit chiefs would have done, he overwhelmed them with civilities, even inviting them to partake of some coffee with him, which he had stolen for the purpose from a neighbouring house. After they had enjoyed this unexpected treat, he tried to persuade his two prisoners to take service under King Francis or the Pope; and, on their refusal, allowed them to go, contenting himself with the appropriation of their uniforms. The next day the two gendarmes made their appearance at Sora, clad in the garments of mountaineers, and presented to the authorities the following precious autograph, which had been put into their hands by Chiavone himself:—

"*To the civilian and military authorities of the country*:

"These two peasants shall not be molested on their way.

(Signed) "CHIAVONE, *General*."

There is no reason for believing that Chiavone, lawless as he was, had any pleasure in acts of cruelty. The merciless deeds committed by his band are not to be attributed to him. So far as I have been able to ascertain, only one execution was directly ordered

by himself, in which he displayed a sort of grim humour. He had stolen a considerable number of mules belonging to a proprietor, which he offered to restore on payment of a certain sum of money. As the owner, however, did not approve of the bargain, Chiavone assembled a court-martial to discuss, not the fate of the man, but that of the animals. The result of their deliberations was that the poor mules were condemned to capital punishment, and executed on the spot. The brigands fired no fewer than seventeen volleys at them, shouting at every discharge, "Viva Francesco II.! Viva Chiavone!" According to an account received from a prisoner who had been a witness of the deed, the mules stood fire with all the steadiness that in the circumstances could have been expected of them.

Chiavone's mania was to imitate Garibaldi. But his efforts in that direction were utter failures; for the ape, with its most successful mimicry, cannot assume the semblance of man. With some appreciation of the picturesque in personal appearance, he had preserved the showy costume of Fra Diavolo—the sandals, the felt hat, the velvet suit, the gorgeous silk scarf, and the rich belt stuffed with poniards and pistols. But he had neither the bravery of Fra Diavolo, nor the courage and disinterestedness of Garibaldi. His orthography was peculiar to himself. I have in my

possession a letter written by his own hand, so full of barbarisms that the perusal of it is sufficient to make one shudder. That document, however, is marked with the seal of King Francis. I do not give the bandit's letter here, because, although it is possible to obtain some glimmering insight of its meaning, it is, on the whole, almost entirely unintelligible. I venture, however, to present the reader with a proclamation issued by Chiavone, which, although the meaning is intelligible enough, I have had great difficulty in translating :—

"June 30th, 1861.

"Commandant of the Brigade of the Neapolitan Army.

"MR. MAJOR,

"On the presentation of this order, proclaim without delay our lawful king, and have his flag displayed everywhere, instead of the Cross of Savoy. If this shall not be done, the whole district shall be put to fire and sword. Get me, also, two thousand rations of bread and cheese, to supply the wants of my brigade when I arrive at Balsorano.

"CHIAVONE,

"*The Lieutenant-General in Chief.*"

Chiavone, taking him all in all, was not one of the most dangerous adherents of Francis II. The impor-

tance attributed to him by foreign Liberals has always roused the hilarity of the Neapolitans. It would be a great mistake to believe that he ever was the commander-in-chief of the insurgents in the Southern Provinces. The brigands had never yet acted in concert; and the chiefs of their disunited bands were never able to do more than harass the forces of the Government, even when it was only with great difficulty that troops could be dispatched to act against them. Ulloa, the only man of political ability who at Rome followed Francis II., complained bitterly, in a confidential letter which was seized, of the utter want of union and concert in those undisciplined bands that had arrayed themselves around the king. All these outcasts had been collected at random, and consisted of separate bodies, acting independently of each other, under different chiefs, who followed the impulse of their own will.

Chiavone was much talked about simply because he never ceased one moment to be in communication with Rome, where he published his proclamations. The others, confined to the mountains of the interior, were scarcely known anywhere but at Naples, which was too well acquainted with the character of these bands to exaggerate the importance of their deeds; and yet there were few of the chiefs in any part of the kingdom who were not by far more daring

and more dangerous than Chiavone. In their utter isolation, however, they were all of little avail to the deposed king of Naples—everyone acting for his own peculiar advantage. Brigandage, so far as it had assumed a political character, was by no means very threatening in its aspect.

In the last days of May, the Chevalier Nigra* took his departure. Beaten in every direction, whenever it

* The Chevalier Nigra, as everyone knows, was the private secretary of the late Count Cavour, in those busy years during which the great Piedmontese statesman was preparing the events to which Italy owes its independence. The young secretary, by his brilliant talents and captivating manners, soon acquired an important position. Possessing the unbounded confidence of his master, he was employed by him in the most important transactions which preceded and followed the war of 1859. After the Treaty of Zurich, when it was most required to have in Paris an able diplomatist, Count Cavour sent his secretary to the Court of the Tuileries, as the only one who could well fill that difficult place, and soon afterwards appointed him resident minister, in recompense for his successful services. But when the Cabinet of Turin was obliged, by the threatening attitude of the Papal Government, to invade the Roman Legations, the Emperor, disapproving of that step, expressed his dissatisfaction by the recall of his representative at Turin, obliging the Chevalier Nigra, in his turn, to ask for his passports. It was then that Count Cavour sent him to Naples, with Prince Carignano, who was the King's Lieutenant in the Southern Italian provinces. There, again, notwithstanding the great difficulties by which he was surrounded, he gave proofs of singular ability. He was at Turin when Count Cavour died, and was sent again to Paris by Baron Ricasoli, when the Emperor Napoleon, after this great national calamity, recognised the new Kingdom of Italy, as if

ventured to show itself, political brigandage did not inspire the chiefs of the National cause with the slightest uneasiness. The internal disorders of the Administration were the source of much greater dissatisfaction to the Neapolitans than the agitated state of the provinces.

In this state of things, as it was desirable to conciliate the Neapolitans, Count Ponza di San' Martino, one of the ablest administrators in the kingdom, was sent to them. The new King's Lieutenant, with the best intentions in the world, inaugurated his administration with a system of conciliation which, though good as a general rule, proved in that instance a complete failure. Opening the Government house to everyone without distinction, he gave great receptions, to which even the Bourbonists themselves were invited. Naturally enough the supporters of the dethroned king appeared on these occasions in great number, affecting to be animated by the best intentions. Pretending to be fully sensible of the benefits of the mild policy that was followed, they gained access to many of the higher employés of the Government, to whom they hinted at the possibility of their

thereby expressing his sympathy with the country in the irreparable loss it had suffered.

being gained over entirely to the National cause. Thus acquiring the confidence of men too ready to trust them, they obtained much information as to the designs of the Government, which they communicated to the reactionist committees. Encouraged by the manner in which they were received, they increased in audacity and activity, and were enabled to contrive a plot against the National Government, which they hoped they should be able to bring to a successful issue. The conspiracy soon spread its ramifications all over the country, Rome being the focus from which the movements of the plotters were directed. When King Francis was informed of what was going on, he hesitated for a long time to give the plot his approval, seeing the perils and difficulties by which he would be beset; but at last he made up his mind, and though he openly disavowed it in his proclamations, put himself at the head of the party of reaction. M. Del Re, his ostensible minister, daily declared that the insurrection of the Neapolitan populations was entirely spontaneous, neither instigated nor approved of by Francis II.

An important discovery proved how little reliance was to be placed on these assertions. A prince of royal blood, the Count of Trapani, the king's uncle, with several others who assumed the

position of royal ministers, was at the head of this vast Bourbonist conspiracy. Owing to the seizure of a great quantity of their correspondence, all the details in reference to it came to the knowledge of the Italian Government. Under the name of a religious association, a general committee, it was discovered, held its sittings in Rome, presided over by the Count of Trapani. By his side stood, as minister of war, one of the king's brothers, the Count of Trani, who is often mistaken for his uncle, on account of the similitude of their names; and beneath them sat General Clary, as secretary. A central committee was established at Naples, with branches in all the provinces. These sub-committees consisted each of a deputy and a private secretary; a president, provided with full powers, duly specified in a printed diploma despatched from Rome; a secretary, entrusted with the care of maintaining, and, if possible, rendering more frequent, the communications with the other committees; a sort of chancellor, to countersign the proceedings; eight decurions, chosen among the most influential men of their party, giving the preference to those who were known to be of a religious character; a cashier, who was generally, if possible, a priest; four censors, invariably priests, to keep an eye upon the cashier, and to control the acts of the

adepts; and, finally, eight delegates, for the relief of the poor.

These committees, chiefly by bribery, attached as many people as they possibly could to their cause, whose active participation, when they obtained admission to the committees, was only asked for one thing, that they should be ready to go out and rouse the neighbouring districts. These agents were under the direction of a commander-in-chief, and certain officers, whose number was regulated by the committees. They all had a diploma, the production of which was recognised by the other bands as a proof of membership, and which, if the former government had been re-established, would have entitled them to rewards for the services they had rendered. The oath which everyone who became a member of one of these committees was obliged to take, was rather a curious one, to the following effect:—

"We swear before God and before the whole world to be faithful to our most august and most religious monarch, Francis II. (may God always bless him!); and we faithfully promise, upon our souls, to do all that is in our power to help to restore him to the throne of his fathers, to obey blindly all his orders, and to attend to all his wishes communicated to us, either directly, or by the deputies of the

central committee in Rome. We swear to keep the secret, in order to secure the triumph of our holy cause, which is under the protection of the Almighty God, Sovereign of all sovereigns, through the return of Francis II., king, by the grace of God, defender of religion, and son of predilection of our beloved father, Pius IX., who carries him in his arms, in order that he may not fall into the hands of the incredulous, the perverse, the pretended Liberals, and the heretic Protestants, who all have one object, the destruction of our holy religion, after having robbed our most blessed king of his own legitimate throne. We also pledge ourselves, with the help of God and our Mother Church, to avenge all the rights of the Holy See, and to crush for ever *the Lucifer of Hell, Victor Emmanuel, and his accomplices!* We promise and swear it, in the name of God!"

After the perusal of such a document, little doubt will be left, I suppose, as to the complicity of the king, or, at least, of the royal family, in the sanguinary deeds of re-action by which the cause was rendered detestable to all right-thinking men. It is beyond doubt that, from the great focus of conspiracy in Rome, the government of Monseigneur de Mérode tolerated, and even encouraged, the secret enlistments; a point upon

which all the revelations made by prisoners perfectly agree.

A certain Pietro Cimaglio, of the Province of Campobasso, who had fallen into the hands of the Italians, has related all the particulars of his enlistment. Established for many years, with his family, in Rome, where he followed the trade of a shoemaker, he received one day (the 25th of June) the unexpected and somewhat strange visit of an ex-Neapolitan gendarme, accompanied by two or three *sbirri* of the Roman police, who summoned him to enter without delay the band of Chiavone, saying that, in laying this injunction upon him, they were acting in pursuance of superior orders. The unhappy shoemaker spent a very uncomfortable night in the stables of the Palazzo Farnese (the property of the King of Naples), in the society of many other poor fellows, who had all shared the same fate. The next day he and his companions in misfortune, still under the escort of the Pontifical *sbirri*, were marched out of Rome, and conducted across the Campagna, until they reached the Neapolitan frontier, where they were handed over to the different bands for which they had been so summarily enlisted. During their long and tiresome journey through the Papal dominions, the unfortunate men composing this mournful procession were frequently met by detachments of His Holiness's

gendarmes, who, although they stopped them at first, allowed them to continue their journey on the simple declaration of Corporal Pezzino, who was at the head of the convoy: "*E roba del Re di Napoli!*" (They are the King of Naples's goods!)

These facts are taken from the answers made to the official interrogatories which were addressed to all the prisoners. Without entirely relying on the truth of their statements regarding the involuntary nature of their enlistment, by insisting on which they were evidently anxious to lessen their own responsibility, there is no doubt that they were encouraged by the Papal authorities, who not only did not make the slightest attempt to stop them in their passage through the Pontifical territory, at any place between Rome and Alatri, but, on the contrary, even helped them in every possible way. It further appeared that the recruiting sergeants, as an incitement to induce them to enlist, assured them that, besides four carlini a day, they would have abundance to eat and drink. When they were introduced to Chiavone's presence, this illusion was soon dissipated by the frank avowal of the chief, who said to them:

"You will have no other ordinary but ours, and you will be paid when Francis II. comes back to Naples."

These men, while in the service of the ex-King of Naples, suffered great privations. Such of them as fell into the hands of the Piedmontese soldiers appeared to have suffered much from cold and want of food, and, according to their own statement, rarely had anything like a sufficiency of even the poorest viands, sometimes passing whole days, after their departure from Rome, in which they did not taste food of any kind. Even in Rome itself their position was by no means the most desirable, their relation to the French garrison of occupation being such that it was requisite for them to act with the utmost caution. At that time, the French being at Rome, as they still are, only for the protection of the Holy See, the Bourbonist recruits were more than once under the necessity of disguising themselves as Pontifical gendarmes, in order to deceive the vigilance of the French.* Having passed in this garb unmolested before the French posts, they assumed their Fra Diavolo garments only when they arrived at the frontier.

The connivance of the Roman Government in the

* A letter, dated from Rome the 5th of September, and addressed by a soldier of the old Bourbonist army, of the name of Annibale Saracino, to a friend of his, Michele Jammazino, a carpenter of Larino, province of Campobasso, contained the following passage: "I am apparently in the gendarmerie of the Pope, but in reality we are still paid by Francis II."

enlistment of troops for Francis II. being a matter on which no doubt can be entertained, the question has been much discussed to what extent the Roman Pontiff afforded them his countenance and protection. It was maintained by many that the brigands were not only paid with Peter's pence, but also that they were armed with Neapolitan muskets, handed over to the Pontifical Government by General de Goyon.* Whatever may be the truth of this assertion, it is a fact that by the side of almost every dead brigand a musket bearing the Pontifical arms was found!

What the courts of Rome and Naples expected from an invasion conducted in such a manner, it is almost impossible to say. If they anticipated a restoration, one can hardly credit the existence of such blindness not only to the signs of the times, but

* This took place in November, 1860. Capua had been taken, the Piedmontese had beaten the Bourbonists on the Garigliano, Gaëta was on the point of being besieged, when a Neapolitan division, mostly composed of cavalry, in order not to fall into the hands of the conquerors, crossed the frontier, and found refuge in the Papal States. The Piedmontese general, De Sonnaz, was in pursuit, but he was requested by the Commander-in-Chief of the French army, General de Goyon, not to go beyond the Pontifical lines. The Neapolitan division was then disbanded by the French, and the arms given up to the Papal Government.

also to the most recent facts of their own history. If the Bourbonist dynasty, supported by eighty thousand men, had been overthrown by a handful of volunteers, how could they hope, in the presence of a powerful and well-disciplined army like the Piedmontese, to reconquer the lost kingdom with a handful of turbulent and ill-disciplined brigands? Strange as it may seem, there were undoubtedly at Rome men possessing great influence over the weak mind of Francis II., who did believe in the possibility of such a miracle. Ulloa, for example, was certain of the final success of the cause to which he had devoted himself.

There is no doubt that, in the prosecution of the plan their leaders had conceived, they had it in their power, weak as they were, to do a great deal of mischief. In keeping the country in a state of agitation, in throwing the population into constant anarchy and disorder, they may have hoped to show either that Victor Emmanuel could reign over the kingdom of Naples no better than Francis II., or that the uninterrupted state of disturbance prevalent throughout South Italy was a proof of the attachment of the people to the fallen dynasty. In obliging the Italian Government to keep a large force in the southern provinces, they may also perhaps have hoped to

compel the Government, perplexed by such difficulties, to leave the lines of the Mincio and the Po undefended. And even supposing that any or all of these objects were unattainable by them, they still had it in their power, if there is any truth in the last word addressed by a powerful ally to the Italian Government, to delay indefinitely the pacification of the South, and thus adjourn *sine die* the evacuation of Rome by the French. Be this, however, as it may, conspiracy was in active existence, and spreading in every direction. While the committee at Naples were acting in an underhand manner in the dark, conventicles of adepts were held openly in the country, as well as in the town. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Naples, Monsignor Riario Sforza, gave political receptions in opposition to those of the king's lieutenant. His residence was the rendezvous of conspirators and reactionists. The cardinal himself, if he did not conspire actively, at least always declined giving the Government the aid of that salutary influence which, in virtue of his character and office, he might have exercised, and constantly kept aloof from association with those who were anxiously considering by what means they might put an end to the deplorable dissensions which were bathing the country in blood.

But this was not all; he went still further, sus-

pending *a divinis* every priest who had sung thanksgivings for those victories by which the cause of Italian unity was advanced, or who had preached in favour of the national independence. This suspension, an act of great cruelty, depriving of their livings those on whom it was imposed, fell with particular severity upon the poorer Catholic priests, from whom it took away the right of celebrating mass, the only means of existence possessed by many of them. The consequence was that, in several cases, those who had not conspired were compelled to do so, in order to get the small allowance that enabled them to maintain themselves in comparative poverty.

The priests, however, generally were opposed to the Revolution. At Salerno, with the view of rousing the popular indignation against the new Government, they considered it advisable to stop a certain miracle which I forget what good-natured saint, in testimony of the interest that he still continued to take in the world he had left, was in the habit of performing every year. At Naples, indeed, they did not dare to go so far, although they contrived to get up some new miracles against Victor Emmanuel. One day, for instance, near the Vicaria, seeing a great crowd assembled before a chapel, the doors of which stood ajar, showing the interior, which was splendidly illuminated, I looked in, and beheld the fanatic mob, under the influence of

the wild excitement to which they had been roused, crying, groaning, and stamping their feet. I asked a devout old woman what it was that had roused the multitude to such a pitch of excitement.

"It is," said she, turning fiercely to me, and shaking her fists in my face, "that the Holy Virgin has performed a miracle. The doors of the chapel opened by themselves, and the interior, which the moment before had been completely dark, suddenly appeared effulgent with a blaze of dazzling light!"

"And what does that mean?" said I.

"It means that the Madonna hates the Piedmontese!" replied the charitable old soul.

By what process of reasoning she discovered any connection between the two events, I am unable to divine.

Many newspapers which had taken an active part in the conspiracies of the day, preached a regular Bourbonist crusade. While some of the more able journals, the writers in which were most distinguished for their ability, acted with a certain amount of caution, others openly defended the cause of the Bourbons, and even went so far as to print articles in praise of the brigands, throwing out at the same time the greatest insults and the grossest accusations against the Government. The Radicals and the Mazzinians, violently opposed to the lieu-

tenancy, joined the reactionary press in that ungenerous attack. Although they rarely confined themselves to truth in their hostility to Victor Emmanuel and his counsellors, the party of the priests encouraged them in their dishonourable conduct. If a Republican paper, *Il Popolo d'Italia*, for instance, forged one day some monstrous calumny against the Government, the next day it was sure to be repeated by the clerical press.

Among the other Neapolitan journals there was a wretched microscopical paper, the name of which I have forgotten, which, among other absurdities, once announced to its readers the approaching arrival of Francis II. This was at the period when perhaps the greatest mistakes were committed by the chiefs of the National Party. Opposition was prevailing in every direction, and especially among the so-called Party of Action, which was kept entirely in the background by the *conciliatory* system adopted by the Lieutenancy. In their desire to unite, by a common purpose and aim, the two great political parties—consisting of the moderate supporters of Francis II. on the one hand, and the equally moderate supporters of a united Italy on the other—they deeply wounded the Garibaldian party, the only one really spontaneous, popular, and buoyant with life that was left in that corrupt and rotten country; for although in this, as in every other

political party, there was great difference of opinion, and occasionally chaotic confusion, yet, taken as a whole, it presented a strong and compact body, animated by a great vital principle of action. The followers of Garibaldi were so powerful that it was necessary either to crush them or to come to terms with them. The Government found it impossible to overcome them, and in neglecting, therefore, to conciliate a party so formidable, it committed a great fault.

How often have I seen the impetuous spirits of the Garibaldians roused by some imprudent measure of the Government into such fury that, in their indignation, they were prepared to brave any hazard, and even precipitate the country into all the horrors of an internecine struggle! The Bourbonists, of course, artfully embittered the popular resentment, professing to pity Garibaldi with heart and soul for the slights, real or supposed, to which he was exposed. In their endeavours to increase the general discontent, and to create a fatal division among the Liberal party, they even pretended to hold the most advanced opinions, many of them carrying the pretence of Liberalism so far as to assume the character of apostles of Mazzini. And yet, in spite of all these intrigues, Naples did not move, for the national heart was sound. With the exception of two or three demonstrations, which

were not considered so important as to require their repression, the capital of Southern Italy passed through the long period of one year of troubles and revolution without, to all external appearance, losing for a single moment its usual peaceful aspect. Naturally gay and noisy, the town presented no sensible change—all that attracted the attention of the stranger being the fact that the Italian colours were everywhere exhibited. In vain did the papers use the most violent language; in vain did the priests distribute secretly the proclamations of Francis II. and Chiavone; in vain did they circulate in all directions Bosco's *cartes de visite*, with his photograph, and a very edifying quatrain, announcing *urbi et orbi* his arrival shortly, *colla spada e colla face*—with sword and fire; in vain had discontent spread wider and wider, until, owing to the mistakes of the Piedmontese Cabinet, it had become general—a misfortune which is the necessary consequence of almost every revolution—in the midst of all these agitations, changes, plots, and conspiracies, the great body of the Neapolitan people remained unmoved, and could not be roused to take any step against those who were working for the unity of Italy.

It is but an act of justice to say so much, especially as the estimate of the Neapolitan population generally prevalent in Europe is by no means so

favourable, and, in my opinion, is scarcely fair to them. There is evidently among the people of that city much good common sense, which has saved them from many a perilous situation. From the 25th of June, 1860, when they were abandoned by Francis II., up to the present day, they have bravely endured many evils, and, in their collective capacity, have rarely committed any remarkable act of violence or rebellion. During this most terrible crisis they have always conducted themselves with a unanimity and wisdom, that, if there were any foundation for the unfavourable opinion so widely prevalent regarding them, could never have been expected of such a population. They have more than once manifested their opinions not only as spontaneously, but also as pacifically, as the inhabitants of any constitutional kingdom of Europe. In imposing their will upon their masters, they have done so without deeds of violence; and, strange to say, it has always been proved that right and justice were on their side. Their dignified attitude after the forced concessions of Francis II., prevented the accomplishment of those dangerous designs which were in contemplation, and saved the country not only from a new 15th of May, but also from the terrible reaction which would have been its unhappy result, as the horrors of the 15th of July fully justify me in believing. In the coldness with

which they regarded the Bourbon line of princes, the Neapolitan population suffered the fall of Francis II. Their enthusiasm consecrated the success of Garibaldi. At a later period they baffled Mazzini by their determined opposition to his visionary and impracticable schemes. They even dared, at one moment, to resist the will of their beloved Dictator, when they insisted on the establishment of a regular government, founded, as they unanimously desired, on popular suffrage. Since the annexation they have avoided every cause of discord, they have discouraged every attempt at revolt, and they have continually opposed the efforts of the revolutionary party, with a political tact which has preserved Naples to the rest of Italy. When it was necessary to be severe, I have not spared the Neapolitans; and when I can, with perfect sincerity, praise their wisdom and self-command, it is with the greatest pleasure that I render them the homage of my admiration.

Another element which greatly contributed to save the country was the National Guard. It has been the fashion to laugh at that institution, but, at Naples, any insinuation against it would be badly received. There the National Guard is composed not of those simple burghers who, their heads foolishly turned topsy-turvy by the mere idea of wearing a smart military uniform, swear that the soldier's life is the ideal of human hap-

piness, but of the flower of the youth of the country. They displayed the greatest earnestness and enthusiasm from the beginning, and as a body of soldiers they have always excited the admiration of every military man. They constantly did their duty with admirable self-denial. When Naples was for a moment without troops and police, both the gendarmes and policemen having abandoned their post, and the Garibaldians being engaged before Capua, at a time, too, when the royalist army was within two hours of the city, the National Guard undertook the defence of the capital, and, great as was the danger to which they were exposed, never flinched in the discharge of their military obligations. On duty night and day for two months, they guarded the fortresses, the barracks, the military posts, and the Government buildings. They kept faithful watch over the city during the silent hours of night, small bodies of them patrolling the streets at regular intervals. They were always to be found at their post, and even after having made their appearance before Capua, so active were they in their movements that they were again seen on Sunday at the parade before the royal palace. During two months these twelve thousand youths sacrificed everything—home, business, pleasure—in order to secure the tranquillity of the town, which it is only the simple truth to say had never been so

well guarded. Although a perfect host of adventurers, many of them of doubtful or indifferent character, had found their way to Naples at that time, nevertheless so effective were these volunteers in their watch and guard, that not a single theft or offence of any kind was committed.

These patriotic young soldiers subjected themselves, with uncomplaining obedience, to the severest trials. When sent to the northern provinces of Italy, they marched thither with the greatest alacrity. When summoned, at a moment's notice, to proceed against assassins and brigands, they met, fought, and conquered them with unshrinking fortitude. Never murmuring, never hesitating, never remonstrating, they performed all the duties of soldiers with the steadiness, resolution, and courage of veterans. Commanded by a man of indefatigable zeal, General Tupputi, they persevered in their noble task with admirable self-devotion, no complaint being ever heard from their lips, although, in order to secure the safety of the city and its inhabitants, they were at that time often called out for many days and nights in succession. The state of feeling between them and the regular army was everything that could be desired. Far from feeling any of that jealousy with which volunteer forces too often regard regular troops, they took every opportunity of manifesting

their sympathy for the latter, associating with them on the most friendly terms, and ever displaying the utmost readiness to assist them in the discharge of every duty. The Neapolitan National Militia, in those days of trouble, exposed themselves to peril over and over again with unhesitating alacrity; and should it some day again be deemed necessary to summon them to take the field against the enemies of their country, they will assuredly, judging from their past conduct, be found ready to do their duty like veterans.

Order was thus successfully preserved, not only at Naples, but everywhere throughout Southern Italy. The National Guard, seconded by the good common sense of the populations of the smaller towns and provinces, prevailed everywhere against those who were desirous of fomenting tumult and disturbance. Since the time of the reaction at Venosa and Melfi, the enemies of the great Italian cause have not succeeded in rousing one single important district. It was said that the brigands had proposed an attack against Cosenza on the 13th of July, but they certainly never attempted such an exploit.

It is true that many small unprotected villages, where the bandits had no serious opposition to dread, suffered from their ravages; but this was at a time when the district was under the lieutenancy of Count

San Martino, who, though not for want of ability, failed in his task of pacifying the country. Following out a system of conciliation, he was averse to making war on the brigands, considering that they might be more effectually subdued by moral force—an excellent idea, perhaps, in theory, but, in its application, unfortunately too often proving a failure. At one time he appears to have had an idea of carrying out his plan by a combined system of moral and physical force. He asked the central Government for sixty battalions of regular troops, in order to make an extensive and searching battue all over the Neapolitan provinces. With this force he proposed to sweep the brigands from the plains, and drive them to the mountains, where, when they found themselves invested on all sides by the troops, he considered it would be a matter of no great difficulty to bring them to terms. Closely pressed on every side, threatened by all the horrors of winter, utterly destitute of provisions, tormented by hunger and cold, he concluded that it would be easy, by the promise of their lives, and the assurance of providing for them some honest means of livelihood, to induce them to surrender. If this plan had been anything better than it appeared in theory, it would have been utterly impossible for the Government to spare sixty battalions from the northern

frontiers, for the purpose of attempting to carry it into execution.

A precious time elapsed in useless negotiations and discussions between Naples and Turin; and in the meanwhile, reaction, with the aid of brigandage, spread frightfully in all the southern provinces, a circumstance at which, considering the state of Italy, there is little reason for surprise. Times were very hard, bread was unusually dear, no work was to be obtained. While the brigands lived in luxury and ease, in which they were enabled to indulge by means of violence and plunder, many honourable and good men were unable to procure the merest necessaries of life. The priests, in these circumstances, incited the ignorant countrymen and villagers to robbery, assuring them that it was for the sake of a holy cause, in which, since the inauguration of the system of conciliatory measures, they did not even encounter much danger. The clergy, too, in order to inspire with greater self-confidence the unreasoning dupes whom they deceived, had spread the report that Garibaldi was dead, and that Francis II. was coming back without delay. The police found upon Bourbonist spies particular instructions regarding the false news they were to spread throughout the country, to the effect that Francis II. was on the point of crossing the frontiers, that the Austrians would soon be on the

south side of the Po, and that the Emperor Napoleon, yielding, after a long resistance, to the influence of the clerical party, was now acting in common with the enemies of Revolution, *the only means left to him of saving his throne.*

On the person of one of these Bourbonist agents, named Spadafora, arrested in Calabria, was found a manifest announcing that Count Cavour, in consequence of his private correspondence having been given up to Austria, had destroyed himself by poison, and that the Piedmontese generals had been compelled to surrender Ancona to an Anglo-Russian fleet, into whose hands all their material of war had fallen; that every night such numbers of wounded men belonging to the invading army from the North were secretly conveyed from Naples, that ere long the few who remained, being unable to maintain their position, would be compelled, for their own preservation, to return to Turin; and finally, that before September Italy would be entirely reconstituted, every state in it being restored to the position in which it was before 1859.

These and other absurdities of the same nature were spread among the ignorant populations of the country, and money was largely distributed, in order to induce a more willing belief in such statements, in which, unfortunately, they only too well succeeded.

In the distracted state of the country terror was one of the most powerful allies of the Bourbons. If the inhabitants of districts invaded by brigands had shut themselves up in their houses when the aggressors appeared, they would have been turned out of them, their dwellings would have been ransacked, and they themselves killed. Knowing that their only hope of safety lay in submission, they at once yielded to the aggressive bands, and even received them with welcome.

It has been said somewhere that the populations of the Italian States never fraternised with the brigands—a statement which, as far as the larger towns and boroughs were concerned, is no doubt true, but it is also a fact that the isolated and defenceless hamlets in many instances surrendered at once to the invaders. The degraded mob of some localities did not hesitate even to give assistance to the brigands, by pointing out to them the houses of the rich. The National Guard of these small places, consisting sometimes of only six or seven men, were invariably disarmed without difficulty.

In one or two cases great cowardice on the one side and boldness on the other assured the success of the bandits in their expeditions. At Vallerotonda (Terra di Lavoro) the National Guard were so completely demoralized by terror, that they gave up a hundred

and sixty muskets to seventeen brigands! The invaded districts had often no authority to look up to except that of the syndics, and these officials were generally destitute of all real power. During the period of conciliation the mayor of a place that had received the brigands, if called to account for his conduct, incurred no penalty more severe than that of dismissal; whilst, had he dared to refuse to admit the Bourbonist bands, he would undoubtedly have been burnt alive in his own house. Between the two evils, it was natural enough that he should choose the minor.

The proceedings between the municipal authorities and the brigands were sometimes of an amusingly hypocritical character. After every house in a village had been plundered and ransacked, a sort of arrangement like the following was often come to between the mayor and the chief of the assassins. The representative of municipal authority would beg to inform Messrs. Chiavone and Co. it was now time for them to go, as his duty required him to send for the Piedmontese. The representative of His Majesty Francis II., thus warned, would graciously signify his assent to the humble mayor's request, and decamp with his followers. When the Piedmontese were at length summoned, of course not a single brigand was to be found, and thanks were returned to the syndic for the

energy and prudence of the measures by which he had succeeded in defeating and routing the invaders.

When such was the policy of the authorities in various districts, it is not to be wondered at that, under the Lieutenancy, brigandage became almost general throughout the Neapolitan territory. It has been stated that at that time only five provinces out of sixteen (including Beneventum) suffered from the invasions of the brigands—a statement which, though stamped with official authority, it is my painful duty to contradict. If the importance of what the reactionary party were pleased to call a general insurrection has been grossly exaggerated by certain organs of a hostile press, on the other hand, the Ministerial circulars, in their too zealous eagerness, fell into the other excess, by making statements very far under the truth when they declared that the number of provinces overrun by the brigands was so small. It may be that they only desired to say that five provinces had suffered more than the rest of the country from the system of reaction fostered and protected by the presence of the brigands; for it is a fact that cannot be disputed, that when General Cialdini arrived almost all the south of the peninsula was more or less infested by these bandits. They were found in the Abruzzi and in Terra di Lavoro, which was hardly

pacified by a brilliant expedition of General Pinelli. They had invaded Basilicata and Capitanata—and they had made their way also into the provinces of Salerno, Molise, and Beneventum.

Even the neighbourhood of Naples itself was not safe at that time. One band of brigands was roving about the well-known hills of Camaldoli; another lay hidden in the mountains of Somma, close by Mount Vesuvius; and a third between Mola and Cancello. The latter fired almost every day at the trains running along the line of railway; and when they captured any of the railway guards, demanded very heavy ransoms before they would restore them to liberty. On the 23rd of June, they attacked the station of Cancello, which they plundered, carrying off more than seventy-five ducats. Gennaro Ferrara, the master of a coffee-house in the neighbourhood, who endeavoured to go out to call for help, was taken and killed. A few days afterwards the assassins entered the same shop, and seating themselves quietly, asked for something to drink, and were instantly served by the waiters with every mark of respect; for it is needless to say so great was the terror of the latter, that not one had the courage or the presence of mind to call in the police. When some customers asked one of them if those fellows were not the murderers of his master, he answered at once with what he no doubt considered

praiseworthy caution, that he did not know anything about it.

The brigands performed a deed of still greater audacity at Caserta, a place which is to Naples what Windsor is to London. The brother of Cipriano La Gala, the old felon, chief of a gang of bandits, and a Bourbonist general of much greater influence and importance than Chiavone, was confined in the prison of Caserta. The bandit, making up his mind to deliver him from his bonds, selected among his subordinates some men of resolution, directing them to assume the costume of National Guards—a uniform which he himself also put on. Under this disguise, the fearless brigand one night presented himself with incredible courage at the door of the prison, dragging a man after him by the collar. "Here," he said, "is a criminal I have just arrested and brought to be locked up." The keepers suspecting no treachery, the doors were immediately opened, and the supposed detachment of the National Guard, with their commander, were admitted. As soon as they were all within the walls of the prison, the brigands, falling upon the keepers, handcuffed them, and delivered not only Cipriano's brother, but also the other imprisoned felons, who, no doubt from inclination as well as gratitude, to a man joined the band. Some real National Guards, who by chance happened to be

near at hand, alarmed too late, endeavoured to stop them on their departure from the prison, but without success. The band, after this adventure considerably increased, left Caserta, and once more retired to the mountains.

These pages would be extended to an interminable length if I were to transcribe all the remarkable facts concerning the brigands that have come to my knowledge. While I am writing this, I have under my eyes a very useful paper, prepared for me in the offices of the police at Naples—a catalogue of all the official documents preserved on the subject of the disturbances caused by the brigands, and a succinct view of their contents. I extract from this voluminous collection one or two pages, which, it is to be remembered, contain only a summary of the reports sent during the month of July, 1861, by the prefect of Foggia, about what occurred in the province entrusted to him. The real bearing of some important facts relating to the history of brigandage may be gathered from this document. If not a very elegant piece of literature, it is at least authentic, and is now for the first time given to the public.

July 1st.—*Casalnuovo.*—Murder committed by the brigands upon two men belonging to the farm called Finocchito. A band of brigands levy the following ransoms—upon Giuseppantonio d'Alessio

a sum of 2,000 ducats; Pasquale d'Elisi, 6,000 ducats; Gumaro Como, 600 ducats; Francesco d'Ondes, 500 ducats; Giuseppe Ferrecchia, 200 ducats, threatening to burn the fruits of the harvest if these fines were not speedily paid. From the Syndic they requested a large supply of clothes, and a remittance of 3,000 ducats, under the threat of burning his crop and his brother's.

July 3rd.—*Sansevero.*—Three brigands steal a horse belonging to a cattle-dealer, after which they attack a public mail-coach.

Torremaggiore.—The brigands kill some horses belonging to a man called Tommaso Pensano. They impose a ransom of 400 ducats upon Stefano Cataldo, and destroy a quantity of wheat, straw, and other provisions in a farm designated by the name of Ripalta.

July 5th.—*Sansevero.*—Four brigands seize Don Ferdinando Parisi, and impose upon him a ransom of 60 ducats. They release him for 30. The same day some disbanded soldiers steal horses and arms belonging to a certain Don Paolo del Sordo. Ten brigands hoist a Bourbonist flag, and exact from Don Luigi Trotta a fine of 300 ducats; they only receive 48 ducats, but they make up the former sum by stealing everything they can lay hold of. Finally, six other brigands deprive Don Antonio Gelanio of some arms and many valuable articles.

Serracapriola.—Twenty-four brigands steal a certain number of horses belonging to Pasquale Carita.

Borini.—Six brigands carry away the muskets of a detachment of the National Guard.

July 6th.—*Biccaro.*—Five brigands steal all the stores and the horses of a farm belonging to Lorenzo Goduti, shooting indiscriminately at every one in their way.

Casalvecchio.—The most terrible brigandage prevails with all its horrors. Robberies, impositions, men carried away and ransomed—many of them shot.

July 7th.—*Torremaggiore.*—Three brigands steal many head of cattle belonging to Felice di Pampo and Pietro Inglese. Three other bandits seize Don Alfonso Ferrante, and levy upon him a ransom of 3,000 ducats.

July 8th.—*Cerignola.*—The brigands make a long resistance against the public authorities.

Castelnuro.—Some brigands seize and carry away a certain Pettinario, and only release him on payment of 360 ducats, besides the surrender of many other things of value.

July 9th.—*Tenimento-di-Pietra.*—A band of brigands levy an enormous contribution upon one of the canons of the cathedral, Don Paolo Leo.

Torremaggiore.—Theft of a horse, and imposition of a ransom of 5,000 ducats on Don Vicenzo La Medica. Similar events occur at Lucera the same

day. A ransom of 4,000 ducats is exacted from Don Tommaso La Medica, besides a large requisition of arms and ammunition.

Lucera.—Twenty brigands steal the cattle belonging to Giuseppe Montedoro.

July 10th.—*Ischitella.*—Invasions of brigands in several farms, plunder, assaults, &c. The National Guard arrives in time to disperse the aggressors.

Apricena.—A ransom of 1,000 ducats is imposed upon Filipo Fiorentino, and he is released upon payment of 336 ducats.

Sansevero.—A ransom of 4,000 ducats is imposed by nine brigands upon Pasquale Patruno, and he is released for 230 ducats.

July 12th.—*Carlantino.*—Invasion of that borough by a numerous band of brigands, who make the priests sing a thanksgiving in the cathedral in their honour. They proceed thence in another direction, laying waste the surrounding country with fire and sword.

July 13th.—*Castelluccio (Val Maggiore).*—Some brigands attack and murder Don Michele Agresti in his own house.

July 14th.—*Sannicandro.*—The harvest on the estates of M. Eugenio Pisani is entirely destroyed, for not having paid the ransom the brigands had levied upon him. The loss is calculated at above 2,000 ducats.

July 18th.—*Foggia.*—The most ferocious brigandage is carried on in the whole province. Excesses of every kind are committed.

Cerignola.—A considerable number of brood mares are stolen on the estates of the Duke of Bisaccia.

July 19th.—*Serracapriola.*—Don Aurelio Petroni is murdered by the brigands.

July 21st.—*Sansevero.*—Giuseppe Mannelli, Salvatore Codipietro, and some other brigands, burn the harvest of Don Francesco de Pasquale, and destroy all his agricultural implements, for not having made payment of a ransom of 2,000 ducats.

July 22nd.—*Sannicandro.*—The brigands lay on Don Vincenzo Vocale an imposition of 300 ducats. He can only pay 160—the brigands then plunder his house.

Sansevero.—500 ducats are levied upon Pasquale Petracchione, and he is only released after having paid 200. Four sailing-boats of Giovinazzo are entirely ransacked. The loss suffered by the owners is valued at no less than 2,400 ducats.

Montesantangelo.—Bartolomeo Scarano is murdered by some disbanded Bourbonist soldiers, on the ground that he belonged to the band of volunteers assembled for the repression of the reactionary movements at Vico in the month of April.

July 24th.—*Torremaggiore.*—Many horses are

stolen from M. Bocola. Don Pasquale Tusi is taxed with a ransom of 1,600 ducats—the brigands besides kill all the cattle in his farm-yard.

The list of the deeds of violence committed by these armed ruffians does not go further for that month. Troops having at last been dispatched, order was not without difficulty re-established in the province. The importance of this official statement is too striking to need any further illustration. Though short and succinct, it is so clear that it saves me the trouble of continuing further the monotonous narrative of the crimes committed by the bands of brigands, either under the influence of political motives, or from the desire of plunder, almost all over the old Neapolitan kingdom. The same story was everywhere repeated, only with the difference that in some places certain bands distinguished or disgraced themselves by more than usual violence. Such, for example, was the case in Pricipato Ultra. On the arrival of General Cialdini this province was found in all the excitement and horror of a most savage reaction. Driven from Terra di Lavoro by the skill and energy of General Pinelli, the brigands had flocked round Avellino with a sort of desperate and revengeful rage. About sixty bandits, followed by a considerable number of disbanded soldiers, and a host of peasants, recruited

among the scum of the country, and armed with axes and scythes, fell one day, the 7th of July, upon Montefalcione, with cries of "Viva Francesco II.!" which were always the prelude of the most awful deeds of violence. They invaded Montemiletto, Candida, Chiusano, and many other localities. Avellino itself was threatened; some suspicious-looking persons, whose sinister countenances almost foreboded scenes of violence and murder, having been observed roaming about the streets. The municipality were almost permanently in council, that they might be ready at any time to provide for the public safety; and the governor, M. De Luca, a very clever and active man, implored the Government to send some reinforcements of regular troops for the rescue of his province, menaced on every side—a request which they made with but little avail, for the Government had few, if any, troops to spare.

In the beginning of the period of reaction the country provided for its own defence. One of the captains of the National Guard, Carmine Tarantino, a young man of thirty, professor of one of the royal colleges, and the Reverend Arciprete Leone, syndic of Montemiletto, who had already lost his father, his brother, and all his family in a preceding engagement, where the brigands had been victorious, marched, with only *five* soldiers of the line, and a

few National Guards, in the direction of Montefalcione, which, not being strong enough, they could not attack. Going back, therefore, to the town, they established themselves in the Palazzo Fierimonte. On the night of the 8th of July, Montemiletto was entered by the brigands, sixty in number, all well armed. They received, on their arrival, a reinforcement of four hundred peasants, and such support as they could derive from the sympathy of the mob.

This bloodthirsty multitude attacked the Palazzo Fierimonte to the usual cry of "Viva Francesco II.!" Tarantino and his companions, knowing that in such an unequal struggle they must die, but determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, answered with a loud cry of "Viva Italia!" The struggle, a useless one, for it could lead to no beneficial result, was long and cruel. The mob set the house on fire, women and children, with horrible eagerness, bringing the fuel that was necessary to feed the flames. The front door, which was of oak, resisted the action of the fire for a long time, but the bandits, in their impatience, broke it down with axes and a sort of improvisated ram.

The scene of horror that ensued when the ferocious mob disappeared through the yawning breach into the crumbling edifice was such that one recoils from the task of describing it. Tarantino, the Arciprete, and some women and children who were in the place, were

slaughtered with monstrous cruelty. One of the soldiers was shot, and two men who had cried "Viva Italia!" were dragged into the adjoining churchyard and there buried alive under a heap of putrefied corpses. Three other soldiers of the line were taken to Montefalcione, where they were ordered to shoot those of their brethren who had come to the relief of the invaded country. Two of them who refused were immediately shot. The third, pretending to accept the office imposed upon him, rushed against the Italians, as if with the design of attacking them, instead of which he entered their ranks, and though many a shot was aimed at him by the enraged reactionists, he escaped, as if by a miracle, unwounded. No fewer than seventeen persons were barbarously slain within the walls of the Palazzo Fierimonte. I shall not dwell upon the wanton ferocity with which these assassins committed the deeds of violence and blood to which they were incited by their commander. A certain Vincenzo Petruzziello, of Montemiletto, the man who killed Tarantino, was afterwards taken and shot in his turn. Before his death this felon chief confessed that his band was maintained with money that came from Rome—a statement which, with the other facts I have mentioned, is supported by an official memoir addressed by M. Ferrara, Vice-Governor of the Province of Avellino, to the Secre-

tary of the Home Department at Naples, an unpublished document which I was allowed to peruse.

In the meanwhile, the Governor, M. De Luca, had left in the morning with the National Guard, and, having met the brigands not far from Candida, had defeated them. After traversing San Potito and Parolise, and re-taking Chiusano, he attacked Montefalcione, but was repulsed by the mob, who opposed their assailants with stones and boiling water. So furious, indeed, was their attack, that he was obliged to seek shelter out of the town in a convent, where he and his escort, closely besieged by the rebels, nearly fell into their hands. Luckily enough, however, he was delivered on the 10th by the Garibaldi Hungarian Legion * garrisoned at Nocera. In obedience to orders received from Turin, they had been sent with all possible speed to the rescue of that oppressed province, after the deliverance of the Governor of which they re-entered Montefalcione with him almost without a struggle. An act of violent

* This Hungarian Legion, first formed by Garibaldi at Naples, was recruited from those Hungarians who had deserted the Austrian Army in 1859, and who had taken part in the Sicilian expedition of 1860. Consisting for the most part of the division commanded by the Hungarian General Türr, it was placed under the immediate orders of General Eber, so well known as a soldier, and a literary man. After the disbandment of the Garibaldian Army, this Legion passed to the service of the Italian Government.

reprisal, however, took place, for thirty brigands who had fortified themselves in a house were all killed in the struggle. But it is only justice to add, that such deeds of vengeance ceased with the rage of the combat which had inspired them. In that rural district where the whole population, with very few exceptions, had risen in revolt—all the Liberals having been either killed or expelled—the only severe measure in the way of repression was the death of five of the ringleaders, and the disarmament of the population and the National Guard of the province, in whom, after the events that had taken place, perfect confidence could no longer be placed. On the advance of the Hungarians, four thousand peasants and brigands fled from Montemiletto and concealed themselves in the woods and mountains. Nowhere was any resistance offered to the advance of the troops, reaction being to all appearance completely suppressed. The Governor, De Luca, went back to Avellino on the 13th of July, preceding a detachment of troops, who escorted a convoy of forty prisoners. On his entrance into the town, he was received by the grateful population with a regular ovation, a mark of honour well deserved by one who had acted with so much courage and decision. During these troubles General Cialdini arrived at Naples as the new King's Lieutenant.

CHAPTER VI.

LIEUTENANCY OF GENERAL CIALDINI—HIS EXPLOITS AS A SOLDIER—DECISIVE MEASURES—REACTION IS REPRESSED—THE PARTY OF ACTION IS HUMOURED—THE GENERAL'S POPULARITY—DECLINE OF BRIGANDAGE—STORIES OF CANNIBALS—PONTELANDOLFO AND CASALDINI—THEIR CRIMES AND PUNISHMENT—GENERAL MANHÈS AGAIN, AND THE REPRESSIONS OF YEARS PAST—PACIFICATION OF THE SOUTHERN PROVINCES.

CHAPTER VI.

HENCEFORTH my task becomes an easy one, and I shall proceed with greater speed. As the reader who has had patience enough to follow my narrative may have already formed a just idea of Neapolitan brigandage, I will no longer tire him by the narration of a series of facts which present no other variety than that of a change of names. It must be painful to read of endless acts of violence committed on proprietors, and the infliction of heavy ransoms, the payment of which was often enforced in blood on the unhappy residents of invaded villages. In addition to these, their most frequent exploits, the only events we read of in connection with the brigands are the disarmament of small detachments of National Guards, the substitution of the Bourbonist colours for the white cross of Savoy, the conflagration of private houses, the throwing open of prisons for the escape of felons, and finally their precipitate flight at the first approach of the troops,

whom, even with a considerable superiority of numbers on their side, they rarely dared to meet. Such, with little variety, were the events daily happening during the period of reaction in Southern Italy. There are still, however, a few facts connected with the subject of brigandage, which I should not be justified in passing over altogether without notice.

One of these is the campaign of General Cialdini, whose march it is not always easy to follow. This distinguished general has displayed the greatest ability and courage in every duty he has been called upon to discharge. Although only forty-seven years of age, he has already attained the highest position a soldier can reach in Italy, having been invested with the first dignity in the military hierarchy, and having occupied the post of king's lieutenant at Naples. When he was only seventeen he was already fighting for liberty in the Romagne, and he has since taken part in the war in Spain, in the first Lombard outbreak in 1848, in the contest in the Crimea, and in the Tyrol in the year 1859. It was he, as all know, who defeated Lamoricière, and took Ancona, Gaëta, and Messina. In consequence of his disagreements with Garibaldi, his name was by no means so popular in the South as it might otherwise have been. When Cialdini came to Naples, the enterprise which he was expected to carry out to a successful issue was by no

means an easy one. The work that lay before him was the destruction of brigandage in almost all the provinces of Southern Italy, the annihilation of those conspiracies in the capital which spread defiance and discontent throughout the country, and the prosecution of the war with a vigour which would revive public spirit, attach by the bond of obedience the populations of the South to the new Government, render the idea of Italian unity popular among the lower classes, and make Italy a nation not only strong and united at home, but trusted and respected abroad. It was evident that the Peninsular kingdom could never be a great and powerful state while the fair regions of the South remained in a condition of chronic agitation, while a desperate civil war was undermining the prosperity of the provinces, and while the troops of Victor Emmanuel were almost regarded as a foreign garrison in a country which they occupied but could not subdue. This great task of the reconstruction of Italy, hitherto far from being successfully carried out, Cialdini was sent to effect. He accepted the mission, devoting from the first day all his energies to its accomplishment. His proclamation to the Neapolitans was an able production. In asking their co-operation, he said that nothing could be done without their countenance and assistance; and he announced his determination to strike at the root of the

matter by the total eradication of the whole mischievous brood of agitators.

The consequences of this explicit declaration were at once apparent. The fear with which the address of the king's lieutenant struck the disturbers of the national peace was of inestimable benefit to a government not yet firmly established. The noisy and turbulent opposition considered it prudent to assume the virtue of discretion, even though they had it not. A few penny papers, it is true, still continued to howl out their discontent with the new order of things, but, with the sanction of the people themselves, their editors were arrested and fined, the journals were suppressed, and the restless concocters of conspiracies received a decisive blow. A Bourbonist meeting, which was discovered at Posilippo,* was followed by the arrest of twenty of their leading men at Portici. In consequence of the well-conducted perquisition which was immediately ordered, the police were enabled to lay hold of no fewer than twenty superior officers of the old army, together with a great many influential prelates, several pontifical Zouaves, and a few French legitimists, who, during their residence in the country, had been doing much mischief underhand. All these were taken to the

* The documents relating to this conspiracy will be found in the second volume.

frontiers. M. de Christen was arrested; and a bold decision, at the mere proposal of which everyone had previously hesitated, was at once adopted; the greatest dignitary of the Neapolitan clergy was ordered to quit the country, and the population who, thirteen years before, had shed tears on the banishment of the Jesuits, now hissed contemptuously after the carriage in which their cardinal was departing.

The blow thus struck against the Bourbonist party was a deadly one, but the party of action was still left, strong, powerful, and dangerous, for it was a popular one. Sometimes persecuted and sometimes despised by the ministerial coterie, whose conduct in respect to it was anything but wise, it was still in vigorous life, increasing fast in influence and importance, thanks to the errors of the central power, and to the general discontent prevailing among the population. The last elections had shown what influence this party, in spite of the efforts made by the Government to weaken and destroy it, still exercised over the masses. The service they had rendered under the dictatorship of Garibaldi was the great secret of their power. Having always been in correspondence with the hero of Caprera, they pretended that the task of continuing the work of regeneration commenced by him was assigned to them. Their opposition, therefore, to the authority of Cialdini is

easily understood. A party whose creed was composed of the most advanced political principles, could not be expected to accept willingly the idea of a military autocracy; and as Cialdini for the time was regarded by them as the personification of such a system, they were his most bitter enemies. In the course of events, however, a result ensued which no one could have anticipated, for these men finally became the General's most sanguine supporters.

Cialdini had, from the very beginning, sought their co-operation. Instead of dreaming of a reconciliation between reactionists and liberals, an idea which never could have been realized, he made an appeal to every true patriot, calling upon all the friends of Italy to join in the formation of a national coalition. Surrounding himself with men of the most advanced opinions, Garibaldians, and even republicans, he associated himself with them against the common foe, and was bold enough, when they hesitated to join him, to court their co-operation by making concessions. Thus, for example, notwithstanding the importance of the past services of M. Spaventa, their *bête noire*, who had passed ten years in prison during the tyrannical rule of Ferdinand II., Cialdini sanctioned the retirement of that eminent patriot. Again, when, moved by an unworthy spirit of faction, a demonstration was got up against the members of Parliament

who had supported the cabinet of Turin, Cialdini did not make any attempt, at the time, to prevent what was really a very harmless outburst; but when, a little later, these agitators considered themselves powerful enough, under the pretext of the national defence, to form an armed legion of their own, the general put a check upon what he considered an impolitic movement, by condescending to accept their co-operation for the good of the country, only, however, on the express condition that this armed body should, at all times, receive their orders only from him. It is not to be supposed, however, that this conduct implied any unwillingness on Cialdini's part to accept the services of the National Militia and of volunteers, for, on the contrary, it was one of the first acts of his administration to urge the national armament on a greater scale than had ever been attempted before. He ordered the mobilization of two companies of National Guards for every district of the country—companies which, formed by voluntary enlistment, proved to be an excellent institution, and so popular, that many districts, instead of two, were able to raise three or four of them. Fourteen thousand men were thus gathered together for the service of the country. Whether there was any real necessity for such an additional draft is very doubtful, and, in all probability, the regular troops

would have been amply sufficient for the emergencies of the moment.

The organization of this military force was a measure prompted by a political consideration of great importance. The Government was anxious to prove to Europe that the army was not fighting alone, but that it and the people were united by a common interest; and that so many troops had not been summoned forth to crush the so-called spontaneous movements of the population, but, on the contrary, to fight with them for the complete redemption of their country.

It was one great merit of Cialdini's that he was not indisposed to flatter the feelings of the people by paying homage to their favourite hero. When the municipality proposed to make arrangements for the solemn celebration of the anniversary of Garibaldi's glorious entrance on the 7th of September, the king's lieutenant was the first to applaud the idea. He even congratulated the town-council in the name of of his royal master, and in his own, "for," as he said in a proclamation issued on that occasion, "the arrival at Naples of the celebrated dictator, before whom a powerful army, and a dynasty which during successive reigns had made itself odious by its tyranny, had fled, was the most admirable event that courage and sagacity had ever accomplished, and one the consequences of which were amongst the most wonderful recorded in modern history."

Courage and sagacity! These two words are very eloquent—especially in the mouth of one like Cialdini. People are apt to admire in their fellow-creatures the qualities they are conscious of in themselves. Without meaning it, Cialdini, in praising Garibaldi, was uttering his own panegyric. The man who, after he had come to Naples, succeeded beyond expectation in the task he had undertaken, was, like the great national chief, simple and straightforward, and soon became almost as popular. Not to speak of the people in general, who willingly submitted to him, both the recalcitrant Bourbonists and the discontented patriots finally acknowledged his authority. It is true that he did not succeed in entirely extirpating brigandage, for in a country like Italy, where the bandits were almost universally befriended by the peasantry, such an exploit was, we may venture to say, almost impossible. How could a general ever be sure that he had subdued an enemy who always lay hidden, was constantly in ambush—at one moment buried in the depths of a wood, the next showing himself for an instant on an inaccessible mountain, and then disappearing as if by enchantment as soon as the exhausted troops draw near him? Foreigners have very seldom examined this question with impartiality. The French in Algeria, the Russians in the Caucasus, and the English in India, with all their power, have

not found it easy work to maintain their respective empires in the midst of hostile populations.

General Manhès, it is true, was very successful in exterminating brigandage, but he was aided by the season in which he carried on his campaign, the depth of winter, when the brigands are unable to find shelter in the leafless woods, or food on the bare mountain sides. General Cialdini was compelled to act at a different season of the year, for it was neither convenient nor advisable to allow the country to be the prey of these lawless bands till the severity of the winter had driven them from the recesses where they concealed themselves. His first important measure was to interrupt the communications between the different bands, by entirely separating them from each other. To this end he ordered detachments of his troops to occupy that part of the country that lies between Avellino and Foggia, while, at the same time, by re-establishing regular communications with the Adriatic, he perfectly isolated the brigands of the extreme south.

By the adoption of these prudent measures he did not find it very difficult to destroy the bands that had taken refuge in Calabria, and particularly in the district of Cotrome, a noted nest of robbers in Southern Italy. The proprietors themselves, joining in the campaign, went at the head of their armed

peasantry in pursuit of the brigands, for, in that part of the country, the internecine strife had proved but the pretext for a socialist revolution. The poor had risen against all who, being able to afford the luxury of "tail-coats," were designated in these provinces by the name of "galantuomini," and who were regarded by these demoralized populations, in their ignorance, as the natural victims of their rapacious instincts. Hence the comparison between Victor Emmanuel, the king "galantuomo," who, in their imagination, was the sovereign of all who were respectably clad, and Francis II., the king of the ragged, the monarch of the Lazzaroni, whom they hailed with enthusiastic *vivas*.

The brigands of Calabria had been tracked and beaten by the landowners themselves, and those who were lucky enough to escape could only find a refuge in the impenetrable woods of La Sila. But in the central and northern provinces, owing to the neighbourhood of Rome, brigandage had assumed a political bearing, and was becoming more dangerous every day. The thieves of Avellino, having invaded the province of Beneventum, had taken possession of fifteen abandoned hamlets, which they had converted into a strong encampment. Colonel Negri, who had been sent against them, succeeded only by the utmost zeal and energy in the mission that had been confided to

him. By his activity the brigands were dislodged from their haunts and compelled to retire towards the mountains of Matese in the far north. General Pinelli—who, at the same time, with his flying columns, had made a regular battue in the vast plains by which Nola is surrounded—had succeeded in driving before him those pretended royalists who, though, in the moments of their greatest military ardour, they had never aimed at any higher exploit than that of shooting at railway trains, had yet been for a long time the terror of the country. After he had accomplished this task with his usual rapidity and bravery, General Pinelli, with a few Bersaglieri, embarked one morning with great mystery, and immediately set sail for the furthest eastern shore of the peninsula, where he landed. This young and dashing officer here began a series of rapid and daring operations, in which all the great military qualities by which he was distinguished were eminently displayed. The results of this brief campaign were highly important. By the vigour of the measures taken against the brigands, and the capture of four hundred who had committed, unmolested, every sort of horror, the inhabitants of that distant and neglected point of the peninsula were convinced that the Government was determined at once to put down reaction, whatever form it might assume.

In the sanguinary annals of this fearful struggle the brigands of this part of the country had acquired a sad celebrity for the horrid atrocities which they had committed. In those isolated districts, unprotected by troops, massacre, plunder, and incendiarism were everyday events. The savage character of the population is revealed in the following statement made in a letter written by a priest:—"Troppicione, his son, and Giovannicola Spina were killed—and they ate a piece of the flesh of the latter." Can this be true? some incredulous reader may be inclined to ask; to which question I can reply by answering that I have not only read the statement myself, but have had it confirmed from many other quarters, with details of such atrocity that it is impossible to publish them.

If I refer to one other horrible story illustrative of the ferocious character of these Southern brigands, my object is to justify the severe measures of repression adopted by Government, which, though only resorted to in cases of absolute necessity, were yet often severely criticised by the enemies of Italy.

On the 7th of August some brigands, who had been summoned together by five canons and another priest, invaded Pontelandolfo, a little village in the mountains on the right side of Cerreto. Received

with shouts of joy by the brutal mob, they first joined a religious procession; on coming back from which they raised a great disturbance, in the course of which they destroyed the municipal hall, the police station, and the principal shops, committing besides many acts of wanton and useless barbarity. A septuagenarian, named Filippo Lombardi, whom they struck down lifeless, was rescued from their hands only by the devoted efforts of his wife. They forced the house of the tax-collector, Michelangiolo Perugino, and, after they had killed him, they set his house on fire, and threw his naked body, which they had barbarously mutilated, upon its burning ruins. It was the unhappy fate of Pontelandolfo to remain for some time in the hands of the savage mob, some hundreds in number, by whom the village was kept in a state of insurrection against the lawful authorities—a state of insubordination in which it was imitated by two other villages, Casalduni and Campolettere.

On the 15th of August forty soldiers and four gendarmes were sent against the brigands, who, on the approach of the former, commenced their retreat. Unfortunately, in their impatience, the soldiers imprudently attacked the brigands before they had got far from the village. When news of this came to Pontelandolfo, the mob of that place, joining the

bandits, soon obliged the Italian officer commanding the detachment—Luigi Augusto Bracci, of the 36th regiment—to take refuge with his men in a sort of tower, from which he maintained a vigorous resistance against his assailants. After they had been besieged for some time, a priest having told them that there were some troops at Casalduni, they made a movement in that direction in the hope of effecting a junction with their comrades.

The information, however, was false, and had been communicated with the intention of betraying them into the hands of their enemies, by whom they were suddenly attacked on both sides, the men of Pontelandolfo and of Casalduni, who were concealed in an ambush, having united against them near the road. Surrounded by superior numbers, they were all killed, with the exception of one man, who hid himself in a hedge, and, ultimately making his escape, brought tidings of the sad disaster to the quarters of the troops. When the particulars of this affair had been inquired into, it was proved that, though the soldiers opposed to them were only in the proportion of one to a hundred, the ferocious peasantry were not satisfied until each had obtained, as a trophy, a portion of the flesh cut from the victims of this act of treachery.

On the morning of the 13th, Colonel Negri, with

some troops, coming to make inquiry after these soldiers, was informed that they no longer existed. On demanding their bodies, he could obtain no information as to where they were to be found. The soldiers, then going themselves in search of their lost comrades, were horrified by the discovery of pieces of human flesh torn from their mutilated members, and suspended as trophies at the door of every house. The young officer, it was afterwards discovered, had been savagely tortured for eight hours before death mercifully delivered him from the hands of his enemies. When the soldiers learned these heart-rending details, we cannot feel surprised that, in their blind fury, they wreaked their vengeance on the villages that had been the scene of such a massacre, burning them both to the ground. "Justice has been done at Pontelandolfo and Casalduni," was the laconic message sent by Colonel Negri to General Cialdini.

Some writers have raised their voices against these rigours, expressing the greatest indignation on account of the execution at Somma of some men who had helped the brigands in the above act of barbarity. Those who can palliate the monstrosities committed by such savages, not admitting the righteousness of the punishment sanctioned by military justice, I can safely leave to the calm and unprejudiced decision of

public opinon. General Manhès also burnt down villages in carrying out his measures for the suppression of brigandage.

As the statements made by Colletta on this subject have sometimes been denied, I do not intend to quote any passage from his work; but the following extract from the history of Carlo Botta, the intimate friend of the French general, is interesting, and—somewhat abridging it, without omitting any material fact—may be quoted with propriety at the conclusion of this chapter.

"Manhès employed four means of repression: he ordered an exact census of all the brigands, district by district; he completely prevented them from coming in contact with the honest part of the population; he ordered the latter to be armed; and he observed an inflexible justice. He ordered a general concentration of the cattle, which, in the large villages, were guarded by troops. Agriculture was entirely stopped for a time, and the conveyance of food into the country was prohibited, under pain of capital punishment. Lastly, he armed the proprietors, and sent them in pursuit of the brigands, with orders to bring them back, dead or alive. Throughout the whole country nothing was then to be seen but a great chase, in which one set of men were hunted by other men.

"Manhès was seconded by men as inflexible as himself, but who generally acted with less discernment, and often with arbitrary cruelty. An old woman, not aware of the prohibition, was caught whilst taking some bread to her son, who was working in an adjoining field, and was immediately hanged on a tree.* A poor girl was cruelly tortured only because some suspicious letters had been found upon her. Mercy seemed to be a word unknown. The lives of the Carbonari were never spared when any of them fell into the hands of their pursuers.

"In the meanwhile, such of the brigands as were not killed in action, or did not commit suicide, were destroyed by suffering and hunger. Those who surrendered were brought before a special tribunal, composed of the prefects of the different provinces, and of some provincial magistrates; after examination by whom they were taken before the courts-martial appointed to try them, from whom they received sentence of death, which was immediately executed. Many are also said to have died of asphyxia in the horrid dungeons into which they were thrown."

Still, terrible as their fate was, this infamous and ferocious race richly merited the utmost punishment

* This old story was brought to light again, and reproduced by the clerical papers as a recent crime of Cialdini's soldiers.

that could be inflicted on them. Compassion towards such men would have been little short of a crime. Many also, who, though not belonging to the bands of brigands, were yet proved guilty of a certain complicity in their actions, suffered at this time the extreme penalty of death—several of them men of wealth and property; for, between the rich and poor, Manhès, whose justice was ever impartial, made not the slightest difference.

The narrative of some atrocious cases of repression which follow, I decline translating. Those who are anxious to feed on horrors, I must refer to the original sources, where they will find a description of scenes from the contemplation of which the mind gladly turns. It is painful to read of long files of human beings dangling from gibbets—of miserable wretches dragged from the hands of the executioner, to be torn and mangled by the infuriated peasantry—of dungeons where the living were constantly sinking under the influence of the deadly vapours, the noxious fumes of which had already poisoned many of their companions, whose lifeless bodies lay extended beside them—and of the lingering tortures of those who, left without food, often endeavoured to satisfy their gnawing hunger on the corpses of those with whom they had held counsel in life.

"Finally," I quote here the concluding words of

the chapter, "the heads and the members of the executed, stuck at regular distances upon high poles all the way between Reggio and Naples, remained for a long time making people shudder with horror. Many mutilated corpses were thrown up by the river Crati, and its banks were strewed with the skeletons of the unfortunates who had perished. By means of such severity, incredible as it may appear, Calabria became perfectly safe for travellers as well as for its inhabitants. Communication between its most distant points was perfectly secure; labourers once more cultivated the land in peace; and the country assumed an unaccustomed appearance of prosperity and civilization. This was the work of Manhès; a result for which, while many still hear his name only with muttered curses, the majority of the population will long continue to reverence and bless him as their best benefactor."

The general who had acted with such relentless energy had served under Murat; and on afterwards returning to France, was maintained in his grade by Louis XVIII., who always showed him the highest consideration. Ferdinand II. also received him many years later with every mark of honour, and was in the habit of saying—"It is to General Manhès that Calabria is still indebted for her tranquillity."

General Pinelli's energetic measures against the

brigands of our days, though far less relentless and severe, were no less successful than those of the French general. The rigour of which this young Piedmontese officer has sometimes been accused has always been grossly exaggerated; the brigands having in more than one instance experienced from him a generosity which they seldom, if ever, practised. He was averse to the unnecessary shedding of blood, and never ordered an execution unless he considered it absolutely necessary. Those who surrendered always had their lives granted; and such as had not yet committed either robberies or murders were released. The hope of more merciful treatment than was usually accorded induced all the brigands who, after having been first swept from the plains, were afterwards driven to the heights of Gargano, Matese, Nola, Somma, Taburno, and La Sila, to surrender *en masse*, particularly the disbanded soldiers, the deserters, and those who had fled to escape the conscription.

Reaction was thus in time repressed. Its chiefs, who had been acting without any well-defined plan, were no longer able to continue the contest. They finally shrank from that attack on Naples which for a time they seemed to have been meditating, and which, indeed, would have been the wisest thing they could have done had they been sufficiently strong to make the attempt; for in that comparatively small

kingdom the power that possesses the fortress of Sant' Elmo, and sits in the royal palace of Naples, is able to keep the whole country under its sway.

Several circumstances, however, kept up the belief that they had some such design in view. Some movements broke out simultaneously, towards the end of July and the beginning of August, in the provinces of Bari, Foggia, and Salerno. Disorder reigned in Gioja, Viesti, and Auletta. Small bands of armed men suddenly appeared in the neighbourhood of Naples. Anonymous letters were sent to the King's Lieutenant, threatening him with assassination. The Bourbonists and the clerical press spoke even more loudly and boastingly than usual. Some bodies of Pontifical Zouaves, disguised with the red shirt of the Garibaldians, were embarked at Civita Vecchia. Reactionary meetings were held at Rome and Marseilles, coinciding with those held at Naples and Portici. They continued to issue proclamations, they threatened, promised, encouraged—leading people to believe that a decisive blow was really about to be struck. Their plan, however, if it was ever seriously entertained, turned out a most ridiculous failure. Cialdini put the fortifications of Naples in a state of defence; not to bombard the town, as a reactionary paper suggested, but in order to reassure its inhabitants. By his order a few men-of-war were sent to cruise in the

bay, and to watch the neighbouring coasts. Some extra patrols were appointed to guard the approaches of the town. The increased activity and vigilance displayed in these arrangements were sufficient to stop the landing of the Pontifical Zouaves, and any attempt to attack the town, or even a demonstration in favour of Francis II., became projects which it would be impossible to realize. In the very few hamlets where the ringleaders of revolt had succeeded in exciting some disturbance, reaction was crushed before it had thoroughly raised its head. Discouraged every day by some new defeats, thinned by numerous desertions, the bands of brigands almost entirely disappeared; and the return of that state of security assured by regular authority, was hailed with joy by the population, who began to hope that the coming winter would sweep with its snow the few remnants of the brigands from the mountains and the woods.

CHAPTER VII.

FOREIGN BRIGANDAGE—A LETTER FROM MR. ROTROU—EXPEDITION OF M. DE TRAZÉGNIES—DON JOSE BORJÈS—GENERAL CLARY'S INSTRUCTIONS—BORJÈS' JOURNAL—HIS EXPEDITION IN CALABRIA AND BASILICATA—HIS QUARREL WITH GENERAL CROCCO—HIS EXTRAORDINARY RETREAT—HIS TRAGIC END—STATE OF BRIGANDAGE IN FEBRUARY, 1862—GENERAL LAMARMORA AND THE CONSCRIPTION.

CHAPTER VII.

After the indigenous bands of adventurers and fortune-seekers sent to us by the Bourbonist committees of Rome, Marseilles, and Trieste had been suppressed, a new enemy, whom the friends of liberty had hardly calculated on, rose in opposition against them. The cause of Italy was now complicated by foreign intervention. Naples became the rallying point of the legitimists, who, through the insurrection of the Southern provinces, hoped to be able to reconquer their lost dominion over Italy, to restore the dispossessed princes, and to establish the authority of those who still occupied their thrones. Such a design, if successful, would undoubtedly have tended to advance the cause of legitimacy throughout Europe, and perhaps have even enabled it to raise its drooping head in France, where, under every Government, revolution has always had the lead.

The moment was favourable for so bold an enterprise. In obedience, perhaps, to a superior necessity, the

Central Government of Turin was, by degrees, withdrawing from Naples every trace of its former autonomy. Not only had the conscription been introduced, and a war-tax been imposed upon the population, but the Government was gradually assimilating the institutions of Northern and Southern Italy—a measure which was offensive to the municipal pride of many Neapolitans of influence.

The Italian Government had just struck the last blow at municipalism with a boldness at which we still tremble when we think of all the dangers that might have resulted from a step which involved the suppression of the Lieutenancy of Naples, the transference of the seat of Government from that most beautiful and important among the splendid Italian capitals, and the reduction to the position of a provincial town of that city that was but yesterday the head of the largest kingdom of the peninsula. Cialdini, too, had been recalled, the only popular man, besides Garibaldi, from the North, who, with the prestige of a conqueror, had been more successful in his government of Naples than any other ruler since the hero of the national cause had resigned his authority.

The country then was in such a state of discontent, that, to the enemies of Victor Emmanuel, the time appeared favourable for the trial of their strength in a civil war. A host of champions, accompanied with

the blessing of the Holy Father, invaded the country from every part of the world. The reception, however, which they received was so different from that which they had anticipated, that they lost all heart, and these expeditions, including those of Borjès and of M. de Trazégnies, resulted in total failure.

The following letter on the subject of brigandage, addressed by M. Rotrou,* the French consular agent at Chieti, to M. Soulange Bodin, the consul of France at Naples, one of the warmest and most devoted friends of Italy, gives a striking picture of the state of affairs in Southern Italy at this time:—

"Avezzano, September 15th.

"MONSIEUR LE CONSUL GÉNÉRAL,

"Brigandage has been lately losing ground in that part of the Abruzzi adjoining the Roman frontier. But we have no hope whatever of seeing it brought to an end, unless it ceases to receive recruits, money, and support from abroad. Chiavone has in his band men of every nation, French, Swiss, Germans, Neapolitans, formerly in the service of Francis II. and the Pope, together with the scum of the indigenous population.

* I am indebted to M. Rotrou for much valuable information which has already found its place in this book, as, for instance, in the chapter on the first movements in the Abruzzi.

"It is said that, after some severe engagements that took place these last days, Chiavone, according to his old custom, repaired to Rome. There can be no doubt that the peasants are, in general, rather well-disposed towards the brigands, and that they show a certain readiness to help them; but they are, in reality, little inclined to take part in their adventurous life. Although they greet their successes, when they are not themselves the victims, and sometimes supply them with food, it is more out of fear than sympathy.

"The middle classes, who have not yet been quite reassured, are not altogether persuaded that the old system has been for ever destroyed. We have experienced as yet only the evils of revolution. The Government has not been able, up to the present moment, to accomplish any important improvements. What is now taking place is only the natural consequence of the system of demoralization carried on by Ferdinand II., during these last twelve years, with a resolution and perseverance worthy of a better cause. Since 1848 he has had but one thought, one end—that of rendering a return to constitutional government impossible, by the complete degradation of the middle classes. The state of abjection to which they were designedly reduced, and the licentiousness encouraged among a still lower class, ended by depriv-

ing the former of all confidence, and by destroying in them the consciousness of their strength.

"On the other hand, the return, without transition, to constitutionalism, was rendered now so much the more dangerous, inasmuch as they had endeavoured, during twelve years, to destroy everything likely—even in the most remote way—to favour its re-establishment. The lower class, accustomed to recognize the rights of the king alone, saw in him their supreme ruler, above whom there was no other authority. The consequence was that laws, in their untutored imaginations, were only the expression of the will of a master, generally favourable to them, but always inflexible to the better-educated classes.

"In 1860, when the Bourbons made a desperate appeal to the same constitutional institutions, in order to save their falling throne, they took care to explain to the masses that the unsettled state of affairs was the result of the violence of the middle classes, who desired again to re-conquer the power of trampling upon the privileges of the people, thus to revenge themselves for their long sufferings. It is very easy to understand the eagerness of the falling monarchy to defend, by every possible means, those whom it considered as the safeguard of its independence, and as its protectors against the hated tyranny and insatiable avidity of that intelligent class which it re-

garded as its constant and most bitter antagonist. We cannot wonder, therefore, if the lower classes looked on the revolution with great discontent, but, on the contrary, must be astonished when we see how little they stirred in defence of a cause that the Bourbons had so eagerly contrived to identify with their interests and sympathies.

"Whilst Ferdinand II. left to the common people an almost unbounded liberty, he adopted towards the middle class a system which could end only in the destruction of their energy, and in erasing the consciousness of their civic duties and obligations. Every one was pitilessly confined to his native place, and it was only with great difficulty that a few were allowed to visit occasionally the chief town of their province.

"The magistrates were chiefly selected from the middle class, or at least among those of its members whose opinions were as servile as their incapacity was notorious. Communal elections had been long suppressed, as in fact was everything that was likely to recall to the minds of the Neapolitans the recollection of liberal institutions.

"Even the reading of the official newspaper was at last prohibited in every place of meeting, and parents were no longer permitted to send their young men to the great centres of the kingdom to finish their edu-

cation. In every locality the well-off families had entirely ceased seeing each other, in order not to excite the suspicions of a police ever ready to take the alarm. Persons belonging to this class were often punished as if they had been infamous criminals, and their personal liberty was continually threatened. The only freedom which they enjoyed was that of superintending their own private affairs.

"The Cabinet of Turin was little aware of this state of things, and judged of the Neapolitan provinces according to the ideas which it had formed of Naples itself, which were precisely the reverse of the true ones. At Naples strength and vitality were the characteristics of the middle class, whilst in the provinces it was only among the people that these were to be found. It was consequently to the latter that they ought to have spoken, explaining to them that they had never enjoyed genuine freedom under the Bourbons; that, moreover, they had never been in possession of any guarantees for the continuance of such liberty as they enjoyed; but that such guarantees the Italian government had just given to the people, enabling them to exercise their rights in common with the rest of society. They ought to have made them understand how they had been systematically cast aside, and to have pointed out to them the evils that had arisen from such a state of things, leading to the

neglect of their most vital interests. In a word, they ought to have adopted such measures as would have led them to the conviction that they were, in point of fact, entering on a new era of justice and freedom.

"The numerous causes of discontent were still further increased by the distress that was the natural consequence of a series of bad seasons. Wheat was very scarce, and Indian corn, which constitutes the principal resource of the inhabitants, had failed entirely. It would now be necessary to set immediately in action some great work of public utility—as, for instance, the construction of railways and common roads. The want of communication is in this country the source of incalculable evils, the consequence of the system adopted by Ferdinand II. If the Government had a year ago undertaken these great works, they would have gained for themselves immense popularity throughout the whole country.

"Counter-revolution, however, not having succeeded, notwithstanding all the circumstances in its favour, it will not be able to gain or to preserve the mastery of the situation by keeping up the agitation.

(Signed) "ROTROU."

Great as was the discontent generally prevailing, Chiavone did next to nothing on the Neapolitan territory. He moved about, carrying devastation where-

ever he went; but he never succeeded in establishing himself anywhere. His rare successes during the partial invasions which he made of some parts of the country, were immediately followed by a precipitate flight into the dominions of his Holiness.

One of the expeditions previously referred to is worthy of record, on account of the rather peculiar circumstance that it was under the leadership of a gentleman of aristocratic connections, M. Alfred de Trazégnies, a nobleman of Namur, allied to the Montaltos,* to General St. Arnaud, and to Monseigneur de Mérode. Deceived, perhaps, by clerical falsehoods, by which he was led to believe that, in following the example of Chiavone, he was acting in a praiseworthy manner, he set out for Naples in a comfortable carriage, which he left on reaching the frontiers. During his march into the interior he came unexpectedly upon a badly guarded Italian post, which he at once attacked. The troops thus suddenly disturbed, being few in number compared with their assailants, effected their escape by boldly fighting their way through the ranks of the enemy. The brigands, baffled in this enterprise, rushed next against the village of San Giovanni Incarico, which they plundered with savage ferocity, robbing and killing the helpless

* Count Montalto is Italian Minister at Brussels, and married a cousin of M. Trazégnies.

inhabitants, insulting the women, and burning the houses to the ground. Incited by their example, M. de Trazégnies committed excesses that in a calmer moment he would surely have disavowed as disgraceful to one occupying the position that he did. Unfortunately for him, Italian soldiers came up to the rescue of the unhappy villagers, though not until their homes were almost entirely desolated, and, falling on the brigands, seized the young nobleman while he was in the very act of firing, with his own hands, a house into which he had broken. When it was announced to him that, seized, as he had been, in the very act of insurrection, he was to be shot instantly, he could hardly believe it; but without a moment's delay, and with scarcely any formality, the sentence of military justice was carried into effect. His back was ignominiously turned against a wall—the position in which it is usual to execute brigands—and at the moment when, still confident in his belief that they would not dare to put him to death, he turned his head to speak to the soldiers, a bullet struck him, and he fell dead. His body was shortly afterwards given up to a Franco-Belgian deputation which had come expressly from Rome to claim it.

Borjés, the Spaniard, the leader of the other expedition into the Southern provinces, was still more

unlucky. Among the documents seized upon him were found the instructions given to him at Marseilles by General Clary, and his journal written by himself, containing a curious record of the organization and objects of the brigands.

José Borjès was a Catalan, who, during the civil wars of his native country, had acquired a great reputation for bravery and energy. Such a man was considered a great acquisition by the leaders of the Bourbon party, by one of whose committees he was enlisted in France. The paper found, among other documents, on him, containing the orders of the Bourbonist General Clary, is now among the archives of the Italian Foreign Office. According to the instructions contained in this paper, Borjès was to take the lead of the national movement among the population of the Two Sicilies, deceived and oppressed by the Piedmontese Government. He was particularly directed to proceed to Calabria, with the view of re-establishing in that province the legitimate authority of Francis II., for which purpose he was to embark for any point likely to afford him a safe landing. After making all necessary civil and military arrangements, he was to offer an amnesty to all political delinquents who would acknowledge the authority of their legitimate king. If victory should crown his exertions he was directed to treat all

prisoners of war with the greatest consideration and indulgence.

The document containing General Clary's instructions is followed by another with some special commands from the Prince of Scilla, among which is a recommendation *à la Dowb.*—"Prince Scilla recommends his faithful servant Lampo Lampo"—an ex-convict!

Borjès' journal is preceded by a very important letter* to General Clary, from which we learn the nature of the perplexities into which the Spanish adventurer fell, from the very beginning of his expedition, when, having left Marseilles for Malta, he intended to sail from the latter place with a handful of his countrymen, and land in Calabria. The letter is as follows:—

"Mon Général,

"After a great many troubles, and no end of difficulties, in trying to get some arms and ammunition, I have at last succeeded in procuring about twenty muskets. Another obstacle, however, then presented itself, how to get these articles out of Malta. The fact is that suspicions—how originated I don't know—were floating about the island, and the news-

* This letter, as well as Borjès' journal, was written in French.

papers talked of our expedition even before we had given any indication of our intention to depart.

"At last, on the 11th instant, I got on board a sort of 'speronara,'* with my officers, and we sailed at ten o'clock in the evening, abandoning ourselves entirely to God's mercy. When we were at a short distance from the shore of Brancaleone, we were surprised by a dead calm, which prevented our advancing any further. We decided, therefore, upon landing there; and on the evening of the same day, which was the 13th of the month, having got a little nearer, we landed at night-fall, and found ourselves surrounded by the most perfect solitude. Alone, without a guide, I bent my steps towards a feeble light that I could perceive in the distance, and after making my way over a most dismal country, reached the hut of a shepherd. By a providential chance we had fallen upon an honest man, who guided us to a place called Falco, where we spent the night.

"The following day, the 14th, at five o'clock in the morning, we set out, still under the guidance of our shepherd, and arrived shortly at the little town of Precacore, where we met with a rather friendly reception on the part of the inhabitants, who, with the curé at their head, came to meet us, with shouts of 'Viva Francesco II.!' This first success inspired

* Small Sicilian sailing craft.

me with a good hope for the future, in which, alas! I was too soon deceived.

"In the meanwhile, some twenty peasants having consented to follow me, with this microscopic army I resolved to advance into the country. Two villages were close at hand, Sant' Agata and Caraffa, and I bent my steps in the direction of the latter, having heard it was the best-disposed of the two. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon, and I was just passing the outskirts of Sant' Agata, when I was assailed by a detachment of some sixty mobilized National Guards, who opened at once against us a deadly fire. At the first shot my new soldiers fled in every direction, and I found myself once more alone with my officers. Having succeeded, however, in gaining a strong position, I resisted the attack of our assailants for upwards of an hour and a half.

"Some time afterwards, the National Guards having retired, I received a parliamentary from the inhabitants of Caraffa, inviting me to enter their town. I refused, and fortunate it was that I did so, as they had prepared for me a snare, into which, had I acceded to their invitation, I must undoubtedly have fallen, and have met with certain death.

"From the few people who had come over to me during the engagement I learnt that there was a band of brigands close by, commanded by a certain Mittica,

regarding whose whereabouts the monks of the convent of Banco could give me every direction. I hastened, therefore, to the convent with all possible speed, for I was informed that Piedmontese troops had been sent for at Gerace. The venerable abbot of the sanctuary of Banco directed me to Natile, which I only reached, after a wearisome march, in the afternoon of the 15th. Before I entered the village I sent for a barrister of the name of Sculli, to whom I was directed. I was treated by that man with every sort of consideration, and he took me to a place near Cirella, called Scardarilla, where Mittica was encamped with about a hundred and twenty men, most of whom were armed. I saw at once that Mittica had not entire confidence in us, suspecting we were enemies. He plainly told me that he could only condescend to place himself under my orders after the first engagement we should have, as that would give him an opportunity of judging me. I was therefore kept in captivity with my officers during three days, a great misfortune to us, for we lost thus much precious time. In the meanwhile, before I could exercise the power of a commander, I was compelled to obey.

"During that time Mittica told me that he had resolved to attack the small town of Plati, which was occupied by a considerable force of National Guards, but very few Piedmontese. During the night of the

16th, accordingly, we marched against that town. Although the attack was to be directed on three different points, only on one side was there any possibility of success, and that was the position Mittica had reserved for himself.

"At twenty minutes past four the signal was given for the attack, and the action began by a sharp fire. If advantage had been taken of the first moment of alarm, perhaps the town might have been easily taken by storm, at least, I could certainly have made myself master of it, but at that time I had no power, and was merely there *en amateur*. The garrison, which had been strengthened the day before, without our knowledge, with about a hundred Piedmontese, made such a vigorous defence, that it became perfectly useless to continue the attack, and we considered it prudent to retire. At half-past ten, accordingly, we began our retreat, none of our men having been injured, while the enemy had several killed and wounded.

"We then advanced towards Cimina, with the intention of disarming it, as we were anxious to secure a few muskets. There we learned that four hundred Piedmontese, who had landed the night before, together with the troops quartered in the neighbourhood, and the mobilized National Guards, were on our track. We therefore decamped at once, flying

in the direction of the mountains. Although it was raining in torrents we did not pause in our march until we reached the top of the mountain. On the 18th, at six o'clock, we resumed our march, directing our steps towards the mountains of Catanzaro. We had not proceeded far before we unfortunately fell into an ambush that had been prepared for us by the enemy, who was trying to outflank us. We hurried back again, but it was only to fall into another snare. However, after a smart action, we succeeded in extricating ourselves from that dangerous situation. But the enemy still continued to harass us, and we had to pursue our march, beset by numerous difficulties, which so impeded our progress that it was the 19th before we arrived, early in the morning, in safety, at the Piano di Gerace. I was then alone with my officers, and Mittica was following in the rear, with only forty men, the rest having been disbanded. We descended the hill, and continued our retreat until we had arrived within an hour's march of Giffona, where, being utterly exhausted, we halted, in order to get some provisions. Unfortunately, however, being unable to procure any, after a few minutes' rest we were again compelled to set out. While we were in this miserable position, Mittica and his men deserted us. We stopped again on the mountain called Il Feudo, panting for breath; but

being driven away by some armed mountaineers, we were forced still to wander for some time, until, at last, we found a secluded spot, out of the reach of our adversaries, where we obtained shelter. We remained there a few hours, and then, at five o'clock in the evening, resumed our march, taking the direction of the Cerri, which we reached after twelve hours' march. When we halted at La Serra di Cucco, near the village of Torre, an old private of the ex-Neapolitan Rifles came up to me, offering his services, *and this is the only partisan I have as yet found in the country.*

"On the 21st of September we crossed the mountain of Nocella, and, after a long march, I arrived at Serrastretta, opposite La Sila, which I hope soon to reach."

The journal which now follows, bearing the date of September 22nd, continues the narrative :—

BORJÈS' JOURNAL.

"September 22nd, 1861.—Caracciolo, partly on account of the fatigues of the expedition, and partly owing to the insinuations of a certain Maura, came to me at two o'clock, saying that he had made up his mind to go back to Rome. I did all that was in my power to change his resolution, but with no avail; and at six o'clock he asked

me for two hundred francs, and then left with the man who has mostly contributed to his desertion.*

"September 23rd.—From the mountain of Serrastretta, I went to that of Nino; but I stopped on my way at a shepherd's hut, where I ordered some food to be distributed among my men. The shepherd, who was a bad one, sent word to the troops, and we had them instantly at our heels. They searched the bushes in every direction, but fortunately did not notice a corner where we had taken refuge; and we have been thus miraculously saved, for at four o'clock in the afternoon they seemed to have completely lost the scent, and had removed to some distance from us. After a modest repast, consisting only of some potatoes cooked in cinders, we cautiously left the bushes, and began to make our way towards the mountains of La Sila. The country we are in is better cultivated, but less wooded. There is a great quantity of game, and plenty of cattle.

*This Caracciolo, a Neapolitan officer, set out alone for Naples. He was arrested on his way by the National Guard. He has confessed and openly declared, in a letter that has since been published, that he enlisted under the orders of Borjès, in the hope of finding in Calabria a numerous Royalist army; but seeing that all the Bourbonist supporters consisted of a band of brigands, he was disgusted, and resolved to abandon the Spanish adventurer. As to Mittica, who is not mentioned any more in this journal, he was killed by the Italian soldiers and the Calabrian patriots, with the few men who were still with him.

"September 24th.—From the mountain of Nino I drew near the valley of the Asino, which I found swarming with people. During the present period of the year the almost nomad inhabitants are concentrated in this spot to reap the potatoe crop, and to feed their cattle in the surrounding pastures. A brook runs across the valley, from the north side, and on its left bank the ground rises in a very steep ascent; but after half an hour's walk the path gets wider, and the hill slopes gently down. When I had reached the top, a merciful Providence enabled me to hear the distant sound of a bell. I stopped, as I was sure that I should find a shepherd's house on my right. I left the path I had followed till then; and it was fortunate I did so, for a few minutes after about a hundred and twenty Garibaldians came forth, and put themselves in ambush, waiting for our passage. Meantime we arrived safely at the shepherds', and were well received by them. We found a refuge in a secluded spot, where we spent the night, and at daybreak we took our departure. Guided by one of the shepherds, we next arrived at Espinarvo, or, as it is here called, Il Carillone.

"September 25th.—Once arrived at the mountain of Espinarvo, I stopped to give my officers a day's rest. From a muleteer of Taverna, whom I met there, I obtained the promise of a few provisions on

the following day, for which I paid him beforehand. The muleteer sent us instead a detachment of Piedmontese, who soon made us decamp from our position. As they could not overtake us, however, we had nothing to complain of besides the fatigue caused by our hurried flight.

"At half-past eight in the evening we arrived at a shepherd's on the mountain of Pellatrea. The mountain of Espinarvo is in many parts covered with very rich pasture, upon which a great number of splendid cattle find sustenance. The surrounding plain is covered with pine and other fir trees, called here Carillone. The soil is uncommonly rich and fertile. The temperature, however, is very cold, and, extraordinary as it is at this time of the year, we have already experienced a very severe white frost. If some of the trees were cut down and the land cultivated, the temperature would doubtless become milder.

"September 26th.—At daybreak I resumed my weary march across the mountains, and arrived at Ponte della Valle, a narrow little valley extending from east to west, in which we saw a number of cattle. Although the people were armed they did not attack us. When we were just leaving the valley, however, on our way to the mountain of Colle Deserto, five armed men came up to us, asking

who we were. We said we were friends, and they left us in peace. After we had reached the top of the mountain, we descended its declining slopes without meeting with any obstacle, and, having crossed the valley of Provale, were about to ascend another mountain, when we perceived a sentry at about three hundred yards distance, in front of a peasant's cottage. A peasant, whom we asked why the man was on guard there, told us it was the sentry of a detachment of two hundred Piedmontese troops who had that very morning already explored the mountain towards which we were bending our way, This information made me entirely alter my plans, and we immediately retraced our steps, marching for four hours, with the intent of avoiding the enemy—an end in which I completely succeeded. Being informed, however, on our arrival at Nieto, that there were more than fifty National Guards there, ready to check our advance, we were compelled to hide ourselves in a wood till dusk, when, with the aid of a guide, we proceeded to the mountain called Corvo, on which we spent the night.

"The mountain of Pellatrea, which we left on the morning of the 26th, is fertile and well cultivated. The rich people of Cotrone send their cattle to these pastures. We ate a sheep at a farm belonging to the captain of the National Guard of this town,

Don Chirico Villangiere. If he could only get hold of us, how he would be revenged on us!

"The little valley of Ponte della Valle is traversed by a torrent which, overflowing its shallow bed, makes the country somewhat marshy. If it was properly drained, it would soon become the most perfect garden of the world. It produces flax in great quantity, and affords abundant pasturage to innumerable cattle. The mountain of Colle Deserto is well wooded. The southern side is capable of producing good wine if its cultivation was attended to. The small valley of Rovale, while it is equally fertile, appears to me more salubrious. The valley of Nieto, which is about fifteen leagues in circumference, is one of the most delightful in the world. Gardens, sheepfolds, rivulets, cottages, large residences with drawbridges, and at short distances groves scattered here and there, make it one of the most enchanting summer abodes I have ever seen. With the women moving about with baskets filled with cheese, fruit, or milk; the men at work with the plough or the spade; shepherds leaning against the trunks of the willow-trees, singing, or playing on the flute or the bagpipes, it appears a perfect Arcadia. The mountain of Corvo offers nothing interesting except the beautiful pines which clothe its sides and crown its summit. The southern part, however, would, if well cultivated,

largely repay the exertions of those who undertook its tillage.

"September 27th.—We started this morning in the direction of the mountain of Gallopane, and arrived there at nine o'clock. The only provisions we could get consisted of a bit of hard bread and some onions, given to us at a miserable house on the verge of the forest. Learning afterwards that the man who lived there was a National Guard, we ascended, for fear of being tracked, to the top of the mountain, where, my men being utterly exhausted with hunger and fatigue, I was obliged to halt. We had not been there a quarter of an hour when, seeing a young fellow apparently watching us, I gave the alert to my comrades, and we started off again. We had advanced about two hundred yards, when Captain Rovella, who was marching in the van of my little column, made a sign to stop. Learning from him that he had seen fifteen National Guards advancing in our direction, I put myself immediately in ambush with my men; but when the Nationals came within musket-shot, they saw us and stopped. Seeing they did not stir, after we had waited in the bushes for half an hour, I thought perhaps they were but the vanguard of a strong body, and fearing a snare, I resolved to abandon my position. I set off, therefore, wandering about in the woods without guide, having no other

notion as to where I was going except that I was marching northwards. At five o'clock I found myself on a little mountain called Castagna di Macchia. Utterly exhausted by so many hardships, and full of anxiety for the future, I sank down, not knowing what to do, nor where to go, when, no doubt through the intercession of the holy soul of the pious queen,* that providence which never forgets us, showed itself in the shape of a shepherd, who, coming up, offered us a shelter for the night, with such provisions as his cottage afforded. We had scarcely entered the hospitable little house—the first time we have been under a roof since our landing—when a most fearful storm burst forth. How fortunate was it for us that we had such a shelter, and a night's rest, which contributed greatly to restore our exhausted strength! We did not fail to thank the Almighty with all our heart for this evident proof of His protection.

"The mountain of Gallopane is well cultivated, but only in some parts, though the whole might be turned into very valuable land, capable of supporting a large

* This mystical allusion refers to the late Queen of Naples, the first wife of Ferdinand II., and the mother of Francis II. She was a princess of the House of Savoy, and grand-aunt of Victor Emmanuel. During her short life she gave such proofs of extraordinary piety and devotion, that she was considered as a saint. Whether this supposition was right or wrong, the court of Rome has lately settled the question by solemnly canonizing her.

number of people. La Castagna di Macchia is a mountain covered with picturesque old chestnut trees. Numerous sheep, cattle, and horses are fed on its green hills. The poor people in this neighbourhood are favourably disposed towards us.

"September 28th.—At half-past eight I left the shepherd's cottage in order to establish myself under a sort of shed at about a quarter of an hour's distance. Two lads, our guides, promised, when they left us, to bring us in the evening a reinforcement of twenty men, who they knew would gladly consent to follow me. It is now nine o'clock in the morning, and God knows what may still happen within the next twelve hours.

"Twelve o'clock.—No news of the enemy. We have had a great treat—some potatoes boiled in plain water.

"Nine o'clock in the evening.—The twenty men promised in the morning have not yet made their appearance. I am half afraid that, if not imaginary, very likely they do not trust us.

"September 29th, six o'clock A.M.—A messenger from Prince Bisignano's agent came here to ask some proofs of my identity. I handed him two of General Clary's letters, and I am now impatiently waiting the result.

"6.45 A.M.—I am informed that the enemy is in

pursuit of us; news which, coupled with the distrust displayed towards us by these mountaineers, who, by-the-bye, are the greatest thieves in the world, oblige me to leave my refuge and go in the direction of the forest of Muzzo, where I am to meet the messenger of this morning.

"9.20 A.M.—The messenger is come, but I must go with him to meet the agent himself at Castellone.

"10.30 A.M.—I found him surrounded by about ten men; he treated me very politely, and after the exchange of a few words gave orders to assemble as many peasants as were to be had, with whom we set off towards Territorio di Roce, before reaching which, however, they had all disappeared. The Serra di Muzzo is covered all over with very valuable timber. Some parts of it, which are in a perfect state of cultivation, are fertilized by a great many springs of limpid water. Territorio di Roce is a very healthy country, of mild temperature. Here and there are some beautiful specimens of cork trees, which, if cultivated on a large scale, might become the source of great wealth. The system of agriculture is generally good, though it might be immensely improved.

"*Territorio di Roce,* September 30th, 5 P.M.—A confidential messenger informs me that the enemy, in order to surprise us, has surrounded the woods of Macchia and Muzzo. Seven of the peasants who

were with us yesterday, having been captured, have revealed our position to the enemy; we have consequently to decamp at once. The proprietors of La Sila being very hostile to us, we shall be obliged to retire in the opposite direction.

"10 P.M.—We have gained the forest of Ceprano, only at an hour's distance from the enemy's encampment, but instead of being on the south side we are to the north. We are in a pitiful state, shoeless and footsore, and know not how we are to get out of our miseries. Some peasants, whom I asked if they could provide us with a few boots, brought rough, heavy brogues which hurt our feet. Nevertheless, we paid dearly for them.

"October 1st, 6 A.M.—We received some white bread, ham, tomatoes, onions, and a small quantity of wine—a rare treat in this country.

"1 P.M.—Seven National Guards were seen taking position at Serra del Pastore, opposite to us, whilst about twenty others reconnoitered La Serra del Capraro. After half an hour they retired in the direction of Roce, whence they had come.

"10 P.M.—The National Guards have assembled to-day at Roce. They stole some sheep from the farms of Prince Bisignano. These proprietors of La Sila are anti-royalists, the only reason being that if the king were restored to his throne they would no

longer be able to rule absolutely over their tenants. The two districts of Roce and Castiglione, however, are very royalist, and therefore I can trust them.

"October 2nd, 6 A.M.—They report to us that the authorities are arresting those who took part in the revolution of last March.

"7 A.M.—A spy informed me that the commanders of the forces we saw yesterday were the sons of Baron Mollo and Baron Constantino; and that the body of irregulars under their orders was entirely composed of their own tenants.

"8 A.M.—I am informed that yesterday all the forces now at Cosenza were called out to march against me; but having learned on their way that a royalist band had beaten a detachment of troops, they had gone in another direction to their rescue. I know not what truth there may be in these reports, but, though I am daily employing a great number of agents, I have not yet met in this country the smallest royalist band. The National Guards of Roce have sent this morning a despatch to Cosenza, but its contents are not known to me. It is certain, however, that there are no troops in the former. Yesterday they were obliged to have the guard mounted by unarmed peasants. Besides, a Piedmontese general having died, they could not gather fifty men to accompany his body to the grave.

"5 P.M.—I don't know anything as yet of the reinforcements the agent had promised me. I am much afraid that they may turn out rather a well-intentioned wish on his part than a reality. I am told that on the 22nd they arrested two of our men, who were taken to Cosenza. As they were bearers of some medals and gold, I fear they may very likely turn out to be the unfortunate Caracciolo and Marra.

"5.20 P.M.—The National Guards have arrested at this moment the family of Prince Bisignano's agent, who had been conferring with me. Royalism in this district is sometimes real fanaticism. Unfortunately, however, this favourable disposition is checked everywhere by fear. Yet I feel convinced that if a landing of two thousand men could be effected on four different points, five hundred in the province of Catangaro, and the same number in each of the provinces of Reggio, Cosenza, and the Abruzzi, the Piedmontese domination would soon come to an end. The rich, with very few exceptions, are liberal almost everywhere,* and, in consequence, hated by the masses. It was by order of the sons of Baron

* I call the attention of the reader to this confession, which is very significant, as it emanates from Borjès himself. The educated and more civilized classes of the population are for Victor Emmanuel, whilst it is only the ignorant and abject that side with Francis II. As to his belief that two thousand men would have restored the fallen King's domination, it is not worth refuting.

Mollo that sheep were stolen from Prince Bisignano's farms, and killed and distributed among the National Guards in the house of their captain.

"7.30 P.M.—Notwithstanding the resolution I had taken to leave to-night, I yielded to the entreaties of the agent, who begged me to remain here a little longer, to wait for the arrival of eight men, who have murdered a National Guard, and, they say, a liberal priest. What horror!

"October 4th.—The eight men I was waiting for did not come. It is reported that the Piedmontese have disarmed eighty National Guards who had refused to march against us; and the same men now ask to be admitted among my followers. Having strong suspicion, however, that the Piedmontese might have invented all this in order to entrap me, I have declined their offer.

"10 A.M.—I hear of different messengers who are shortly expected, and of various Royalist demonstrations which are hourly to take place; but I attach little credit to these reports The National Guards pillaged yesterday five country-houses, two of them belonging to M. Michele Capuano, in which, among the property stolen, were more than fifteen tons of figs, representing a value of at least seventy ducats. The enemy, believing we are in the district of La Sila, scours and searches in vain all the surrounding country.

10 P.M.—They came to tell me that a Royalist band had disembarked at Rossano. This is a mere illusion. From my encampment I can see the flames devouring the country-houses of Baron Collici and Baron Cozzolino, both of very bad political opinions, as the latter gave more than sixty thousand ducats (about ten thousand guineas) to the revolutionist party. It is not known what Baron Collici gave, but his contribution also must have been very large.

"October 5th, 6 A.M.—We take up our quarters at the forest of Pietra Favulla, from which we command the woods of Pignola.

"9 P.M.—The brigand chief, Leonardo Baccaro, arrived from his mountain retreat of Serra Peducci, where I had sent for him to know whether there was anything to hope from that quarter. I am sorry to say that his answer, like that of many others, was a negative one. 'Let us have but a small army,' said he, 'and all the country will rise in arms like a single man. Without that, it is useless to hope.' And I believe he is right. All these people anxiously desire their own king and the autonomy of their country; but the idea that their houses will be burned down, and their wives and children imprisoned, prevents them from making an attempt to free themselves. If they but knew their strength, they would exhibit greater resolution. It is a pity

they are not aware of that, for a harder-working or more sober population I have never seen in my life. Had I disembarked here three weeks sooner, I should have found about the Carillone a thousand and sixty-seven Bourbonist soldiers, with two hundred horses, a force which would have been enough to show them that their cause was not lost. The presence of these troops would have roused their drooping spirits. Unluckily, when I arrived, it was too late. The Neapolitan soldiers had already dispersed, some even giving themselves up to the enemy, and others enlisting in the ranks of the mobilised National Guard. The loss of time at Marseilles and at Malta, on account of the many obstacles thrown in my way, has been a serious blow to our cause, without calculating the dangers of my present position in an unknown country, deprived of support."

The journal is continued in the same style, describing the movements of the bandits from place to place, the sufferings they endured, their perseverance under every difficulty, and their devotion to him whom they regarded as their legitimate king. "If it be the will of God that I should succumb," says General Borjès, "then I shall give up this journal to Capdevila, so that it may be forwarded to General Clary or Scilla; and if Capdevila

also should share my unhappy fate, he ought to give it to Major Landet for the same purpose. I am very anxious that these pages should meet the eyes of his Majesty, in order to prove to him that I die without regretting a life which I may have the honour of losing at any moment in the sacred cause of legitimacy." The further movements of the band under Borjès are minutely described, but are of no particular interest till they arrive at the wood of Lagopesole, where they come in contact with Crocco and his band. The journal then continues :—

"October 19th, Wood of Lagopesole, 2 A.M.— We arrived, not without many difficulties, at the wood I have above mentioned. The rain did us a great deal of harm; the by-ways we were obliged to take making us waste a precious time. We were no less than eight hours advancing a distance of four miles. It still rained very hard, and at 3 o'clock P.M. some of my soldiers informed me that Donatelli Crocco, with a thousand partisans under his orders, was eight miles further on. I sent him a letter by Capdevila, accompanied by two soldiers, to see if we could agree and act together; but I doubt very much whether I shall succeed in this mission, for the greatest disorder prevails everywhere. It is a great misfortune that I should not have three hundred men under my orders

to enforce my commands. If I had such a number how much brighter would be the prospect we should have for the cause of his Majesty!

"4 P.M.—We changed position, but did not leave the wood. They tell me that the Piedmontese are in very small numbers down here, though they cannot precisely state how many, but it is known they have with them two pieces of artillery.

"October 20th, 6 A.M.—Nothing new, except that the night has been an exceedingly cold one.

"10 A.M.—I am informed that the authorities do here what is generally done wherever I go—viz., imprison and vex the royalists.

"October 21st, 2 A.M.—The two soldiers who had left with Capdevila* are come back alone, and with no letter from him; but they bring me word to join the band, and we are preparing to do so as soon as we have taken our modest morning meal.

"10 A.M.—We set off to join the band and Capdevila, who, by-the-by, never came back, and is, as I am told, at the wood at Capersola (Lagopesole).

* This Capdevila was a Spaniard, who had served with Borjès in the civil wars of Spain. In Basilicata he was wounded in the foot, and being obliged to stay behind, he hid himself in the wood of Lagopesole, where he was taken on the 9th of January, 1862.

"3.30 P.M.—We met a part of the band, but not the main body, which is still to come with its chief.

"October 22nd, 6 A.M.—The chief of the band arrived last night, but I have not yet seen him. He is gone to see his paramour, whom he keeps in one of the deep caverns of this wood, to the great scandal of his followers.

"8.30 A.M.—The chief has turned up at last. I showed him the written instructions I had received from General Clary, but, notwithstanding these credentials, I see that he does not trust me, or is not disposed to give up the command. I fear that I shall do very little with this man. However, I might still have a chance. He tells me we have to wait for the arrival of a French general, who is presently at Potenza, but will very likely be here to-morrow evening, when we shall decide upon the best course to follow.

"2 P.M.—The chieftain disappeared without leaving any information as to his intended whereabouts. They give him the title of general. I have forgotten to say that, having proposed to take with me five hundred infantry and a hundred horses, he flatly declined my offer. In vain did I tell him I should be able with that force to keep the field; he would not listen to me, saying that double-barrelled shooting guns were not fit for a campaign against regular troops.

"October 23rd, 8 A.M.—M. de Langlois came with three other officers, giving himself the airs of a general, but in fact looking and acting like a fool. I did not oppose him, in order to see how far his impudence would go; but observing that the more I kept aloof the more his insolence increased, I threw off every consideration for him, and summoned him to exhibit the instructions he was boasting he had received. The tone in which I made this demand silenced him instantly, and he merely said they were verbal and not written ones. Carmine Crocco, the chief of the band, is certainly a shrewd fellow, but up to the present moment he has taken very little trouble to assemble his scattered forces. What a pity I have not five hundred men to enforce obedience!

"October 24th, 6 A.M.—Nothing new. We remained the whole day in the same position.

"October 25th, 6 A.M.—Three shots have announced to me the presence of the enemy.

"7 A.M.—We engaged with the enemy at a distance of about a hundred yards. A sharp fire went on between forty Bersaglieri and twenty of us. I held my position for upwards of an hour.

"8 A.M.—The enemy having succeeded in turning our flanks, we left those who were attacking our front, and threw ourselves upon a party who were trying to effect a diversion in our rear.

"8.30 A.M.—Great loss. My best officer, the only one whom I could entirely rely upon, Major L. Landet, fell dead, struck by a musket shot, on the field of battle. His musket and four hundred piastres he carried with him fell into the hands of the enemy. The latter stripped him of everything except his shirt. At the same time one of the four Calabrians who followed me, a man called Domenico del Rustico, was seriously wounded at a moment when he was so near me that the ball which struck him would have undoubtedly reached me had he not intercepted it.

"2.30 P.M.—The enemy retired under cover. During that time I sent my wounded Calabrian to the surgeon. I have decorated two men of my own band for their gallant behaviour this morning. The cavalry officer, Captain Salinos, is missing, and I don't know as yet whether he is killed or not.

"October 26th, 6 A.M.—We occupy the same wood. Captain Salinos is still missing. I believe he is dead.

"8 A.M.—Crocco, who, as I have already said, is very sharp, is seeking every pretext in order to gain time and avoid what he had promised, that is, to organise and enlist new bands of insurgents. I cannot understand this man. There is one thing, however, which is very plain, and that is, his venality, which is beyond all expression.

"9 A.M.—I am told by de Langlois that Crocco received a letter from a priest, promising a free pardon if he gave himself up to the authorities with his band. I should not be at all astonished, considering the sums of money and the quantity of booty he has somehow obtained, the manner in which he is led by the concubine he always drags after him, and, above all, the mystery in which, in all his relations with me, he always wraps himself, if he were meditating some act of treachery. Our engagement of yesterday rather increased my suspicions, for, when the enemy began the attack, he got the first start, but, on coming within a certain distance of the foe, turned back, and when I expected to be supported by him on my right flank, I found that, on the contrary, he was engaged in an attack in the rear. I must say, moreover, that neither Crocco Langlois,* nor any of the Neapolitan officers who are with us, stood the fire of the enemy. Alone with my own people and two men of Crocco's, I bravely

* This Langlois was a native of Brittany. I am told that Borjès does not speak very highly of his character. The end of his adventures, however, shows that he was not deficient in audacity or coolness. Instead of going back to Rome by the Abruzzi, after the destruction of the band, he went straight on to Naples, where he succeeded in staying a few days unmolested by the police, after which he embarked for Civita-Vecchia. He had assumed the command of the band, and there exist many proclamations signed by him.

withstood their assault, for which I paid dearly.

"October 27th.—Captain Salinos has just now re-appeared in good health. The enemy have shot* a poor fellow named Nicola Falesco, a married man, with five children, whom they seized while he was bringing us some provisions. His widow came to implore assistance, and in the name of his Majesty the king I have assigned her a monthly pension of nine ducats. The day before yesterday the enemy burnt all the cottages and farms that were on the verge of the wood.

"October 28th.—From the same wood, 7 A.M.—I drew up the band in line of battle, to determine the number of our rank and file, and to endeavour to give a military organization to the whole.

"7.30 A.M.—In the execution of this purpose I was strongly opposed by Crocco, who is decidedly against any military discipline. He says that we can

* It must be understood that I do not answer for all the assertions made by Borjès. I shall not even attempt to contradict all his pretended victories, nor his statements about the exaggerated losses inflicted upon the Piedmontese. Nor do I always answer for the correctness of the names of the various localities, in almost every instance badly spelt, and very often illegible. It is, above all, as a sincere confession and a genuine picture of political brigandage as it is, taken from life, if I may so express myself, that this journal, with its characteristic simplicity, constitutes a remarkable and unique document, which in course of time will become very valuable to the historian.

form two companies, but he thinks it useless to make any attempt to organize them before the arrival of a reinforcement of one hundred and thirty, which we have long been waiting for in vain.

"10:30 A.M.—De Langlois comes to tell me he had last night a long conversation with Crocco, the result of which was that the latter declared he would always oppose every attempt that should be made for the purpose of giving his band anything in the shape of military organization. 'If I admit anything of the kind,' said he, 'my power is gone, whilst, as long as I am in these woods, I am the undisputed master. Nobody knows every corner of them better than I; nobody is a match for me in giving the slip to the enemy. What should I do if I were in an open country? Moreover, my men give me the title of general, and I have myself created many a colonel, major, and others, who, like me, would lose their rank if I were to yield on this point. Besides, having never been more than a corporal when I was in the regular army, I do not understand anything in the military line.' This man, it is evident, will never listen to my voice. He fears that the result of any change would be to deprive him of his influence, and of the unlimited power which he at present possesses of satisfying his desire for plunder.

"October 29th, 7 A.M.—De Langlois informs me

this morning that he was talking last night for more than two hours with the nephew of Bosco,* who appears to be the only one who enjoys Crocco's unbounded confidence. He (Crocco) said that, as the condition of serving the legitimists, he should require a regular commission, signed in the name of King Francis II., entitling him to the full rank of general, with many other promises besides for the future, which he has not yet explained, and a considerable sum of money in addition. It appears that Langlois told him it was not in our power to grant all these conditions, but his opinion was that the best means of obtaining such a rank would undoubtedly be not to oppose the introduction of military organization among his men. Crocco and his band have stolen a great amount of money, which, of course, they are anxious not only to retain in their possession, but also to increase by favour of those unexpected circumstances which occur during the progress of a partisan war. If we favour their wishes, they will consent to aid us in the cause of royalty; if not, they will carry on the war so far as they find it conducive to their own interests, as, indeed, they have hitherto done.

* This Bosco pretended to be the nephew of the general of Francis II. of the same name. But the real Bosco denies this disgraceful relationship.

"12 P.M.—I am informed that yesterday four National Guards of Livacanti (?) barbarously shot a poor woman called Maria Teresa de Genoa, because her brother-in-law is with us.

"9 P.M.—A few marauders have come in this moment, who report that they had just met with a National Guard, who had fired at them. They retaliated by rushing at him, and after a few shots killed and disarmed him.

"October 30th, 9 A.M.—We are still at the same place. A few moments ago we had an alarm, and Crocco's men ran away like sheep. I stood with my officers in their way, endeavouring to stop them, calling them cowards, but with no avail.

"10.30 A.M.—We have changed our position, but still remain in the same wood.

"5 P.M.—De Langlois tells me that Crocco's father is in communication with General La Chiesa, and that the latter wrote a letter to Crocco, inviting him to come forth with his band. The latter, it appears, said that it was rather the general who ought to come first to us. La Chiesa then replied: 'If they give a sum of six thousand ducats, and a fixed allowance of thirty-six ducats more per month, I will put the province into your hands. Now that reaction has broken out, the best thing I can do is to make the best of it!'

"Though I have not a sum of six thousand ducats

in my power, yet I authorised de Langlois to assure La Chiesa that, as soon as he succeeded in putting a large town into our possession, he should have them. As I never entirely trust de Langlois, I made him understand that I did not quite believe the truth of this extraordinary statement, for the simple reason that Crocco had never, in his conversations with me, made the slightest mention of it. De Langlois, however, said in reply that Crocco wanted to keep it secret, in order to derive alone all the benefits of the affair—adding that Crocco was very jealous of his power, which he would not willingly give up. 'Very well,' said I, 'tell him to make our cause triumph and I have no objection to it—I shall be myself the first to recognize his authority. But I am well aware of one thing, namely, that Crocco's ambitious projects may be frustrated at any time. Everybody has admired us since our gallant behaviour during the engagement of the 25th; and I don't think I am mistaken in saying, that the day I shall think it convenient to raise my voice, Crocco will lose all his influence.' However, now I am decided to wait to see the result of all these intrigues, in order to avail myself of the advantages chance may elicit in our favour. If I had a few thousand ducats with me, three hundred men, and some good officers, how soon I should become master of the situation!

"October 31st, 7 A.M.—Crocco has handed over to me a letter from the chief of a band, who says that he puts five hundred men at my disposal. If he does not alter his plans, we are to join them to-night without fail, and to-morrow we shall proceed to the formation of the first battalion.

"November 1st.—Yesterday we set out for the wood of Ariusa (?) di Potenza. On our way we went along the Serra Tocopo-Palese (?), which runs from north to south. On the outskirt of the woods we came to the river Serra del Ponto, and we arrived towards two o'clock in the morning at the above point.

"November 2nd.—Nothing new, except that we are once more without provisions. They say we shall get some by-and-by, but in the meanwhile it is growing late and the soldiers are exhausted.

"November 3rd.—Nothing new.

"11 A.M.—We leave the wood for Trivigno, a little place of 2500 inhabitants; four miles distant.

"1.30. P.M—We arrived at Trivigno, but were received by a hostile population who had taken up arms against us.

"3.30. A.M.—After a struggle of two hours we stormed the town. It is my painful duty to state that the most absolute disorder prevailed among our soldiers, especially among the chiefs themselves. *Thefts, murders, and many other blameable excesses, have been*

the only results of this attack. I have no authority whatever.

"Nov. 4th, 6.30. A.M.—We leave Trivigno, and go to Castel Mezzano. We intend stopping there two hours.

"3.30 P.M.—We continued our march, taking the direction of the wood of Cognati, where we arrived at 7 in the evening. I am told that Crocco, de Langlois, and Serravalle have made at Trivigno the grossest exactions that can be imagined. The aristocracy of the place had sought for a refuge at the town-hall, and these three men were not ashamed to go there at once to levy upon them very heavy ransoms. Moreover, they allowed their people to run riot about the town, threatening the inhabitants with death and fire if money was not instantly delivered to them. Having questioned de Langlois on this matter, he told me that the mayor of the town had given them no more than 80 ducats, the only sum that could be collected.

"November 5th, 6.30 A.M.—Order is given to form our column and to start for an unknown destination.

"11 A.M.—We met eight National Guards, whom we took with us as far as Calciano. We halted there, *and the houses of Royalists as well as Liberals were plundered and ransacked in a savage way!* They even, as I am informed, brutally murdered a poor old woman, whose sad fate was shared by three or four harmless peasants.

"5.30 A.M.—We reached Garaguso, where we met a long procession of citizens, led by the old curate, with the Holy Cross in his tremulous hands, who had come forth to implore that peace and mercy which I am truly willing to grant them. God grant that the others may follow my example.*

"Alas! I shall not attempt to say anything of the scene of horror which took place, when, overpowered with indignation at the sight of the disorder which I was unable to restrain, I withdrew from the wretched village.

"November 6th, 10 A.M.—We set off this morning to attack the town of La Salandra, guarded by a hundred Garibaldians and a detachment of Piedmontese. As soon as the enemy perceived us they took up their position on a little elevation, from which it seemed that it would be impossible for us to dislodge them. When I arrived at about a hundred yards distance, I sent on Major Francis Foms with half a company, who succeeded, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the ground, in dislodging the enemy from their position. When we had obtained possession of it, the latter, retreating before our advancing column, occupied a few houses a little further on, in the vain hope of being able from them to oppose a stronger resistance; but when they saw that I was ready to

* From this point the present MS. is written in pencil.

attack them from behind, they retired in great disorder, leaving the town entirely defenceless. Divining their intentions, I lost no time in falling upon them; and we killed twelve of their number, took their colours, and made several prisoners. On our side we had only one casualty, that of the chief Serravalle, who was slightly wounded in the head. The town was then pillaged. (Salandra is a place of about two thousand inhabitants.)

"*Terra di Cucariello*, district of Salandra, November 7th, 2 P.M.—Serravalle has died this moment from the consequences of his wound. They beg me to write to his Majesty to give orders for the construction of a stronghold in this place.

"November 8th, 3 A.M.—Having drawn our soldiers up in line of battle before leaving the place, Crocco ordered Don Piano Spazziano to be shot in one of the rooms of the Town-hall; after which, we set off in the direction of Craco, where we arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon. The whole population came out to meet us, in order, by this act of respect, to avoid the devastation of their village. I am sorry to say, notwithstanding, that the village was savagely plundered as soon as we were the masters of it.

"November 9th, 6 A.M.—We left Craco and advanced in the direction of Aliano (both villages con-

taining from one to two thousand inhabitants). At two o'clock in the afternoon we met a body of National Guards, at whom we rushed impetuously. They could not stand our attack, and retired into a neighbouring wood. Not, however, until our cavalry had killed four of them and captured one prisoner, whom I soon after ordered to be released.

"7 P.M.—We arrived at Aliano, the population of which, led by a priest carrying the Holy Cross, came forth to receive us in procession, shouting 'Viva Francesco II.!" But this did not prevent the usual disorders during the night—a state of things which would indeed be astonishing, were it not that the leader of the band and his satellites are the worst set of ruffians and thieves I ever came across in my life.

"November 10th, 9 A.M.—A sentinel told me that the enemy were concentrated on the Alcinella. I went out instantly to see if this report was true, and I ascertained that there were at least five or six hundred. I called up my men, four hundred in number, and drew them up in a line in front of the enemy, waiting to see what movements they contemplated, before I adopted a plan. Soon after I had an opportunity of discovering the inexperience of the Piedmontese commander, and thinking I could take advantage of this favourable circumstance, I

addressed a few encouraging words to my men, promising them an easy victory if they would but strictly obey me. I then advanced towards the enemy's outposts. When I got near a little chapel, which is but a hundred yards distant, on the east side of the village, I sent on Major Francis Foms with the first company, instructing him only to display half his force as skirmishers, and to bring the rest up in the rear, in order to protect them, always keeping the road that runs from Aliano to the river. At the same time I ordered the Lieutenant-Colonel in command of the second company, to occupy an elevation formed by the ground on the right side, and thence vigorously to attack the enemy on their flank. This movement was executed with admirable precision, whilst the first company was attacking the front. As the bed of the river is here very wide, I placed the cavalry in the rear of the first company, with orders to cross the river, to take up their position on a sort of little islet planted with olive trees, and then to attack the enemy in the rear. I took with me the rest of the infantry, and advanced in column between the two wings, ready to protect them in case they required assistance. The impulse of the two companies was so strong that the enemy could not resist it, and I hoped at that moment to see the cavalry advance and thus prevent their retreat; but, to my great disappointment,

instead of following my orders, they had all alighted from their horses, and were amusing themselves by shooting under cover at such a distance that their fire could not have the slightest effect upon the enemy. This circumstance rendered our success very doubtful. However, I charged the fellows with my men. Making them rapidly advance with me towards the centre of the river, where I had once more the superiority over the enemy, I succeeded in dislodging them from their former position. But the Piedmontese got hold of a mill placed rather in a good situation for defence, and there they stood ready again to dispute with us the ground. I then detached a section from the main body under my orders, leading it to the back of the mill, whilst the two other companies were directed to take it in front and on the flanks. This unexpected movement was so rapidly executed, that the enemy did not wait for the attack, but evacuated his strong position before we could reach him. Unfortunately, however, the ruggedness of the mountainous ground between the mill and Stigliano favoured the Piedmontese once more, for, making a desperate effort, they charged us with the bayonet. The first and second company stood the attack very firmly for more than ten minutes, during which interval I was enabled to come up with the reserve. From that moment

the rout of the Piedmontese was complete. They disbanded themselves in great disorder, flying into the woods on both sides, and leaving, besides their dead, five prisoners in our hands. We killed about forty of them (?), among whom was an officer who had displayed the most heroic bravery whilst leading his men to the bayonet charge. The five prisoners took service with us (?). We then halted at about a mile from Astagnano,* so exhausted, that we left the enemy unpursued, not being able to go onward after them.

"Strange as it may seem, in this affair we did not suffer any loss; a piece of good fortune which was more like the result of a miracle than the effect of mere blind chance. Lieut.-Colonel Augustus Lafond was struck a little above his right eye by a blow from the muzzle of a gun; a soldier had his head grazed by a ball; and these were the only casualties we had to lament. After an hour's rest a messenger, despatched to us from Astagnano, came to say that the population were awaiting our arrival, and that they begged us to hasten it as much as was in our power.

"Encouraged by these friendly declarations, I drew up the troops and we set off. As soon as we reached the approaches of the town we saw a long procession

* Probably Stigliano (5000 inhabitants), the only important place they have succeeded in occupying.

of monks and priests, preceded by the Holy Cross and various sacred banners, advancing towards us. An immense crowd lined both sides of the road, among whom were many carrying the white flag of the Bourbons, who made the air resound with cries of 'Viva Francesco II.!' Amidst all that enthusiasm we made our triumphal entrance into Astagnano, strictly enjoining every soldier not to commit any disorder, and making a distribution of money among them, before we had them billeted about the town, in the vain hope that, having thus satisfied their cupidity, they would perhaps be restrained from committing excesses. Apparently animated, however, by an evil genius, they began as usual their deeds of violence, and with the view of restraining them, we were obliged to have two of the ringleaders shot on the spot, the only mode by which we could hope to make our authority respected.

"*Astagnano*, November 11th.—We have spent a quiet day, though we have been very busy in enlisting about three hundred men from the neighbouring villages; with these new recruits we number now seven hundred well-armed men.

"November 12th, 9 A.M.—We left Astagnano with the intention of going to Cirigliano and Gorgoglione to disarm the National Guard. At the first of these two places we stopped nearly two hours.

We set off for the latter at 1.30 P.M., but had hardly got near the beginning of the ascent which leads to it, when we were told that the enemy was not more than a mile off. Seeing that my position was greatly endangered, I ordered Major Foms to go forward with the first company, whilst with the rest of our force I occupied the towering points of the surrounding hills. These dispositions made, I waited for the enemy with my lines drawn up in fighting order. After a quarter of an hour I could perceive the head of their column, at least twelve hundred strong, slowly and cautiously advancing between the two villages, with the evident intent of getting possession of the road that lies in the centre of the valley; but it was too late. Seeing at a glance all the advantages of my position, I boldly faced the enemy with my front. He durst not accept the engagement. After evincing great hesitation, he tried to out-manœuvre me, but failing also in that, he withdrew at nightfall without even exchanging a shot. We did not wait long before we took our departure in our turn, setting off in the direction of the wood of Montepiano di Pietrapertosa.

"November 13th, 6 A.M.—Leaving the above wood, we proceeded towards Accettura, reaching its highest point, notwithstanding Crocco's opposition. I gave the signal to halt, and, to prevent any disorder

or surprise, I ordered the troops to remain where they were, until I had sent out a few men to get the necessary provisions for the day. These were very liberally supplied by the neighbouring villages, and distributed among the men. The clergy, covered with their sacred ornaments, and bearing the image of our Saviour, came to pay me their respects, requesting me and my officers to attend the celebration of the Holy Mass. I thanked the good priests as best I could, but, though few things would have given me greater pleasure, I was not able to avail myself of the kind offer. I told them, however, that I hoped, with the help of the Holy Virgin, I might soon be able to do so. In the meanwhile, a sentry gave the alarm that the enemy were fast approaching; I accordingly dismissed the servants of God, and hurried off to my battalions. I took up my position at Garansi, which we reached about mid-day.

"2 P.M.—The enemy is in sight. I made the drummers beat the 'générale,' and the bugles give the signal for the attack, but again the enemy retired and took up a strong position.

"6 P.M.—I fell back to the wood called La Macchia del Cierro, where we put up for the night.

"November 14th, 6 A.M.—We started for Grassano, which we reached by ten o'clock. I had the men billeted about the place, but no sooner was this done,

than their unworthy chiefs went out robbing, plundering, and laying waste everything that came within their reach.

"2 P.M.—The enemy making a movement, we were at once in arms ready to fight. Though twice our number, they did not appear very sanguine as to the result. A few shots, however, were exchanged between our outposts during the rest of the day.

"8 P.M.—Seeing that the enemy did not stir, I placed some sentries for the night watch, and retired into the town with the troops.

"November 15th, 7 A.M.—The enemy occupies still the same position.

"8 A.M.—I recalled all the sentries and outposts, and we went to Santo Chirico, where we arrived at eleven o'clock. I left one of the officers on guard at the residence of the captain of the National Guard, for the protection of his property and his family. He felt greatly indebted for this, and I was glad to see that some order had prevailed on that particular spot.

"3 P.M.—We left Santo Chirico with the intention of attacking the village of Loàgli (?); but when we arrived within a mile of it, we halted for the rest of the day.

"November 16th, 6 A.M.—I made a reconnoissance in order to ascertain my position, and found that it

was a very strong one. I sent out the fourth company against the left of the village, the first against its right, and the third against its centre. The rest of the infantry I kept under my command on the high ground facing the village on the right of the new road. I distributed my so-called cavalry between my right and left sides. When the infantry reached the bridge, which is situated at the foot of the ascent, the enemy made a heavy discharge of musketry, and wounded a man belonging to the first company. Nevertheless, they continued bravely to advance to the attack. The enemy, seeing our firmness, retired in haste, taking refuge in a palace close at hand, but a great portion of them fell into the hands of our soldiers. The captain of the first company attacked the palace, setting fire to bundles of straw and burning pitch which he had collected around it. The enemy, not knowing what to do, and some of them driven to despair, tried to throw themselves out of the windows. All of a sudden, however, the signal for retreat was sounded. I do not know the traitor by whom it was ordered, but already our columns had begun to fall back, and our success consequently remained incomplete. Two of our wounded were left in the village, and we had to lament two deaths, besides a few wounded. When the action was thus unexpectedly terminated, we marched

towards Pietragallà, which was also occupied by the Piedmontese, and we arrived at 3 P.M. Having reconnoitred the position, I sent on, against the right of the town, the third and fourth companies, the fifth and sixth, with part of the cavalry, against the left, and the first and second against the centre. The enemy, strongly entrenched behind a wall, opened a deadly fire against us; but Major Don Pasquale Marginet, now lieutenant in the second company, dashed forward with admirable courage, followed by a few men, and, as quick as lightning, took possession of the first houses of the town.

"The captain then followed up instantly with the rest of the company, and, with the exception of the old Ducal Castle, where the enemy sought a last refuge, the town was stormed and taken in the twinkling of an eye. We had four killed and five wounded, or more correctly, between these two affairs, nine wounded, Lieutenant Laureano Carenas being among them. The action once over, I hastily retired to a house, in order not to witness the scenes of disorder and horror which it is not in my power to prevent, owing to the lack of a sufficient force to make myself obeyed and respected. I fear Crocco, who *has been robbing and plundering all this time, must be scheming some treason.**

* Evidently there is a gap here. One naturally wonders

"November 19th, 10 A.M.—We formed our lines in order to start for the wood of Lagopesole, where we arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon. Crocco disappeared soon afterwards, saying it was only to get some bread; but I am afraid it was to find out a place where he could conceal the large quantity of booty, and the considerable sums of money, he had obtained by violence during this expedition.

"November 18th, 1 P.M.—We are still in the same wood, and Crocco is not yet come back with the provisions. This doubtful conduct has been the cause of our losing, in less than three days, nearly three hundred and fifty men, or, in other words, half our force.

"4 P.M.—We raised our little encampment, and transported our head-quarters to a position a mile further on. Crocco is still absent.

"November 19th.—Crocco has arrived, but has not yet shown himself in my presence.

why Borjès and his band, after having stormed Pietragalla with so little trouble, if we can believe his own account, should have left it so suddenly. Official and more reliable documents do not, however, leave any doubt to be entertained about that. The heroic resistance of the inhabitants of Pietragalla is well enough known. From the castle, where they had strongly barricaded themselves, they entirely repulsed the reactionist band, inflicting upon them a loss of more than forty men. And it is worth noticing that the National Guard *alone*, without the help of the regular troops, was enough to defeat Borjès's partisans and Crocco's bandits.

"12 A.M.—Crocco has summoned everybody around him, after having fired many shots in the air. I went up the hill to find out what the firing meant, and he said that it was the signal for rallying, to be ready to march against Avigliano, a town of 18,000 inhabitants. On my objecting that this was a mere impossibility, considering how much stronger were the national forces assembled there, he bluntly observed it was an irrelevant remark, as we could not draw back, and were bound to go somewhere. To this I answered that nobody was more eager to advance than myself, and I was therefore ready to follow him. He was pleased to find my answer so very satisfactory, and declared that we should soon be off. He then retired to speak with some men, whom he ought never to have seen or consulted. After a few moments he came back, and everything being ready, we raised our encampment and set off. After a certain time had elapsed, hardly believing that Crocco, notwithstanding what he had said, would really persevere in such an absurd plan, I asked a man whom I met on the road in what direction we were going. 'To Avigliano,' was his brief answer. It was enough, however, for me. I had acquired the certitude that that faithless ruffian was leading us into a snare. Whilst absorbed by a thousand sad reflections, excited by this discovery, our cavalry

major came up to me, saying: 'We are going to attack a pretty town, general.' 'We are then really going to Avigliano?' said I. 'Yes, general,' replied the other. 'Well, major, all I can do is to protest with all my power against such an enterprise.'

"3 P.M.—Arrived in sight of Avigliano, Crocco signified to me I had now to make all the necessary dispositions for an immediate attack. I indignantly told him that, since he was doing everything in his power to compromise the success of our cause, he might take himself any such steps as he thought convenient, as I would not on any account assume the responsibility of an enterprise which could not possibly succeed.

"He then ordered the town to be attacked by the whole of our forces, without leaving a single man in reserve. The action once begun, he put himself in safety, and I remained to witness what was going to take place. The redoubt, which is on the left side of the town, was stormed by the first company, supported by the second, but they could not take a chapel which is in advance on the same line, and which protects the approaches of the town towards the centre. The right was assailed by the rest of the band, but their efforts were checked by a stone wall which protects the western portion of the town. To crown all, the night came on, and with it a thick dark fog, accom-

panied by a cold drizzling rain which was unbearable.

"Crocco gave at last the signal for retreat, and we repaired to a little village called Paolo-Duce, where, without food of any description, wet to the skin, shivering with cold, and with no straw even to lie upon, we spent a horrid night, surpassing in misery the worst we had as yet endured. These hardships, added to the preceding disorders, contributed to reduce to a very small number the already limited force of our band. During the whole night I could never find out what had become of Crocco.

"November 20th, 5 A.M.—I ordered the reveille to be beaten, and passed the muster. Ninco-Nanco voluntered to be my guide, an offer that I accepted immediately. After half an hour's march, they told me that Crocco was staying at a country house situated at about two hundred yards off the road where we were. He has sent me word this very moment (8 o'clock) to stop. I accordingly gave the signal to halt, in the hope of seeing him, but in vain, as he has not come.

"9 A.M.—Ninco-Nanco, Donato, and some other officers, announce to me that Crocco has left us altogether. I assembled all the officers and asked them what they intended to do, assuring every one that I was firmly resolved to persevere to the last, if they would but follow me.

"Bosco, replying in the name of his brother officers, was interrupted by one of them, who said that nobody in the band would submit to the orders of Spanish officers; and that, moreover, having been appointed by General Clary to command only in the province of Basilicata, I had no right to exercise such authority in any other part of the country. Although far from in any way resenting the freedom of the officers under my command, I called upon them all to resign the various posts of authority which they held, as I did myself, in order to show that it was from devotion, and not mere personal interest, that we were serving the cause of the king. De Langlois stood aloof during all this discussion, never saying a single word. I understood at once that he was the soul of the conspiracy, and, therefore, I told the men of the band to settle the question among themselves, promising to adhere to their decision. The result was that all their own officers were put at the head of the companies, and de Langlois assumed the chief command. Not a word, however, with regard to this proceeding was communicated to me, and I only knew the new dispositions by seeing de Langlois arrogating to himself the entire direction of everything, without even consulting me. In a word, I had been altogether dismissed.

"November 21st.—Last night de Langlois sent

his orderly to tell me to be ready to leave early next morning; but it is already eight o'clock, and we are still in the wood of Lagopesole.

"8.30 A.M.—We have set out, but where we are going I know not.

"9.30 A.M.—We halted at a glade in the forest, from which we can discover Rionero.

"10.45 A.M.—We resumed our march for Santa Lauria (?), where we arrived at 1.45 P.M.

"November 22nd.—We set off this morning at half-past six, in order to reach Bella before mid-day. There we stopped, and de Langlois mustered the troops. I, being at the rear, did the same. De Langlois came to me to ascertain whether I meant to take the command in the attack on the town; but I told him in reply that, as he arrogated to himself the right of superintending everything, he must also make the necessary dispositions for the attack. He did not make any remark, but went off and made the arrangements which he considered necessary for the ensuing movement; but they were such as to prove to me that he had never been a soldier. In proof of this I may state that, although it is now more than four hours since they commenced their purposeless attack upon this position, they have not yet been able to get at it. I am confident that if we had advanced against it in a soldier-like manner, boldly storming it,

it would have fallen into our hands in a quarter of an hour.

"4.30 P.M.—The town has been set on fire on two different sides—an untoward event, which does not in the least relax the vigour of the resistance with which the inhabitants meet our attacks.

"6 P.M.—One of the streets of the town is in our hands; the centre and the north side are still in the hands of the revolutionists. What is in our power is being recklessly burnt down.

"November 23rd, 6.30 A.M.—We went out of the town, or rather that part of it which we had succeeded in taking, an operation during which one of our lieutenants was severely wounded. We formed, our ranks facing the east, and at a few yards from the enemy.

"8.30 A.M.—We are marching towards our fellow-soldiers scattered here and there near the south part of the town.

"10 A.M.—Crocco, who has reappeared since yesterday, is occupied in burning the country houses on the west side.

"11 A.M.—We are going to Muro.

"12 A.M.—Some shots being heard from the vanguard, the infantry gave the alarm, and asked the cavalry to proceed forward. I could soon perceive that our companies were wrongly directed, from the

ignorant manner in which they were scattered in different positions.

"1 A.M.—I reached the top of the mountain of Serra, and thence beheld the dispersion of all our men. Hearing shots near a tavern, I proceeded there to ascertain the cause, and met Crocco and Ninco-Nanco flying at the utmost speed to which they could put their horses. Nevertheless, I went forward, though I had no instructions to do so, to see if I could ascertain what was the exact number of our enemies, and in that moment I perceived de Langlois, alone, cowardly sheltering himself from the fire of the enemy. I inquired where our captains were, but received no answer from him. I continued my way with the remaining officers, and some men who had joined me, and in a few moments discovered the enemy. The party with me being exposed to their fire, one of my soldiers was killed by a musket shot. I discovered from the movements of the enemy that on the left they were yielding, but the right, defended by a wood, was still maintaining its position. Our soldiers, when they perceived the intention of their officers to move forward, took to flight, abandoning the wounded, the fruit of their robbery (*sic*), their provisions, and their fire-arms, and retired as quickly as possible before the National Guards, who were advancing from Balvano.

"After this first battle, the success of which seemed very doubtful, we crossed a little river at the foot of a mountain, where de Langlois again formed the ranks, an operation which he did not now find very difficult, as the enemy had not dared to pursue us. We descended afterwards the river (probably the Fiume di Muro), which flows from north to south, and after marching one hour, met a company of forty-seven men, of good appearance, and, judging from the orderly manner in which they marched, well disciplined. They placed themselves at our head, and we followed them, arriving at Balvano at nine in the evening. The town was entirely illuminated, and we were almost deafened on our entrance by the shouts of the people crying aloud—'Viva Francesco II.!'*

"The bishop, some priests, and the remainder of the National Guard shut themselves in the castle, a place of such strength that it cannot be taken. The National Guard said to us they hoped we would respect property, and they would not fire upon us even if we fired on them. Their captain had an interview with Crocco. Don Giovanni and de Langlois

* It is to be observed that the National Guard, that is to say, the Liberal party of Balvano, had been sent to Muro, where they had already obliged the band of Crocco to retire, but the latter, driven back, took possession of their abandoned city. This is not the least curious episode of the campaign.

went to the castle. I do not know what they did, but I know, and write it with sincere pleasure, that during the night the town was kept in perfect order.

"*Balvano*, November 24th, 7.30 A.M.—We ascended a mountain, and continuing our march, reached in the afternoon Ricigliano (Principato Citeriore), where we were received by the people bearing olive branches in their hands.

"11 A.M.—The most extraordinary disorders are taking place in the town; I dare not give any details, so revolting are the horrors committed.

"November 25th, 6 A.M.—We formed our ranks, an operation which takes some time—but whether to march, or with any other object, I know not.

"8.30 A.M.—Crocco has given orders to send forward the vanguard, because the enemy is before us.

"9 A.M.—I heard a general fire of musketry going on, but after it had continued about five minutes it began to slacken, and soon ceased altogether. The National Guard are retiring. A hundred Piedmontese hold a good position, from which they do not seem inclined to move.

"12.45 P.M.—We formed our ranks in order to reach a miserable shelter at five minutes distance, where we spent a wretched cold night.

"November 26th, 7.30 A.M.—We are pursuing

our march over very high and cold mountains. At twelve we descended towards the valley, where we met a force of forty soldiers, who, after preparing to fight us, yielded to our first charge, and were obliged by our cavalry to shut themselves in Castellogrande.

"10.30 P.M.—We continued our march in the direction of Pescopagano, where we arrived at a quarter to four. We invested the town, but the resolution of our soldiers seeming to be doubtful, Lieut.-Colonel Lafond and Major Foms addressed them. 'We give no commandment,' they said, 'but if you consent to follow us, we shall take the town.' A hurrah was returned; our troops rushed to the assault, and in a few minutes became masters of the position."

[Five lines which occur at this place in the manuscript are scratched out.]

"November 27th, 5 A.M.—I sent Captain Martinez to Crocco, in order to let him know that it is time to wake the soldiers, but he paid no attention to my words.

"6 A.M.—Hearing no roll, I called myself on Crocco. Seeing him speaking with somebody in the street, I bowed to him, and immediately after told him we ought to leave the town as soon as possible, in order to prevent our losing a considerable number of men. At that moment a bugler happening to pass, I

gave the order for a sudden reveille, which Crocco forbade. I begged of him again to order the usual call, but he still refused, and, standing for a moment as if immersed in thought, turned away. I did the same, foreseeing the danger that must be the consequence of military operations so conducted. The result of all this has been the loss of twenty-five men, according to some—of forty, according to others. We have undoubtedly lost a considerable number of our infantry, and even some cavalry.* The failure of payment, the prevailing disorder, and the opposition of some men of influence will now cause the loss of our entire band.

"4 P.M.—The enemy of whom I was speaking is still in sight, but dares not attack us.

"5 P.M.—We entered the wood of Monticchio, where, although we were without any provisions, not having so much as a loaf of bread, we fixed our camp.

"November 28th, 7 A.M.—We made a halt in the middle of the wood, still destitute of provisions. The band is gradually dissolving.

"12.30 A.M.—We are ready to resume our march, but I do not know whither we are bound. If their

* Thanks to the volunteers of Pescopagano, whose conduct was admirable. After this fight one may say that the band of Crocco was reduced to nothing.

direction does not suit me, *I had better go to Rome.*

"3 P.M.—What a sad scene! Crocco has assembled his *ancient chief robbers*, and has given to them his old comrades. All the other soldiers are violently disarmed, their rifles or percussion guns being taken from them. Some soldiers have taken to flight; others are crying; they ask to serve only that they may be enabled to earn their bread, and would gladly give up their pay. But these assassins are inexorable. The soldiers have been given into the custody of some brigand chiefs, by whom they are discharged without food, after having had none for two days. All this had been arranged beforehand, but had been purposely concealed from me. Some soldiers kissed my hands, and said: 'Come back with a small force, and you shall always find us ready to accompany you.' For my part, I asked Crocco to save these poor men; I gave them all the consolation it was in my power to give, weeping myself, like them, all the time.

"November 29th.—We have marched the whole night.

"November 30th.—We are tired after a long march, and stop.

"December 1st.— * * * * * "

Thus ends the journal of Borjès. The remainder of the manuscript only contains the names of places.

There is also the draught of a letter, addressed on the 26th to General Clary, giving, without any additional details, an account of the last battle, terminating with some short narratives of no interest. I think it unnecessary to add any commentary to this terrible journal, the authenticity of which is beyond doubt. The original is at Turin, in the Foreign Office, where it may be perused by those who are curious respecting such documents.

The retreat of Borjès into the Papal States was almost as difficult an enterprise as the restoration of Francis II. He felt, however, no hesitation in entering upon it. It is now quite impossible to follow his track. For some time he was completely lost, and no one knows in what direction he was proceeding. We find him again in Terra di Lavoro, near the frontier of the Roman State. On the 4th of December he was in the neighbourhood of Pescasseroli. He could proceed to Rome by two ways—either by the mountain and the valley of Rovelo, or by the usual high-road of Avezzano; but the snow constrained him to take the last. At about two miles from Avezzano, he turned suddenly in the direction of Capelle ad Scurgola. He was under the necessity of passing through this last village at ten o'clock at night, not far from a post of National Guards.

"Who's there?" cried the sentinel.

"Friends!" answered Borjès.

And he passed on without hindrance, the sentry being totally unsuspicious of the prize within his reach. He was even able to pass Tagliacozzo without being detained by any one. Taking the advice of his guide, he answered the sentinel on duty at the entrance, "We are *castagnari* (that is to say, bearers of chestnuts), going to Santa Maria." Borjès, thinking himself already safe, stopped, and there gave his soldiers some hours of rest.

It is now my painful duty to relate the circumstances of Borjès' tragic death. His fearless audacity and almost constant good-fortune had enabled him to pass in safety through the continental part of the old Neapolitan kingdom in all its length, although surrounded by a hostile population, thousands of National and Mobilized Guards, gendarmes, soldiers sent out against him in every direction, hidden in ambush on his way, concealed in the woods, lurking among the hills, and guarding the villages where he was thought likely to pass. Ever ready to fight, bold and prompt in his movements, vigilant and full of courage, he had succeeded in making his way through many provinces, sleeping during the night in the mud or snow, and often fasting almost the whole day. He had thus reached the Abruzzi, and was nearly touching the limits of that territory, where he would have been

safe under the paternal protection of Pius IX. The good-fortune which had so long attended him forsook him almost at the moment when his perils and difficulties were about to cease. At the entrance of this promised land, in the very last village beyond the Roman frontier, he was taken and killed.

We are indebted for all the details of this important capture to the report of the gallant officer, Major Franchini, who was the chief actor in it. The following document, containing an account of the manner in which the fearless and adventurous Borjès was taken, was addressed to General Lamarmora :—

"*Tagliacozzo*, December 9th.—On the 7th, at half-past eleven at night, a letter of the *sous préfet* made me aware that Borjès, accompanied by twenty-two of his men on horseback, had succeeded in crossing Pateano on his way to Scurgola. On the 8th, at half-past three in the morning, by another letter from the major of the gendarmes, I was informed that on the previous evening, at seven o'clock, the same men had passed through Cappelle, and everything seemed to prove that they were proceeding towards Scurgola and Santa Maria al Tufo.

"Having received this information, I immediately despatched some soldiers, commanded by a serjeant, to Scurgola, in the hope of finding them again, sending

others at the same time to Santa Maria, under the command of a corporal, to inquire whether the brigands had arrived there. But they had already received information regarding the steps we were taking, and had passed over Tagliacozzo and Santa Maria on their way to Lupa, a farm belonging to Signor Mastroddi. I was then certain of the arrival of the band, and, taking about thirty Bersaglieri with me, the first I met with, and Lieutenant Staderini, the officer on duty that day, two hours before daybreak I went on the track of these wretches. On my arrival at Santa Maria, I heard more of the brigands from the patrol which had been ordered out by me, and also from the peasants. I rested in this village a very short time, and then, aided by the marks of their footsteps in the snow, proceeded in pursuit of them.

"It was about ten o'clock in the morning when I reached the farm Mastroddi, where I observed nothing indicating the presence of the brigands, when suddenly, at fifty yards from it, on the other side of the way, I perceived a man running away. I went after him, and soon overtook him. On accosting him, the Bersaglieri following me, the bandit pointed his musket and fired at me. The shot fortunately did not go off. I immediately fired the first barrel of my revolver at him with the same negative result;

but a second shot, which I directed at his head, killed him on the spot. My Bersaglieri came round me, and, with their bayonets, killed five men found outside. We then surrounded the Cascina, but the brigands fired at us from the windows, and in their turn killed five of my soldiers. In the sharp engagement which now took place, the brigands defended themselves with great fury. After half an hour's contest, I summoned them to surrender; otherwise, I assured them I had decided to set fire to the house. They refused to surrender. Wishing to spare the lives of my brave soldiers as much as I could, I gave orders to set the place on fire, on seeing which the brigands surrendered unconditionally. Twenty-three muskets, three swords, seventeen horses, many important papers, fell into our hands, besides three Italian banners with the cross of Savoy, which they, no doubt, occasionally displayed, in order to deceive their pursuers. General Borjès himself and his other countrymen, a list of whom I have included, were now prisoners. I had them brought with me to Tagliacozzo, where they were shot at four o'clock in the afternoon. May this example be useful to all the enemies of our king and country! Several National Guards of Santa Maria, and their captain, who had followed me, behaved well. I shall send to the governor of this province the proposal for medals and rewards.

Lieutenant Staderini showed himself a man of honour, full of intelligence, coolness, and courage. All the Bersaglieri have very much distinguished themselves. I send you a list of the rewards which I think ought to be granted to my soldiers, with all the papers and the interesting correspondence found on General Borjès and his company. They may be very useful to the Government.

(Signed) "MAJOR FRANCHINI."

It is fortunately in my power to add certain other details respecting the death of Borjès. When he was taken in the farm, he consented to surrender his sword into the hands of Major Franchini alone, saying to him, "Well done, young major!"

The prisoners were tied together two by two, and sent to Tagliacozzo. During the journey, Borjès was generally silent, smoking the whole time, only repeating now and then, "These Bersaglieri are really very fine soldiers." He also addressed Captain Staderini in these words: "I was just going to tell Francis II. what miserable criminals are the only supporters of his cause—Crocco being a knave, and Langlois a brute." He expressed his regret at having been arrested so near the Roman territory.

Franchini did his best to obtain some revelations from the prisoners, but none of the Spaniards spoke.

"Were you to inflict torture upon me, you should not get a single word in return," said Borjès, whom nobody, however, thought of torturing; "you had better thank God that I did not get up this morning one hour earlier—I should now be in the Papal States, and would soon have come back again with a new band to put down the rule of Victor Emmanuel." These words are given in the second report (unpublished) of Major Franchini.

At Tagliacozzo, Borjès and his men were shut up in a barrack, where they were asked for their names. A Spaniard, Pedro Martinez, asked for some ink and paper, and only wrote these three lines: "We are all ready to die; we shall meet again in the valley of Josaphat —pray for us!" They were all confessed in a chapel, and soon after conducted to the place of execution. "Our last hour is come," said Borjès. "Let us die like men!" He kissed his companions, and asked the Bersaglieri to aim straight at his head. Then falling on his knees, he began singing with his countrymen a Spanish litany, the others joining in the chorus. The litany was interrupted by a discharge of musketry, and ten Spaniards fell to the ground. Then came the turn of the Neapolitans, among whom, however, there was still one foreigner, who is reported to have exclaimed: "I ask a general pardon from everyone!"

Such was the end of Borjès and his companions.

Only one of them, Augustus Capdeorta, being ill, had been left on the way. Borjès had given him sixteen Napoleons. This poor man lived for one month in a grotto in Basilicata, where the National Guard went in search of him. All the depositions made confirm the account I have given. As I said above, all the Spaniards avowed that, seduced by the false arguments of committees and newspapers, they expected to have been met in Italy by a standing army, whilst they only found some brigands, obliged to flee and look for a refuge, like themselves.

The execution of Borjès has been blamed. M. Victor Hugo exclaimed: "The Italian Government sends the royalists to death. But how are they to be distinguished from brigands? How can they be justly declared innocent of murders and robbery, which they commit like the others? Borjès had always lived with Crocco, and fought with him side by side. The law must be executed, and it runs thus: 'Anyone who shall be taken fighting against the government is sentenced to death.' This law was made only against brigands, for brigands only used to mix in this civil war. Not a single honest Italian, not one officer of the last king, not even a single man with whom the leaders of reaction would have shaken hands in public, was to be found in the bands of Crocco or Mittica. Why, then, did Borjès, a stranger, come with these

assassins? Was his life to be spared because he was a Spaniard?"

The Neapolitans would have violently protested against this injustice. Such is the truth of this statement, that when, at a later period, at the request of Prince Scilla, General Lamarmora consented to the exhumation of the body of Borjès, which was transported to Rome, there was a cry of indignation from all the neighbouring villages. They protested against this measure at Caserta, Naples, and Turin. The excitement prevailing amongst these populations admitted of no distinction between royalism and brigandage.

After the execution of the Spaniard, the band of Crocco was dispersed. Having vainly attempted to effect a junction with him, Cipriano La Gala made his appearance on the heights of San Martino, in the province of Avellino, but a brilliant expedition, directed by General Franzini, succeeded in putting him down. He appeared again in Terra di Lavoro, on the banks of the Volturno; it was, however, only for a short time, and since then his track has been completely lost. Perhaps he had already succeeded in safely arriving at the Quirinal, or—who knows?—the Vatican!

At the same time, also on the limits of the Roman States, brigandage was losing intensity.

A fresh expedition of legitimists, stopped at its beginning at Alatri, showed how miserable and exhausted were these bands, how weak their supporters. Another attempt made in Sicily proved a failure, and only succeeded in reanimating in that island its past hatred against the Bourbon family, and its faith in the national cause.

In the spring of the year 1862, there were still, however, some bands in the Gargano, in Capitanata, on the shores of the Adriatic. But on the other hand, Zambro, Turri-Turri, and Codipietro were already forgotten or dead, and other parts of the kingdom were quiet. Such was the state of things at the beginning of General Lamarmora's administration. Both governor of Naples and commander of the sixth *corps d'armée*, he made himself exceedingly popular amongst the Neapolitans on account of his good sterling *Piedmontese* quality. Full of reserve, strong-minded, vigilant, bold if required, strong, never boasting in vain, he kept, nevertheless, Naples in his hands, and did not make a display of his power. He alone could have succeeded in such a task after the conqueror of Gaëta and Castelfidardo. Moreover, General Lamarmora first dared to take the great measure which frightened so much all his predecessors. He ordered a conscription of thirty-six thousand men, and it was carried out almost everywhere with

the warmest enthusiasm. For the first time since Naples existed, it witnessed young recruits joyfully joining their banners, exclaiming—"Long live the King!"

If we now think what Italy was towards the end of 1860, with Francis II. at Gaëta, brigandage strongly organized almost everywhere, Civitella del Tronto and Messina yet under the sway of the Bourbons, three standing armies—that of Francis II., that of Garibaldi, and that of Victor Emmanuel—the country in revolution, the finances exhausted, the authorities unrespected, France uncertain, Austria threatening an invasion, the Pope fulminating his anathema; and if we afterwards consider that Piedmont, amidst all these difficulties, has not only succeeded in resisting Papal maledictions, Austrian revengefulness, French hesitation, and revolutionary impatience, in conquering Messina and Gaëta, in totally destroying the power of Francis II., in discarding that of Garibaldi, and capturing fresh batches of foreign brigands; moreover, that it met, resisted, and conquered whatever opposition arose from Neapolitan municipalism, that, even at that most dangerous moment, it persevered in its idea of annexation and unity at any price, exposing to misrepresentation the characters of those most distinguished statesmen, Nigra, Ponza di San Martino, Farini, and even more—Cavour; that

it became unpopular by gradually taking away from the Neapolitans their autonomical government, and even their supremacy over the southern provinces, by reducing a capital of half a million inhabitants to the rank of an unimportant chief district, by suppressing the lieutenancy and its petty splendour, just when it was growing popular on account of its being occupied by Cialdini; that, notwithstanding all these faults, Piedmont was able to obtain all it aimed at, as if by miracle, without producing any agitation in the towns—pursuing with relentless energy brigands all over the country, overpowering everywhere not only Bourbonists, but Mazzinians and Garibaldians, when they openly opposed the Government; and that, in the midst of such troubles, it succeeded in carrying out the conscription with the utmost enthusiasm, the whole population applauding the new recruits who rallied round those glorious Italian colours, the symbol of the independence of the nation, which have already led to victory the worthy descendants of the ancient masters of the world—when we take all these things into consideration, to what other conclusion can we come than that the star of Italy is in the ascendant?

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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